

THE POLISH PEASANT IN EUROPE AND
AMERICA

VOLUME III
LIFE-RECORD OF AN IMMIGRANT



THE POLISH PEASANT IN EUROPE *and* AMERICA MONOGRAPH OF AN IMMIGRANT GROUP

By
WILLIAM I. THOMAS
and
FLORIAN ZNANIECKI

VOLUME III
LIFE RECORD OF AN IMMIGRANT

David J. Saposs
Ertha Sigay Saposs



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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Introduction	5
Life Record of an Immigrant.	89
Conclusion	401

INTRODUCTION

The problem of the present volume is the application of the methods of social psychology to an evolving human personality.

In the methodological note prefacing volume I we have outlined the standpoint that a nomothetic social science is possible only if all social becoming is viewed as the product of a continual interaction of individual consciousness and objective social reality. In this connection the human personality is both a continually producing factor and a continually produced result of social evolution, and this double relation expresses itself in every elementary social fact; there can be for social science no change of social reality which is not the common effect of pre-existing social values and individual attitudes acting upon them, no change of individual consciousness which is not the common effect of pre-existing individual attitudes and social values acting upon them. When viewed as a factor of social evolution the human personality is a ground of the causal explanation of social happenings; when viewed as a product of social evolution it is causally explicable by social happenings. In the first case individual attitudes toward pre-existing social values serve to explain the appearance of new social values; in the second case social values acting upon pre-existing individual attitudes serve to explain the appearance of new individual attitudes.

The study of human personalities, both as factors and as products of social evolution, serves first of all the same purpose as the study of any other social data — the determination of social laws. A person-

ality is always a constitutive element of some social group; the values with which it has to deal are, were and will be common to many personalities, some of them common to all mankind, and the attitudes which it exhibits are also shared by many other individuals. And even if the values as viewed by a given individual, and the attitudes assumed by this individual present peculiarities distinguishing them to some extent from values given to and attitudes assumed by all other individuals, we can ignore these peculiarities for the purposes of scientific generalization, just as the natural scientist ignores the peculiarities which make each physical thing or happening in a sense unique. In analyzing the experiences and attitudes of an individual we always reach data and elementary facts which are not exclusively limited to this individual's personality but can be treated as mere instances of more or less general classes of data or facts, and can thus be used for the determination of laws of social becoming. Whether we draw our materials for sociological analysis from detailed life-records of concrete individuals or from the observation of mass-phenomena, the problems of sociological analysis are the same. But even when we are searching for abstract laws life-records of concrete personalities have a marked superiority over any other kind of materials. We are safe in saying that personal life-records, as complete as possible, constitute the *perfect* type of sociological material, and that if social science has to use other materials at all it is only because of the practical difficulty of obtaining at the moment a sufficient number of such records to cover the totality of sociological problems, and of the enormous amount of work demanded for an adequate analysis of all the personal materials necessary

to characterize the life of a social group. If we are forced to use mass-phenomena as material, or any kind of happenings taken without regard to the life-histories of the individuals who participate in them, it is a defect, not an advantage, of our present sociological method.

Indeed it is clear that even for the characterization of single social data — attitudes and values — personal life-records give us the most exact approach. An attitude as manifested in an isolated act is always subject to misinterpretation, but this danger diminishes in the very measure of our ability to connect this act with past acts of the same individual. A social institution can be fully understood only if we do not limit ourselves to the abstract study of its formal organization; but analyze the way in which it appears in the personal experience of various members of the group and follow the influence which it has upon their lives. And the superiority of life-records over every other kind of material for the purposes of sociological analysis appears with particular force when we pass from the characterization of single data to the determination of facts, for there is no safer and more efficient way of finding among the innumerable antecedents of a social happening the real causes of this happening than to analyze the past of the individuals through whose agency this happening occurred. The development of sociological investigation during the past fifteen or twenty years, particularly the growing emphasis, which under the pressure of practical needs, is being put upon special and actual empirical problems as opposed to the general speculations of the preceding period, leads to the growing realization that we must collect more complete sociological documents than we possess. And the more complete a sociological docu-

ment becomes the more it approaches a full personal life-record. The ultimate aim of social science, like that of every other science, is to reconcile the highest possible exactness and generality in its theoretic conclusions with the greatest possible concreteness of the object-matter upon which these conclusions bear. Or, in other words, to use as few general laws as possible for the explanation of as much concrete social life as possible. And since concrete social life is concrete only when taken together with the individual life which underlies social happenings, since the personal element is a constitutive factor of every social occurrence, social science cannot remain on the surface of social becoming, where certain schools wish to have it float, but must reach the actual human experiences and attitudes which constitute the full, live and active social reality beneath the formal organization of social institutions, or behind the statistically tabulated mass-phenomena which taken in themselves are nothing but symptoms of unknown causal processes and can serve only as provisional ground for sociological hypotheses.

But in order to be able to use adequately personal life-records for the purposes of nomothetic generalizations social science must have criteria permitting it to select at once from a mass of concrete human documents, those which are likely to be scientifically valuable for the solution of a given general problem. We cannot study the life-histories of all the individuals participating in a certain social happening, for then our task would be inexhaustible. We must limit ourselves, just as the natural scientist does, to a few *representative* cases whose thorough study will yield results as nearly applicable as possible to all other

cases concerned. But the problem of selecting representative cases is much less easy in social than in natural science because the greater complexity and variety which human personalities present as compared with natural things makes their classification more difficult. When the mineralogist has studied the chemical composition of a stone it is easy for him to ascertain to what other stones the results of his investigation will apply, for the class of which this stone was chosen as representative is distinguishable by certain superficial physical features, and the scientist can assume without too much risk that any stone presenting the same physical features belongs to the same class and has approximately the same chemical composition. But up to the present the sociologist lacks really efficient heuristic devices of this kind. When he has studied the process of the appearance of a certain attitude or a certain value in the life-history of one social personality he is taking a serious risk when he provisionally assumes that this case is representative of a certain general class — that the process is the same, for example, in all the individuals who belong to a certain community, nation, profession, religious denomination, etc. Of course any error which he commits can be corrected by further research, but the question is, how to diminish in advance the chances of such errors, how to find criteria which will permit us, after having investigated one human being, to tell more or less exactly to what class of human beings the results of this investigation are applicable.

Such criteria can be given only by a theory of human individuals as social personalities. The use of individual life-records as material for the determination of abstract social laws must be supplemented by a

sociological study of these individuals themselves in their entire personal evolution, as concrete components of the social world. The tendency of such a study is exactly opposite to that of a search for general laws. Its task is the *synthesis* of the concrete from its abstract elements, not the analysis of the concrete into abstract elements. If the ideal of nomothetic research is to analyze the whole conscious life going on in a society into elementary facts and to subordinate these to general laws, the ideal of the theory of social personalities is to reconstruct the entire process of every personal evolution from single facts, each of which should be perfectly explicable on the basis of a general law. And such a synthetic investigation, in addition to being an indispensable auxiliary of nomothetic sociological generalization, has also an important theoretic and practical interest of its own, as is indicated in the attention which has always been paid to biography and to questions of temperament and character. There has been, however, a striking lack of progress in these investigations; they still remain approximately on the level which they reached in antiquity. The reason of this stagnation is evident. Almost all the studies of temperament and character have been constructed on the ground of individual, not of social psychology, and since personal evolution can be understood only in connection with social life these theories were unable to take into adequate consideration the whole wealth of important problems bearing on personal evolution, and had to limit themselves to a mere abstract description and classification of statically considered formal types.

Before proceeding, therefore, to the investigation of the particular problems involved in the present

volume we must discuss the standpoint from which every synthetic study of a human individual as social personality should be made. This implies a complete revision of the problem of *type*, for the concept of type plays the same part in social synthesis as the concept of the causal fact plays in social analysis, the aim of the former being to find classes, just as the aim of the latter is to find laws. Our present discussion will be, of course, merely formal and methodological; we do not aim to establish in advance a complete classification of human personalities — this must be the result of long studies — but to show in what way such a classification can be reached. We shall be forced, indeed, to characterize several ideal types which social personalities tend to assume, but our characterization will be purely formal and based upon relations between the individual and his social environment whose essential features are the same in all societies, whatever may be the content of the personal and social life. Our classification will, therefore, claim to be only a starting-point for researches whose aim must consist in a synthetic characterization of human types precisely with regard to the content of the attitudes and values which constitute their social personalities.

The essential points, which cannot be here sufficiently emphasized, are that the social personality as a whole manifests itself only in the course of its total life and not at any particular moment of its life, and that its life is not a mere empirical manifestation of a timeless metaphysical essence, always the same, but is a continuous evolution in which nothing remains unchanged. This evolution often tends toward a stabilization as its ultimate limit, but never attains this limit completely; and even then it is not this

limit as such, but the very course of evolution tending to this limit, that constitutes the main object-matter of socio-psychological synthesis.

If we wish, therefore, to use the concept of type as applied to social personalities, we must, first of all, extend this concept to the process of personal evolution. Now this implies a special problem. A personal evolution taken in its totality is certainly a unique occurrence; no individual develops in the same way as any other individual. On the other hand, from the standpoint of nomothetic social science this total development should be entirely analyzable into elementary facts, each indefinitely repeatable and subordinated to a general law. But this possibility of subordinating single isolated facts of individual life to general laws of becoming is evidently not sufficient to justify any generalizations concerning personalities, for the combination of these elementary facts in the evolution of each individual may be so different from what it is in the life of others that no comparison of any two personalities is possible. We must, therefore, assume — and social observation certainly corroborates this assumption — that not only single attitudes and values, not only single elementary facts, but more or less complete combinations, series of facts, present a certain similarity from individual to individual. This similarity cannot be assumed to go as far as absolute identity; the identity is always only approximate. Nor is any such combination of facts universal; it is not a matter of a single abstract law, but of a concrete co-operation of many laws, and is therefore usually common to only a certain number of individuals. But the concept of type, unlike the concept of law, needs only an approximate identity of individual cases, and

a class is supposed to possess only a relative generality.

The application of sociological generalization to social personalities requires thus, first of all, the admission of what we may call *typical lines of genesis*.¹ A line of genesis is a series of facts through which a certain attitude is developed from some other attitude (or group of attitudes), a value from some other value (or group of values), when it does not develop directly, and the process cannot be treated as a single elementary fact. For example there is probably no social influence that could produce directly an attitude of appreciation of science from the parvenu's pride in his wealth, no intellectual attitude that could directly lead an untrained individual to produce a scientifically valid concept from the data of common-sense observation; but by a series of intermediary stages the parvenu can become a sincere protector of science, by a more or less long training in theoretic research a student learns to produce scientific values. In such a series every single link is a fact of the type: attitude — value — attitude, or: value — attitude — value,² and as such, if properly analyzed, can always be explained by sociological law (or lead to the discovery of a sociological law), but the series as a whole cannot be subject to any law, for there are many possible ways in which an attitude can be developed out of another attitude, a value out of another value; all depends on the nature of the intermediary data. Thus, if we have as starting-point an attitude *a* and as result an attitude

¹ The existence of typical lines of genesis has a fundamental importance for problems concerning the general types of individual development in any particular field — intellectual, moral, religious, æsthetic, economic. It is, in fact, a conscious or unconscious basis of all special education and professional training. More detailed use of the principle will be made in Volumes IV and V.

² An acquaintance with the methodological note, Volume I, is assumed.

m, the evolution may have gone on in such a way that out of *a*, under the influence of a value *B*, is evolved the attitude *d*; out of *d*, under the influence of *J*, the attitude *k*, and *k*, under the influence of a value *N*, was changed into the attitude *m*. But it may have happened also that *a* was influenced not by *B*, but by *C*, and the result was a different attitude *e*, which again under the influence not of *F*, but of *G*, gave *i*, and *i*, when influenced by *L*, also produced *m*. And the same can be said of values. To take well-known examples, there is probably usually one and the same primary attitude — a particular form of the desire for excitement, which we shall analyze in a later volume — out of which habitual drinking develops, and yet there are many possible ways of becoming a drunkard. The history of inventions shows that many inventors working independently on the same practical problem may produce the same invention, but their procedure may be completely different. And of course it is hardly necessary to say that from a given attitude or value many different lines of evolution may start and reach quite different results, and that a given attitude or value may have been reached from many different starting points by different lines of evolution. Moreover in the development of a human personality there are many and various divergent lines of genesis, since at any moment of his life the individual not only presents many attitudes acquired during his past development and produces many values which he has learned to produce, but this acquired set of attitudes and abilities is more or less different from moment to moment. Viewed therefore from the standpoint of particular lines of genesis the human personality in its total evolution might appear as too complex to be the object-

matter of scientific generalization. But the theoretically limitless variety of lines of genesis is really limited in practice. There are only a few typical ways in which an attitude is developed out of a determined other attitude or a value out of a determined other value. More than this, when an attitude or a value becomes the starting-point of a line of evolution we can assume that there are only a few different results which this evolution may reach, and when an attitude or a value is given, we can assume that there are only a few different starting-points from which such a result might have been reached. As long as the attitudes of the individual are unsettled and unorganized, as in the child, a new attitude can be developed out of a pre-existing one in many ways, because the individual is open to many and various influences; there is in him little to interfere with a given influence. This gives, of course, many opportunities to educational endeavors tending to produce certain values; and for the same reason a determined influence exercised upon the child may open the way to almost any line of genesis and lead to any new ultimate results. On the contrary, when the individual has acquired a more or less rich stock of stabilized attitudes, a certain influence may not be accepted because in disagreement with this stock. Therefore the way in which a given new attitude can develop is limited, and it may be difficult, sometimes even practically impossible, to produce it because the necessary influences to which the individual would react in the desired way may not be available. Thus the stabilization of individual attitudes diminishes the probability that his future development will assume an unforeseen direction.

And there is a further limitation of the possible lines

of genesis in the stability and limited variety of external conditions. First of all there is a general negative limitation of external influences by the fact that the milieu in which the individual lives includes only a limited variety of values. But much more important is the positive limitation of evolution which society imposes upon the individual by putting him into a determined frame of organized activities which involves in advance a general succession of influences — early family education, beginning of a definite career with determined openings, marriage, etc. — establishes a regularity of periodical alternations of work and play, food and sleep, etc., and with the help of economic, legal and moral sanctions prescribes and excludes certain forms of behavior. The more uniform and steady this frame, the greater the relative parallelism of evolution between individuals; similar lines of genesis repeat themselves in many members of the group, for the individual cannot find around him influences which would make him take a course different from other members of the group in acquiring a new attitude. Of course this means also a limitation of the variety of possible attitudes or values that can develop from a given starting-point; given a certain material in the form of an individual disposition or of a social value, it is probable that the group will make of it something very definite, and the same in every case, particularly where the social framework is little varied and flexible.

Still more extensive uniformities of development are found in connection with temperament and character. Not only single attitudes or values but wide and organized groups of attitudes and groups of values are found developing in a similar way in many personalities and certain of these organized groups assume such

prevalence in personal life that the individual taken in his entire evolution may be approximately characterized by the prominence of a few such groups. *Temperament* and *character* are the concepts in which has been expressed the common-sense realization that there are always a few organized groups of attitudes in a personality which play a predominant part in its activity, so that for practical purposes any attitudes outside of those groups can be neglected as inconspicuously manifesting themselves in personal behavior. The concept of individual *life-organization* may be used to indicate the existence, within the sphere of experience of an individual, of a limited number of selected and organized groups of social values which play a predominant part in his life both as partial causes and partial effects of his more or less organized attitudes.

We must here investigate the methodological significance of these concepts and attempt to give them more exact and more productive meanings than those they have had in popular psychology and in half-literary reflection about human life. It must be remembered in particular that the fundamental problems of the synthesis of human personalities are not problems of a personal *status* but problems of personal *becoming*, that the ultimate question is not what temperaments and characters there are but what are the ways in which a definite character is developed out of a definite temperament, not what life-organizations exist but by what means a certain life-organization is developed. It is relatively easy to classify temperaments and characters, but this classification is entirely unproductive unless it is used as a mere preparation for the study of their evolution, where the aim is to determine human types as *dynamic* types, as types of development.

Similarly with regard to personal life-organization, we find in any society ready models of organization with which individuals are expected to comply; but the analysis of these models does not constitute a study of personalities — it is merely its starting-point. After learning what models the group proposes to its members, we must learn by what typical means those members gradually realize or fail to realize these models. In other words the concepts of temperament, character, life-organization, mark only the starting-point and the limit of the evolution which is the real object-matter of the study of human personalities. It becomes, therefore, a point of essential importance to frame definitions of temperament, character and life-organization which may be used in the study of personal evolution.

We may call temperament the fundamental original group of attitudes of the individual as existing independently of any social influences; we may call character the set of organized and fixed groups of attitudes developed by social influences operating upon the temperamental basis. The temperamental attitudes are essentially instinctive, that is, they express themselves in biological action but not in reflective consciousness; the attitudes of the character are intellectual, that is, they are given by conscious reflection. This does not mean that the temperamental attitude cannot be experienced; it usually is experienced when for some reason the activity is inhibited. But with the temperamental attitude there is no conscious connection between the separate actions in which it expresses itself; every single feeling and satisfaction (*e. g.*, hunger), is for the individual a separate entity; the living being does not generalize these feelings as

forming one series, one permanent attitude. On the contrary, every manifestation of a character-attitude is given to the subject as a single expression of a more or less general tendency; a helpful or harmful action is accompanied by a consciousness of sympathy or hate, that is, by a conscious tendency to the repetition (or remembrance) of actions with an analogous meaning; the attitude accompanying the actual production of some piece of work is given as one element of a series that may be willingness or unwillingness to do such work, desire to realize a plan, to earn money, etc. This consciousness need not be always explicit, but it must be implicitly present and become explicit from time to time if the attitude is to be defined as a character-attitude.

Correspondingly, the temperamental attitudes are not systematically organized and co-ordinated among themselves in the whole course of personal life but are only associated with each other by being repeatedly used together for the production of certain common results in certain conditions provided by the organism and its environment. If a certain group of temperamental attitudes reappears from case to case in such activities as the satisfaction of hunger or of the sexual appetite, it is not because these attitudes have been consciously subordinated to a predominant attitude, but because their association has habitually brought the desired result in the given conditions. And, on the other hand, there is no conscious tendency to establish harmony and to avoid contradictions between separate groups of temperamental attitudes manifested at various moments of individual life. A group of temperamental attitudes either finds its expression at a given moment by pushing others aside, or is pushed

aside by some other group and is not expressed at all. Thus, hunger and sexual desire, fear and anger manifest themselves independently of each other without any conscious attempt at co-ordination. In character, on the contrary, attitudes are more or less systematized; their continuity through many manifestations makes this indispensable. Thus, hunger or sexual desire becomes a permanent basis of a conscious and systematic organization of a large group of economic, social, hedonistic, intellectual, aesthetic attitudes, and this organization works continuously, independently of the actual association of these attitudes from case to case; the attitudes organized for the permanent satisfaction of hunger or sexual desire manifest themselves even while no hunger or sexual desire is actually felt and while the actual material conditions do not suggest them in any way. Moreover, between the system of attitudes subordinated to hunger and the system of attitudes subordinated to sexual desire, between a general policy of prudence having the attitude of fear as its basis and a general system of aggressive tendencies rooted ultimately in the attitude of anger, permanent relations are usually established, either by subordinating the conflicting attitudes to some more general attitude — desire for happiness, for social success, etc. — or by giving priority to one of them.

These differences between temperament and character find their expression on the objective side in matters of life-organization. But in order to understand this side of the question we must get rid of the whole schematic conception of the world assimilated from common-sense reflection and from science. We must put ourselves in the position of the subject who

tries to find his way in this world, and we must remember, first of all, that the environment by which he is influenced and to which he adapts himself, is *his* world, not the objective world of science — is nature and society as he sees them, not as the scientist sees them. The individual subject reacts only to his experience, and his experience is not everything that an absolutely objective observer might find in the portion of the world within the individual's reach, but only what the individual himself finds. And what he finds depends upon his practical attitudes toward his environment, the demands he makes upon it and his control over it, the wishes he seeks to satisfy and the way in which he tries to satisfy them. His world thus widens with the development of his demands and his means of control, and the process of this widening involves two essential phases — the introduction of new complexities of data into the sphere of his experience and the definition of new situations within those complexities.

The first phase is characterized by an essential vagueness. The situation is quite undetermined; even if there are already in the individual wishes which will give significance to the new data, they are not sufficiently determined with regard to these data, and the complexity is not ordered, values are not outlined, their relations are not established. In the second phase the situation becomes definite, the wish is crystallized and objectified, and the individual begins to control his new experience. Now, the sphere of experience in which new situations can be defined by the temperament alone does not include social life at all. It includes only internal organic processes and such external experiences as are directly connected with the satisfaction of organic needs and the avoidance of

physical danger. Of course this sphere is also continually extended, chiefly during the period between birth and maturity, and its extension, as we know from observation and from direct consciousness of such processes as the development and satisfaction of sexual instincts, has also the two periods of vague perception of a chaos of new data and gradual definition of new situations. But all the material with which the temperament deals has one essential limitation: it includes only natural objects, whose significance for the individual is determined by their sensual content. Meanwhile the social values are significant as much or more because of the meaning they have for other individuals or for the group. For example, a material object outside of social life and in relation to organic needs may be significant on account of its sensual qualities, as food, as shelter, as source of possible pain, etc. In social life it acquires through its meaning for others ideal qualities which make it an economic value (object of exchange), a source of vanity, a weapon in a fight for some other value, etc. A word outside of social life is a mere sound, perhaps helping to foresee possible danger or satisfaction; in social life it has a meaning, it points to experiences common to many individuals and known as common by all of them. A painting as natural object is a piece of canvas with colors, perhaps suggesting by association the things represented; in social life it has a new meaning; it stands for the ideas and emotions of the painter himself, the critics, the crowd of observers, etc. An individual of the other sex is naturally chiefly a body, object of physical satisfaction; socially it is also a conscious being with an experience of its own and a personality which has to be adapted to the subject's own personality or to which

the subject has to adapt himself. And so on. This is why social psychology, while rejecting the old conception of individual consciousness as closed receptacle or series of conscious data or happenings, cannot accept as its methodological basis the principles recently developed by the behavioristic school. The behavior of an individual as social personality is not scientifically reducible to sensually observable movements and cannot be explained on the ground of the direct experience of the observing psychologist; the movements (including words) must be interpreted in terms of intentions, desires, emotions, etc. — in a word, in terms of attitudes — and the explanation of any particular act of personal behavior must be sought on the ground of the experience of the behaving individual which the observer has indirectly to reconstruct by way of conclusions from what is directly given to him. We cannot neglect the meanings, the suggestions which objects have for the conscious individual, because it is these meanings which determine the individual's behavior; and we cannot explain these meanings as mere abbreviations of the individual's past acts of biological adaptation to his material environment — as manifestations of organic memory — because the meanings to which he reacts are not only those which material things have assumed for him as a result of his own past organic activities, but also those which these things have acquired long ago in society and which the individual is taught to understand during his whole education as conscious member of a social group.

The biological being and his behavior represent therefore nothing but the limit dividing natural from social life; the individual is an object-matter of social psychology only in so far as his activities are above

this limit, imply on his part a conscious realization of existing social meanings and require from the scientist an indirect reconstruction of his attitudes. Therefore this limit itself must be defined by social psychology in terms of attitudes, and the concept of temperamental attitudes serves precisely this purpose. An individual with nothing but his biological formation, or — in social terms — with nothing but his temperamental attitudes, is not yet a social personality, but is able to become one. In the face of the world of social meanings he stands powerless; he is not even conscious of the existence of this reality, and when the latter manifests itself to him in changes of the material reality upon which his instincts bear, he is quite lost and either passively submits to the unexpected, or aimlessly revolts. Such is the position of the animal or the infant in human society; and a similar phenomenon repeats itself on a smaller scale whenever an individual on a low level of civilization gets in touch with a higher civilized environment, a worldling with a body of specialists, a foreigner with an autochthonic society, etc. In fact, human beings for the most part never suspect the existence of innumerable meanings — scientific, artistic, moral, political, economic — and a field of social reality whose meanings the individual does not know, even if he can observe its sensual contents, is as much out of the reach of his practical experience as the other side of the moon.

In order to become a social personality in any domain the individual must therefore not only realize the existence of the social meanings which objects possess in this domain, but also learn how to adapt himself to the demands which society puts upon him from the standpoint of these meanings and how to control these

meanings for his personal purposes; and since meanings imply conscious thought, he must do this by conscious reflection, not by mere instinctive adaptations of reflexes. In order to satisfy the social demands put upon his personality he must reflectively organize his temperamental attitudes; in order to obtain the satisfaction of his own demands, he must develop intellectual methods for the control of social reality in place of the instinctive ways which are sufficient to control natural reality. And this effective reorganization of temperamental attitudes leads, as we have seen, to character, while the parallel development of intellectual methods of controlling social reality leads to a life-organization, which is nothing but the totality of these methods at work in the individual's social career.

The practical problem which the individual faces in constructing a life-organization has only in so far a similarity with the problem of biological control of the living being's natural environment as the solution of both implies a certain stabilization of individual experiences, the realization of a certain more or less permanent order within that sphere of reality which the individual controls. But the nature of this stability, of this permanent order, is essentially different in both cases — a difference which has been obliterated by the indistinct use of the term "habit" to indicate any uniformities of behavior. This term should be restricted to the biological field. A habit, inherited or acquired, is the tendency to repeat the same act in similar material conditions. The stabilization reached through habit involves no conscious, purposeful regulation of new experiences, but merely the tendency to find in new experiences old elements which will enable the living being to react to them in an old way. This tendency

is unreflective; reflection arises only when there is disappointment, when new experiences cannot be practically assimilated to the old ones. But this form of stability can work only when the reality to which the individual has to adjust is entirely constituted by sensually given contents and relations. It is evidently insufficient when he has to take social meanings into account, interpret his experience not exclusively in terms of his own needs and wishes, but also in terms of the traditions, customs, beliefs, aspirations of his social milieu. Thus the introduction of any stable order into experience requires continual reflection, for it is impossible even to realize whether a certain experience is socially new or old without consciously interpreting the given content — an object, a movement, a word — and realizing what social meaning it possesses. However stable a social milieu may be, its stability can never be compared with that of a physical milieu; social situations never spontaneously repeat themselves, every situation is more or less new, for every one includes new human activities differently combined. The individual does not find passively ready situations exactly similar to past situations; he must consciously define every situation as similar to certain past situations, if he wants to apply to it the same solution applied to those situations. And this is what society expects him to do when it requires of him a stable life-organization; it does not want him to react instinctively in the same way to the same material conditions, but to construct reflectively similar social situations even if material conditions vary. The uniformity of behavior it tends to impose upon the individual is not a uniformity of organic habits but of consciously followed *rules*. The individual, in order to control social reality

for his needs, must develop not series of uniform reactions, but general *schemes* of situations; his life-organization is a set of rules for definite situations, which may be even expressed in abstract formulas. Moral principles, legal prescription, economic forms, religious rites, social customs, etc., are examples of schemes.

The definiteness of attitudes attained in character and the corresponding schematization of social data in life-organization admit, however, a wide scale of gradation with regard to one point of fundamental importance, — the range of possibilities of further development remaining open to the individual after the stabilization. This depends on the nature of the attitudes involved in the character and of the schemes of life-organization, and also on the way in which both are unified and systematized. And here three typical cases can be distinguished.

The set of attitudes constituting the character may be such as practically to exclude the development of any new attitude in the given conditions of life, because the reflective attitudes of an individual have attained so great a fixity that he is accessible to only a certain class of influences — those constituting the most permanent part of his social milieu. The only possibilities of evolution then remaining open to the individual are the slow changes brought by age in himself and by time in his social milieu, or a change of conditions so radical as to destroy at once the values to whose influence he was adapted and presumably his own character. This is the type which has found its expression in literature as the "Philistine." It is opposed to the "Bohemian," whose possibilities of evolution are not closed, simply because his character remains unformed. Some of his temperamental attitudes are in their

primary form, others may have become intellectualized but remain unrelated to each other, do not constitute a stable and systematized set, and do not exclude any new attitude, so that the individual remains open to any and all influences. As opposed to both these types we find the third type of the individual whose character is settled and organized but involves the possibility and even the necessity of evolution, because the reflective attitudes constituting it include a tendency to change, regulated by plans of productive activity, and the individual remains open to such influences as will be in line of his preconceived development. This is the type of the creative individual.

A parallel distinction must be made with regard to the schemes of social situations constituting the life-organization. The ability to define every situation which the individual meets in his experience is not necessarily a proof of intellectual superiority; it may mean simply a limitation of claims and interests and a stability of external conditions which do not allow any radically new situations to be noticed, so that a few narrow schemes are sufficient to lead the individual through life, simply because he does not see problems on his way which demand new schemes. This type of schemes constitutes the common stock of social traditions in which every class of situation is defined in the same way once and forever. These schemes harmonize perfectly with the Philistine's character and therefore the Philistine is always a conformist, usually accepting social tradition in its most stable elements. Of course every important and unexpected change in the conditions of life results for such an individual in a disorganization of activity. As long as he can he still applies the old schemes, and up to a

certain point his old definition of new situations may be sufficient to allow him to satisfy his claims if the latter are low, although he cannot compete with those who have higher claims and more efficient schemes. But as soon as the results of his activity become unsuccessful even in his own eyes, he is entirely lost; the situation becomes for him completely vague and undetermined, he is ready to accept any definition that may be suggested to him and is unable to keep any permanent line of activity. This is the case with any conservative and intellectually limited member of a stable community, whatever may be his social class, when he finds himself transferred into another community or when his own group undergoes some rapid and sudden change.

Opposed to this type we find an undetermined variation of schemes in the life of all the numerous species of the Bohemian. The choice of the scheme by a Bohemian depends on his momentary standpoint, and this may be determined either by some outburst of a primary temperamental attitude or by some isolated character-attitude which makes him subject to some indiscriminately accepted influence. In either case inconsistency is the essential feature of his activity. But on the other hand he shows a degree of adaptability to new conditions quite in contrast with the Philistine, though his adaptability is only provisional and does not lead to a new systematic life-organization.

But adaptability to new situations and diversity of interest are even compatible with a consistency of activity superior to that which tradition can give if the individual builds his life-organization not upon the presumption of the immutability of his sphere of social values, but upon the tendency to modify and to enlarge

it according to some definite aims. These may be purely intellectual or æsthetic, and in this case the individual searches for new situations to be defined simply in order to widen and to perfect his knowledge or his æsthetic interpretation and appreciation; or his aims may be "practical," in any sense of the term — hedonistic, economical, political, moral, religious — and then the individual searches for new situations in order to widen the control of his environment, to adapt to his purposes a continually increasing sphere of social reality. This is the creative man.

The Philistine, the Bohemian and the creative man are the three fundamental forms of personal determination toward which social personalities tend in their evolution. None of these forms is ever completely and absolutely realized by a human individual in all lines of activity; there is no Philistine who lacks completely Bohemian tendencies, no Bohemian who is not a Philistine in certain respects, no creative man who is fully and exclusively creative and does not need some Philistine routine in certain lines to make creation in other lines practically possible, and some Bohemianism in order to be able to reject occasionally such fixed attitudes and social regulations as hinder his progress, even if he should be unable at the time to substitute for them any positive organization in the given line. But while pure Philistinism, pure Bohemianism and pure creativeness represent only ideal limits of personal evolution, the process of personal evolution grows to be more and more definite as it progresses, so that, while the form which a human personality will assume is not determined in advance, either by the individual's temperament or by his social milieu, his future becomes more and more determined by the very course of his

development; he approaches more and more to Philistinism, Bohemianism or creativeness and thereby his possibilities of becoming something else continually diminish.

These three general types — limits of personal evolution — include, of course, an indefinite number of variations, depending on the nature of the attitudes by which characters are constituted and on the schemes composing the life-organization of social individuals. If we wished therefore to classify human personalities on the ground of the limits of development to which they tend, our task would be very difficult, if not impossible, for we should have to take characters and life-organizations separately in all their varieties into account. In each of these three fundamental types similar characters may correspond to indefinitely varying life-organizations and similar life-organizations to indefinitely varying characters. But, as we have seen, the problem is to study characters and life-organizations not in their static abstract form, but in their dynamic concrete development. And both character and life-organization — the subjective and the objective side of the personality — develop together. For an attitude can become stabilized as a part of the reflective character only under the influence of a scheme of behavior, and *vice versa*, the construction or acceptance of a scheme demands that an attitude be stabilized as a part of character. Every process of personal evolution consists, therefore, in a complex evolutionary series in which social schemes, acting upon pre-existing attitudes, produce new attitudes in such a way that the latter represent a determination of the temperamental tendencies with regard to the social world, a realization in a conscious form of the character-possibilities which

the individual brings with him; and these new attitudes, with their intellectual continuity, acting upon pre-existing sets of social values in the sphere of individual experiences produce new values in such a way that every production of a value represents at the same time a definition of some vague situation, and this is a step toward the constitution of some consistent scheme of behavior. In the continual interaction between the individual and his environment we can say neither that the individual is the product of his milieu nor that he produces his milieu; or rather, we can say both. For the individual can indeed develop only under the influence of his environment, but on the other hand during his development he modifies this environment by defining situations and solving them according to his wishes and tendencies. His influence upon the environment may be scarcely noticeable socially, may have little importance for others, but it is important for himself, since, as we have said, the world in which he lives is not the world as society or the scientific observer sees it but as he sees it himself. In various cases we may find various degrees of dependence upon the environment, conditioned by the primary qualities of the individual, and the type of social organization. The individual is relatively dependent upon society in his evolution if he develops mainly such attitudes as lead to dependence, which is then due both to his temperamental dispositions and to the fact that the organization of society is such as to enforce by various means individual subjection; he is relatively independent if in his evolution he develops attitudes producing independence, which again results from certain primary tendencies determined by a social organization which favors individual spontaneity. And thus both dependence and

independence are gradual products of an evolution which is due originally to reciprocal interaction; the individual cannot become exclusively dependent upon society without the help of his own disposition, nor become independent of society without the help of social influences. The fundamental principles of personal evolution must be sought therefore both in the individual's own nature and in his social milieu.

We find, indeed, two universal traits manifested in all individual attitudes, instinctive or intellectual, which form the condition of both development and conservatism. In the reflex system of all the higher organisms are two powerful tendencies which in their most distinct and explicit form manifest themselves as curiosity and fear. Without curiosity, that is, an interest in new situations in general, the animal would not live; to neglect the new situation might mean either that he was about to be eaten or that he was missing his chance for food. And fear with its contrary tendency to avoid certain experiences for the sake of security is equally essential to life. To represent these two permanent tendencies as they become parts of character in the course of the social development of a personality we shall use the terms "*desire for new experience*" and "*desire for stability*." These two tendencies in every permanent attitude manifest themselves in the rythmical form which conscious life assumes in every line. When consciousness embraces only a short span of activities, the rhythm expresses itself in the alternation of single wishes or appetites with repose. The satisfaction of hunger or of sexual desire and the subsequent wish for uninterrupted calm are the most general examples. On a higher level these tendencies manifest themselves with regard to much more complex and

longer series of facts. The desire for stability extends to a whole period of regular alternations of activity and rest from which new experiences are relatively excluded; the desire for new experience finds its expression in the break of such a whole line of regulated activities. And the range and complexity of both stability and change may have many degrees. Thus, for example, stability may mean the possibility of a single series of satisfactions of hunger in a certain restaurant, of a week's relation with an individual of the other sex, of a few days' stay in one place during travel, of a certain kind of work in an office; or it may lie in the possibility of such an organization of money-affairs as gives the certainty of always getting food, of a permanent marriage-relation, settling permanently in one place, a life career, etc. And new experience may mean change of restaurant, change of the temporary sexual relation, change of the kind of work within the same office, the resuming of travel, the acquiring of wealth, getting a divorce, developing a Don Juan attitude toward women, change of career or speciality, development of amateur or sporting interests, etc.

On the individual side, then, alternation of the desire for new experience and of the desire for security is the fundamental principle of personal evolution, as including both the development of a character and of a life-organization. On the social side the essential point of this evolution lies in the fact that the individual living in society has to fit into a pre-existing social world, to take part in the hedonistic, economic, political, religious, moral, æsthetic, intellectual activities of the group. For these activities the group has objective *systems*, more or less complex sets of schemes, organized either by traditional association or with a conscious

regard to the greatest possible efficiency of the result, but with only a secondary, or even with no interest in the particular desires, abilities and experiences of the individuals who have to perform these activities. The latter feature of the social systems results, of course, from the fact that the systems have to regulate identically the activities of many individuals at once, and that they usually last longer than the period of activity of an individual, passing from generation to generation. The gradual establishment of a determined relation between these systems which constitute together the social organization of the civilized life of a group, and individual character and life-organization in the course of their progressive formation, is the central problem of the social control of personal evolution. And social control — which, when applied to personal evolution, may be called “social education” — manifests itself also in the duality of two opposite tendencies: the tendency to suppress in the course of personal evolution, any attitudes or values which are either directly in disharmony with the existing social organization or seem to be the starting-points of lines of genesis which are expected to lead to socially disharmonious consequences; and the tendency to develop by adequately influencing personal evolution features of character and schemes of situations required by the existing social systems.

There is, of course, no pre-existing harmony whatever between the individual and the social factors of personal evolution, and the fundamental tendencies of the individual are always in some disaccordance with the fundamental tendencies of social control. Personal evolution is always a struggle between the individual and society — a struggle for self-expression on the part

of the individual, for his subjection on the part of society — and it is in the total course of this struggle that the personality — not as a static “essence” but as a dynamic, continually evolving set of activities — manifests and constructs itself. The relative degree of the desire for new experience and the desire for stability necessary for and compatible with the progressive incorporation of a personality into a social organization is dependent on the nature of individual interests and of the social systems. Thus, different occupations allow for more or less change, as in the cases of the artist and the factory workman; and a many-sided dilettante needs and can obtain more new experiences than a specialist; single life usually makes more new experiences along certain lines possible and demands less stabilization than married life; political co-operation with the conservative part of a group brings less change than taking part in a revolutionary movement. And in modern society in general there is an increasing tendency to appreciate change, as compared with the appreciation of stability in the ancient and mediæval worlds. For every system within a given group and at a certain time there is a maximum and a minimum of change and of stability permissible and required. The widening of this range and the increase of the variety of systems are, of course, favorable to individual self-expression within the socially permitted limits. Thus, the whole process of development of the personality as ruled in various proportions by the desire for new experience and the desire for stability on the individual side, by the tendency to suppress and the tendency to develop personal possibilities on the social side, includes the following parallel and interdependent processes:

- (1) Determination of the character on the ground of the temperament;
- (2) Constitution of a life-organization which permits a more or less complete objective expression of the various attitudes included in the character;
- (3) Adaptation of the character to social demands put upon the personality;
- (4) Adaptation of individual life-organization to social organization.

1. We know already that the development of temperamental attitudes into character-attitudes can assume many different directions, so that, if the proper influences were exercised from the beginning, a wide range of characters, theoretically any possible character, might be evolved out of any temperament. But the directions which evolution must take in order to produce a determined attitude out of a pre-existing one become more and more limited with the fixation of character; in a systematically unified "consistent" character every fixed attitude would exclude the contrary one, and some degree of consistency appears as soon as the character begins to be formed. With the progressive evolution of the personality the means of developing a given character become therefore less and less numerous and it may be finally practically impossible to carry the development of certain attitudes to their end, for the process necessary to develop them might be so long and complicated as to be impracticable. Thus, it might be possible to produce a sweet and

even a meek character out of an irascible temperament by developing first, for example, a strong altruistic disposition, to which in turn the way might lead through the desire for social response. But if in the development of the personality other attitudes were gradually formed contrary to the desire for response or to altruism, such as desire for solitude, pride, etc., the original irascibility might be still subdued by other influences, but certainly it would be impossible to produce sweetness. Assuming now that we are determined to produce the latter, then we must be careful not to allow any temperamental possibilities to realize themselves which may be contrary either to this attitude itself or to any of the attitudes which the individual must evolve in order to attain this stage. The more opposition there is between the original temperamental attitude and the one that we want to develop, the longer the process, the more the intermediary stages to be passed, and the greater the number of necessary suppressions.

But in actual social life the mechanism of suppression is not used in this detailed way and the motives of suppression are not in the main those which we have outlined. The possible attitudes which the members of the group wish to suppress are usually those whose direct expression in action would, in the social opinion, be harmful, rather than those which are contrary to the development of other useful ones. The control exercised by the group is negative much more than positive, tends to destroy much more than to construct, for reasons which we shall investigate presently. And even when it wishes to construct, it often assumes, implicitly or explicitly, that when an undesirable attitude is suppressed, the contrary desirable one will develop. And, of course, if there is in individual temperament

a possibility of the desirable attitude, this supposition may be true. But the point is that by suppressing an attitude, whether for the sake of some other more desirable one or through fear of its undesirable manifestations, we suppress at the same time all the possible lines of a further evolution that may have started from the suppressed attitude and resulted in something very desirable. The earlier the suppression, the greater the number of possibilities destroyed and the greater the resulting limitation of the personality. Well-known examples are the suppression of the adventurous spirit and of the critical tendency in children.

The mechanism of suppression is double. A temperamental possibility not yet conscious is suppressed if given no opportunity to manifest itself in any situation, for only through such manifestations can it become explicit and be evolved into a character-attitude. This form of suppression is attained by an isolation of the individual from all experiences that may give stimulation to endeavors to define situations by the undesirable tendency. The suppression of sexual attitudes and of free thought in religious matters are good examples of this mechanism. The second course, used when an attitude is already manifested, in order to prevent its further development and stabilization, is suppression by negative sanction; a negative value — punishment or blame — is attached to the manifestation of the attitude, and by lack of manifestation the attitude cannot evolve. But both mechanisms are in fact only devices for postponing the development of the undesirable attitude until a character is fixed including the contrary attitudes, and it is only this fixation which does suppress the undesirable attitude definitively.

But suppression is not always a necessary consequence of the evolution of character from temperament. Attitudes need to be suppressed only when they are inadequately qualified and thus interfere with more desirable ones when meeting in the same field of social experience. For example, unqualified spirit of adventure and a tendency to regulated life, unqualified sexual desire and claims of social respectability, unqualified wish for pleasures and recognition of familial obligations are, indeed, more or less irreconcilable with each other. But one of the fundamental points of the development of character from temperament is precisely the qualification of attitudes with respect to definite social contents, and if this qualification begins in time and the attitudes are determined with sufficient precision, there may be no opposition between them at all and none of them needs to be socially harmful.

The principle that permits the harmonizing of opposite attitudes without impairing the consistency of character is, in general, distinction of applicability of attitudes. The situations involved must, of course, be classed in advance so that certain features of a given complex of values may be a sufficient criterion for the application of one attitude or another. Many criteria are given by social tradition; the conventionalization of certain attitudes in certain circumstances permits of their preservation together with others to which they are opposed. The criteria are of various kinds. They may consist, for example, in a time-limitation. Vacation is considered a time when some of the spirit of adventure suppressed during the year may be expressed. Or it may be a limitation in space, as when certain behavior is permitted at a certain place, like

the dropping of social forms and the relative freedom of relations between the sexes at bathing resorts. Sometimes the occasion is ceremonial, as in the hilarity of evening parties and the drinking at social meetings. On other occasions a certain attitude is assumed to be excluded from situations to which without the conventionalization it would apply. Thus, the sexual attitude is theoretically not applied to passages in the Bible bearing on sexual questions, or to an artist's model, or in medical studies and investigations and in legal works. More important cases of conventionalization are found when a whole line of organized activities, with the corresponding attitudes, is permitted under circumstances carefully circumscribed and usually designated by some social symbol. Thus, marriage is a conventionalization of the woman's — to some extent also the man's — system of sexual attitudes, besides being a familial organization. War is the conventionalization of murder, plundering and arson, diplomacy a conventionalization of cheating and treachery. Freedom of theoretic investigation has attained a social conventionalization in the physical sciences but not yet in human sciences — philosophy, sociology, history, history of literature, economics.

In every case the dividing line between the fields of applicability of two contrary attitudes can be drawn by or for the individual even if no general rules of division are laid down by society. The only difficulty is that every attitude if allowed to develop freely tends to an exclusive domination of the whole field of experience to which it can be applied. Of course this is not true of every attitude of every individual, but there is probably not a single attitude which does not in somebody tend to assume such an importance as to conflict

with others. The principle of right measure and harmony of virtues, developed by Greek ethics, expressed precisely the need of such a limitation of attitudes. But it is evident that with a proper limitation no attitude needs to be suppressed and all the temperamental possibilities can be allowed to develop without leading to internal contradictions and impairing the consistency of character. The principle through which any attitude can be made not only socially harmless but even useful, is *sublimation*. It consists in turning the attitude exclusively toward situations that have in them an element endowed with social sacredness. We cannot analyze the latter concept now; we shall do it another time. At present it is enough to point out that an object is socially sacred when it provokes in members of the group an attitude of reverence and when it can be profaned in the eyes of social opinion, by being connected with some other object. There are many degrees of social sacredness; an object that may appear as sacred in comparison with another may be itself a source of profanation of a third. Thus, business has a feature of sacredness which becomes manifest when it is interfered with by frivolous things like drinking or the company of women of the demi-monde; but its sacredness is not very high since it can easily appear as profane when it interferes with scientific or religious interests. And even so highly sacred an object as a scientific congress or a formal religious meeting may seem profane as compared with a particularly eager and difficult pursuit by the individual of the solution of a great theoretic problem, the ecstasy of a mystic, or the preservation of the society itself from destruction or devastation by an alien enemy. And of course the degree of sacredness attached to different objects varies

from group to group and from time to time, and some still current contrarieties, such as the fight for superiority of sacredness between art and morality, religion and science, patriotism and internationalism, show that in certain lines a general understanding even within a single group may be hardly possible at a given moment. But in spite of all these variations of sacredness there are, from this point of view, higher and lower forms possible for every attitude, dependent on the relative degree of sacredness of the situations which it defines. Thus, the spirit of adventure may manifest itself in a criminal's career, in a cow-boy's or trapper's life, in the activity of a detective, in geographical or ethnographical exploration; the desire for money, in stealing, gambling, "living by one's wits," commercial activity, great industrial organization; the sexual attitude may manifest itself in association with prostitutes, in relations, short but not devoid of individualization, with many girls and married women, in an ordinary marriage for the sake of the regulation of sexual life; in romantic love, in artistic creation, in religious mysticism. Even such attitudes as seem essentially harmful, as the desire of shedding blood, may become sublimated; the butcher's activity represents a lower degree of sublimation, surgery the highest.

To sublimate an attitude we must develop an appreciation of its higher forms, which then becomes a factor of evolution and eventually results in a depreciation of its lower manifestations. The feeling of social sacredness can arise in the individual only in close contact with a group which has definite standards of sacredness; more than any other feeling it needs a continual and permeating influence of social opinion and is likely to be lost without the support of the en-

vironment. But the social group does not always provide ready methods for the sublimation of all the attitudes which need this stimulation; its standards of sacredness are incomplete, often contradictory, and not extended to *all* the values to which they ought to be applied. The individual's own initiative must therefore supplement the social influences. When the feeling of social sacredness is once strongly developed with regard to a larger number of values the individual will be able to sublimate spontaneously social attitudes whose sublimation is not provided for by social tradition, by extending old standards of social sacredness to new values or by creating new standards. And as he needs social support to maintain his new valuations, he will try to convert his environment, to impart to others his reverence for things whose sacredness they have failed to recognize.

The principles of discrimination of situations to which contrary attitudes should be applied and of sublimation of socially forbidden attitudes allow a rich and consistent character to develop without suppressions from any source, temperamental or social. The individual spontaneously tries to preserve his temperamental attitudes, and as he can do this only by removing contradictions between attitudes contending for supremacy and by sublimating attitudes that can find no expression in his milieu, and since society never gives him all the ready conventions and the whole hierarchy of sacredness that he needs, he is naturally led to create new discriminations and new valuations, and becomes a creative type simply by fully developing all of his possibilities. The only task of social culture is to prepare him for this creation by teaching him the mechanism of discrimination and sublimation in general, and

not interfering with his efforts to preserve all that he is able to preserve of his individuality. It is the suppression that produces the two other fundamental characters, the Philistine and the Bohemian. If society is successful in repressing all the possibilities that seem directly or indirectly dangerous until a character is formed which excludes them once and forever, then the product tends to be an individual for whom there are no problems of self-development left, no internal contradictions to solve, no external oppositions to overcome — a limited, stable, self-satisfied Philistine. If, on the contrary, the suppression is unsuccessful and the rebellious attitudes break out before a sufficiently stable set of contrary attitudes is formed, the individual is unprepared to meet the problems that arise, unable to discriminate or to sublimate, and an inconsistent, non-conformist, Bohemian type develops, which in its highest form, as artist, thinker, religious reformer, social revolutionist, may even succeed in producing, but whose products will always lack the internal harmony and social importance of the true creative type.

2. The construction of a life-organization in conformity with individual character may go on in two typically different ways. There may be ready social schemes which are imposed upon the individual, or the latter may develop his schemes himself, in agreement or non-agreement with those prevailing in his social environment. In the first case the scheme is usually given to the individual in an abstract form or through concrete examples, and then he is taught to apply it to the various situations which he meets by chance or which are especially created for him. In the second case he works out himself a definition of every new

situation in conformity with his existing attitude, which grows in definiteness as the solved situation acts back upon it, and out of these definitions he gradually constructs a schematism.

Education gives us many examples of the first method. The inculcation of every moral norm, precept of behavior, logical rule, etc., follows this course. The formula or example is easily communicated; the difficulty begins with its application. It may happen that the individual has already defined situations spontaneously as the rule demands; then he accepts gladly the formulation of his own behavior which solves in advance the problem of reconciling this part of his life-organization with the social organization of the group. The well-known educational device is precisely to find among the individual's own actions such as are in accordance with the rule and then to state the rule as an induction from his own behavior. This is really an introduction of the second method, the one of spontaneous development, into the field of education. More frequently it happens that the individual has the attitude necessary to define situations in accordance with the rule, but the attitude lacks the determination that it needs to express itself in action, has not attained the consciousness of its social object enabling it to pass from the sphere of temperament into that of character. If then the individual has one or two situations defined for him it is enough to make him imitate this definition in the future and accept the scheme as a rule of behavior.

But the most common case is the one where the individual lacks the attitude which the social scheme demands. This is very general in the education of youth, where attitudes are developed progressively and the social group does not wait — and frequently

cannot wait — for their spontaneous development, but forces the process so as to fit young people promptly into a social framework and have as little trouble with them as possible. Another general cause of the frequent failure of the social schemes to find ready response in the individual is their uniformity and stiffness. The social schematism is not adapted to the variety of individuals but to the artificial production of a minimum of uniformity. And even when this is successful the attitudes tend to evolve, not only in single individuals but also in the whole group, and this evolution is continuous, while the schemes can be changed only discontinuously, and so they remain behind — occasionally run ahead of — the social reality which they tend to express. From all these causes comes the continual and in a large measure fruitless effort to adapt the content of social life to its form — to produce attitudes to fit the schemes, while the contrary and more important process must be left largely to the individuals themselves.

The adaptation of attitudes to schemes may be pursued by two methods. The representatives of the social environment can try to develop the attitude on the basis of some existing attitude by applying such social laws as may be known. This would be the normal and successful method, but though it is sometimes applied, its success is now quite accidental, because, as we have indicated in the methodological note to Volume I, social technique is at present in a purely empirical stage, for there are scarcely any social laws definitely demonstrated. The only domain in which some consistent success has been obtained by this method is theoretic instruction. There at least it is clearly recognized that it is vain to try to force the

individual to accept schemes, to define situations, to state and solve problems for which he has not yet the necessary preparation, and that new mental attitudes must be developed in a certain determined order and gradually. By the second and more usual method the individual is forced to define situations according to the imposed scheme, because to every situation coming under the scheme some sanction is added, some value which appeals to an existing attitude of the individual. But if the sanction is a more or less successful device in suppressing temporarily the manifestation of undesirable attitudes until character is formed, it proves quite unsuccessful in developing desirable ones. The situation to which the sanction is added is quite different from what it would have been without the sanction; the scheme accepted is really not the scheme that society wanted to impose, but a different one, consisting fundamentally in an adaptation to the sanction, and the individual develops not the attitude demanded, but another one, a modification of the attitude provoked by the sanction. Thus — to take a familiar type of cases — by inducing the individual to comply with a moral norm through the fear of punishment or the hope of reward the idea of punishment or reward is added to every situation which demands the application of the moral norm. Then the situation is not the moral situation as such, but the moral situation *plus* the idea of punishment or reward; the scheme is not a moral scheme, but a scheme of prudence, a solution of the problem of avoiding punishment or of meriting reward; the attitude developed is not the moral attitude, but the fear of punishment or the hope of reward qualified by the given moral part of the situation.

When the individual constructs his life-organization

himself instead of having it imposed upon him by society, his problem always consists, as we have already seen, in the determination of the vague. Any new situation is always vague and its definition demands not only intellectual analysis of the objective data but determination of the attitude itself, which becomes explicit and distinct only by manifesting itself in action. The definition of the new situation is therefore possible only if a new corresponding attitude can directly arise out of some preceding one, as its qualification or modification in view of the new values, and this determination of the attitude is in turn possible only if the new situation can be defined on the ground of some analogy with known situations — as an old problem viewed from a new standpoint. This explains why an entirely new situation which has no analogies in the past experience of the individual remains practically undefined even if it is understood theoretically; the individual may know all the values that are there, he may know how others define such a situation, and still all this remains practically meaningless to him. But when the scheme has once been formed it becomes itself a great help in developing new attitudes and defining situations in a new way. As long as the scheme is not there the new elements appearing in individual character and experience are not sufficiently noticed. There is still a lingering of the past, a conscious or unconscious effort to interpret the new in terms of the old, to consider the recently formed type of behavior as a mere variation of the pre-existing type. The constitution of a new scheme at once makes conscious the evolution that has been accomplished — sometimes even makes the subject exaggerate its importance. In its light the recent changes appear as

examples of a new general line of behavior, acquire an objectivity that they did not possess, for the scheme can be communicated to others, compared with social rules of behavior and can even become a social rule of behavior — for such is the source of every social reform.

The factor making the individual perceive and define new situations is always his own, conscious or subconscious, desire for new experience. There is no external power capable of forcing him to work out a new definition. Even the influence of natural or social sanctions, of punishment following an unsuccessful definition, presupposes some active effort on the part of the individual tending to define the situation in view of the punishment. Even the mere defense against an aggression disturbing a state of security would be impossible without a latent power making the individual face the new situation instead of running away. The usual doctrine that new ways of behavior, new definitions, appear as a result of adaptation to new external conditions is based upon a quite inadequate conception of adaptation. The common idea is that adaptation marks a certain fixed limit to which the individual has to approach, because as long as he has not reached it he is misadapted, and various calamities force him to adapt himself. But where is such a limit? It must be different for various individuals. Napoleon was adapted to the conditions of French life after the revolution, and so was any one of his guards; the honest and solid real estate owner is as well adapted to the conditions of city life as is the successful pick-pocket. And it must change for every individual; the errand-boy who becomes a millionaire is no less adapted to his environment during his youth than in his later life. If adaptation means anything, it can be only a har-

monious relation between individual claims and individual control of the environment; the harmony can be perfect whatever the range of claims and of control. But then the concept of readaptation to a changed environment loses its seeming precision. By an analogy with biological theories, the meaning that is given to readaptation in sociology is usually this, that the individual attains in the new conditions a range of control and claims relatively equal to those he had in the old conditions. This equality is not particularly difficult to determine in biology where for every organism a certain minimum can be fixed and the living being seldom goes far beyond this minimum. But how shall we fix a minimum of claims and control in social life? And without this the meaning of equality of range of adaptation becomes very unclear.

The real point is not adaptation as a state reached at a certain moment, but the process of the widening or narrowing of the sphere of adaptation. And this depends essentially upon the individual himself, not upon his environment. If the individual is satisfied with what he can get out of the given conditions he will not try to set and solve new problems, to see more in the situations he meets than he used to see or to find in his environment a greater complexity of situations than he used to find. The dissatisfaction which the individual feels with what he can get out of given conditions arises frequently, indeed, when an external change makes it impossible to get the same results with the same efforts, but even then the individual may as well resign the results as increase his efforts. The course he selects depends on the prevalence of the desire for new experience over the desire for stability, the first pushing him to find new methods and to widen

the sphere of activity in order to preserve the old claims, the second tending to preserve the old form and range of activity in spite of the changed conditions and to be satisfied with the results that can be obtained in this way. But in modern human society dissatisfaction with the given is far more frequently expressed as desire for the new, and even external changes in the given conditions are often only an unconscious or conscious pretext to satisfy this desire by justifying the individual in leaving these conditions for others. A typical example is emigration. Thus, in Poland the conditions of the peasants' life are now much better, in spite of the rapid increase of population with which the growth of cities does not keep pace, than they were fifty years ago. But the subjective tendencies are not the same. A desire for economic progress has arisen, the opening of new fields for the satisfaction of this desire provokes a latent dissatisfaction with the old life, and the slightest change for the worse, which could be remedied with a little effort, is often enough to make the peasant start to America.

With the formation of schemes it is different. A new scheme which the individual finds to express his new way of defining situations is not the result of the desire for new experience, but, on the contrary, the result of the desire for stability. Behavior that is not schematized, not generalized, but is or seems to be different from moment to moment and in disaccordance with the previously recognized rules calls after a time for recognition and justification, provokes a desire for a settlement. Moreover there are always plans to be made for the future requiring a conscious stabilization of the individual's own activity. And thus, even independently of social demands which make the individual

search for security in determined systems and which we shall study presently, the individual, after a longer or shorter period during which new forms of behavior are developed, wants to fix his acquisition in a stable formula. And when such a moment comes, if the individual is unable to create his own scheme, he is ready to accept any one that is given to him and expresses more or less adequately his new way of defining situations. This explains such striking cases as the sudden "conversion" of individuals whose intellectual level is much above the doctrine to which they are converted, the influence that people of a limited intellectual power but of strong convictions can occasionally exercise over much more profound, but doubting personalities, and the incomprehensible social success of self-satisfied mediocrities during periods of intellectual unrest. Anything may become preferable to mental uncertainty.

Although there seems to be little difference between the schemes spontaneously created or selected by the individual and the schemes imposed by society, in the sense that both correspond to the way in which the individual actually does define situations, the different processes of development lead to the formation of quite opposite life-organizations. It is clear that if the individual learns to adapt his attitudes to the schemes given him he will always be dependent upon society and its ready schemes, and if society succeeds in imposing upon him a complete life-organization and in adapting his character to this, no further development will be possible for him unless his environment works out some new scheme; but even then it will be difficult for him to adapt himself to this new scheme in the degree that his life-organization and character have become stabilized.

Or if he is temperamentally inclined to change he will pass from one form of behavior to another according to the schemes that actually happen to come in his way. A Philistine or Bohemian life-organization is thus the necessary result of this process in which schemes are imposed and attitudes are made to fit them. Bolshevism is really nothing but the disorganization of a society that was organized exclusively for Philistinism. On the contrary the individual who has learned to work out new schemes spontaneously will not be stopped in his evolution by the non-existence of a ready scheme nor disorganized at periods of social crisis, but will be able to construct progressively better schemes to suit his spontaneous evolution. His desire for stability itself will lead him not to a limitation of his desire for new experience in conformity with a fixed, externally-given scheme, but to the elaboration of schemes that will be wide and dynamic enough to permit a development of behavior within their limits; we shall study presently the nature of these schemes. Thus an organization of life in view of creation is the result of the spontaneity of the process in which the individual elaborates schemes to fit his developing attitudes.

3. We pass now to the social aspect of the problem of personal evolution. We have seen that the social group tends to fit the individual perfectly into the existing organization and to produce a definite character as rapidly as possible. This character must also be stable, so that no surprises need be anticipated from its future development; simple, so that any member of the group, however limited his mental capacities, can understand it at once; presenting a perfect unity, in spite of the multiplicity of individual activities; based

on attitudes common to all members and socially desirable, so that each member shall appreciate it positively. In other words, in its demands upon personal character society aims to stop individual evolution as early as possible, to limit the complexity of each personality as much as is compatible with the variety of interests which it is required to possess, to exclude all real or apparent irrationality of its manifestations in different fields of social civilization, to reduce the differences between personalities to a minimum compatible with the social division of classes and professions.

The tendency of society to produce such characters in its members is most efficient when the social environment is a primary group in which all his activities are enclosed. In such a group, as, for instance, a peasant community, all the individual interests are supposed to be subordinated to the predominant social interest, because all the values — hedonistic, economic, intellectual, æsthetic — which¹ are within the reach of the individual are included in the stock of civilization of his primary group and controlled by it. Every cultural problem reaches the individual only through the mediacy of this group, which, because of the immediate character of the relations between its members, is for each member the primary and fundamental complex of values; all other values are continually referred to this complex and draw their positive or negative character directly from this reference. The continual tendency of social education in such a group is to have each individual appreciate every object from the standpoint of the attitude of the group toward this object. Every situation is first of all treated as a social situation and only secondarily as an economic, religious, sexual, æsthetic, intellectual one.

The adaptation of the individual to the primary group requires, therefore, that all his attitudes be subordinated to those by which the group itself becomes for him a criterion of all values. These fundamental social attitudes are the *desire for response*, corresponding to the family system in the primary group-organization, and the *desire for recognition*, corresponding to the traditionally standardized systems of social values upon which the social opinion of the community bases its appreciations. The desire for response is the tendency to obtain a direct positive personal reaction to an action whose object is another individual; the desire for recognition is the tendency to obtain a direct or indirect positive appreciation of any action, whatever may be its object. The desire for response is the common socio-psychological element of all those attitudes by which an individual tends to adapt himself to the attitudes of other individuals — family affection, friendship, sexual love, humility, personal subordination and imitation, flattery, admiring attachment of inferior to superior, etc. Of course each of the attitudes indicated by these terms is usually more or less compound and contains other elements besides the desire for response. Those other elements may range with regard to their social bearing from the most altruistic and self-sacrificing love of another personality, becoming almost independent of the response actually obtained, to the most calculating and egotistic tendency to use the responses of the other personality as mere instruments for the attainment of social ends; and yet the desire for response as such and independently of its further consequences is hardly ever absent even in the most radical examples of these contradictory attitudes. It is clearly an egotistic attitude and yet it

contains a minimum of altruistic considerations. Its egotistic side makes it the most general and on the average the strongest of all those attitudes by which harmony is maintained and dissension avoided between the members of a group; it may be qualified, therefore, as representing the lowest possible, and yet precisely, therefore, in the large mass of mankind, the most efficient positive type of *emotional morality*.

The desire for recognition is the common element of all those attitudes by which the individual tends to impose the positive appreciation of his personality upon the group by adapting his activities to the social standards of valuation recognized by the group. It is found, more or less connected with other attitudes, in showing-off, pride, honor, feeling of self-righteousness, protection of inferiors, snobbishness, cabotinism, vanity, ambition, etc. It is the most common and most elementary, and probably the strongest factor pushing the individual to realize the highest demands which the group puts upon personal conduct, and, therefore, constitutes probably the primary source of *rational morality*.

These two fundamental social attitudes supplement each other, in normal conditions, in producing the general basis for a unified character, such as is needed in and demanded by the primary group. If they sometimes conflict—as when the desire for recognition impels the individual to ignore the attitudes of his family when its standing in the community is low—the existence of a conflict usually shows a certain disorganization of the primary group itself; as long as the latter is consistent and strong the two fundamental social attitudes are more apt to strengthen each other than to conflict; for instance, family solidarity in the peasant community is one of the grounds of recogni-

tion, and a high recognition shown to a member by the community may produce in the relatives of this member a readiness to respond to him proportionate to the degree in which they are influenced by social opinion.

It is clear that an individual dominated by these attitudes, if he stays permanently within a primary group, can develop the very kind of character which society requires. His personality will be relatively stabilized at an early period — a good example is the precocious maturity of young people of the peasant class — his character will be relatively simple, because primarily constituted by attitudes on the ground of which he can get response and recognition of many members of the group; *i. e.*, by the most average and commonplace attitudes; it will present few, if any, important conflicts, for conflicts appear when the individual has many incompatible interests, whereas here all interests are subordinated to the social interest; finally, it will be positively appreciated by the whole group, since all the members of the latter possess and want to possess in a large measure similar tendencies.

But such a stabilization and unification of character on the ground of the desires for response and recognition becomes more and more rare with the progress of civilization. Even in the still existing primary groups it tends to diminish as members of these groups get in contact with the external world. Every attempt of a member of such a group to define his situations from the standpoint of his hedonistic, economic, religious, intellectual, instead of his social attitudes, is in fact a break in his character, and such attempts become more and more frequent as, through extra-communal

experiences, the individual finds before him situations that are not connected with the primary group — for example, when in the city he has the opportunity of drinking without any ceremonial occasion, when he earns money by hired labor instead of working on the family farm, when he can have a sexual experience without passing through the system of familial courtship, when he learns anything alone by reading and not in common with the whole village from a news-bearer, etc. But since the educational factors of his new environment which might replace those of the old are not at first given him, and he is unable to develop a character by his own efforts, such new experiences destroy the old unity of character without constructing a new one, and we witness partial disorganization from which only gradually new types emerge — the economic climber, the student, etc. And then the problem assumes a new form.

A complex modern society is no longer in all its parts in immediate touch with its members. It is composed, indeed, of small groups whose members are in personal interrelations; but none of these groups can enclose all the interests of the individual, because each one has only a limited and specialized field. Therefore individual character can be no longer unified upon the basis of the general desires for response and recognition, for even if these desires always remain fundamental for social relations, they must be differently qualified in different groups. The kind of response and recognition the individual gets in his family, in his church, in his professional group, in his political party, among his companions in pleasure, varies within very wide limits. It is based now upon the special activities which constitute the object of interest of every special

group. Therefore the ground of the unity of character must now be sought in attitudes corresponding to these activities; the character of the social personality can no longer be unified by a reduction of all special attitudes to a general social basis but by an organization of these attitudes themselves.

But the difficulty is that each limited and specialized social group tends to impose upon every member a specific character corresponding to its particular line of common interests, wants him to be mainly, if not exclusively, a family member, a religious person, a professional, a political party member, a sportsman, a drunkard, etc., and expects his other attitudes to be subordinated to one particular kind of attitude. The individual cannot satisfy completely the claims of any of these groups, and he may either yield to the old social claim that he should possess an early, fixed, stable and simple character upon which society can count, and satisfy completely the claims of a specialized group, or he may reject all claims together. In the first case he can attain a unity of character only at the cost of a narrowness of interests such as no member of a primary group, peasant or savage, ever knows. Examples of this are found among the professional types. Certain occupations, such as military service, school-teaching, the ministry, administrative service in a strongly developed bureaucracy, small shopkeeping, farming, housekeeping, tend to influence character in a measure sufficiently strong to produce types which in their fundamental features are similar in all societies. Occupational groups tend more and more to exclude from the sphere of their interests anything that is not directly connected with their "business," and an individual whose character is formed by a modern profes-

sional group is the narrowest type of Philistine the world has ever seen, particularly if the profession itself does not afford much opportunity for development.¹

But even so, the narrowness of the occupational type has probably not yet attained the extreme limit it is able to reach — and would reach if evolution went on undisturbed in the same direction as in the last two centuries — because social tradition still preserves some of the remnants of the old primary group conditions, in which the individual is supposed to share all the interests of his social group, and the latter includes a large variety of interests. An occupational group of the type of a mediæval guild, though not satisfying all individual interests as completely as a peasant community, appealed nevertheless to many interests besides the professional ones; it controlled individual character rather tyrannically, imposed a very definite complex of attitudes, but the complex was much less narrow than, for instance, the one which in recent times was imposed upon a Prussian army officer. In the past the occupational group put both negative and positive demands as to what character and interests its members should possess so as to uphold the standing of the group within the larger society of which it was a part by taking a definite standpoint toward the most important social problems, even those which did not belong in the special domain of the group's profession. But this type of occupational group, which seemed to

¹ The exclusive pursuit of certain hedonistic (as distinguished from æsthetic) interests, represented by the gastronome and seducer, tends, indeed, to produce narrow characters, and men of this type are, in point of fact, often Philistine in their general dispositions, but because of the difficulty of finding groups in which these interests are exclusively pursued, and because of the social condemnation attached to them, they are usually pushed into Bohemianism.

be intermediary between the old primary group and the modern forms of social organization, is clearly decaying everywhere, in spite of the occasional efforts to revive it.

But precisely because of the growing specialization of occupational groups, cases of character formed exclusively by adaptation to one occupational group are becoming less and less frequent. The modern individual usually belongs to different groups, each of which undertakes to organize a certain kind of his attitudes. But it remains true that the way in which these various complexes of attitudes are combined usually shows a complete lack of organization. An individual of this type is a completely different man in his shop, in his family, with his boon companions, preserving his balance by distributing his interests between different social groups, until it is impossible to understand how such a multiplicity of disconnected, often radically conflicting characters, can co-exist in what seems to be one personality. This is a new style Philistinism — the Philistinism of the dissociated personality, amounting to a sort of stabilized Bohemianism. And a striking feature of modern society, showing how little reflective attention is paid to the problem of developing organized and rich human personalities, is the fact that society does not notice this chaotic and mechanical stabilization of the character of its member, provided he shows himself properly adapted to the minimum demands of each of the special groups to which he belongs, and does not give an undue prevalence to one of his particular characters at the expense of others. The weakness of this Philistinism, in spite of the seeming broadness of interests which the Philistine exhibits, shows it-

self at periods of social crisis when old special groups break down. Each such breakdown brings a complete disorganization of the corresponding attitudes. A striking recent example is the sudden decay of intellectual life in American colleges and universities during the present war; all those members whose intellectual attitudes were organized in an exclusive adaptation to the routine of the institution and to the common educational pursuits of their limited intellectual milieu lost temporarily all ability to do productive work as soon as this routine was interrupted and the common pursuits dropped or diminished in vitality — unless they found in war work a milieu with intense common interests of another kind to which they were forced to adapt themselves. A wider and more complex example of a disorganization of individual characters resulting from a dissolution of common standards and pursuits in special groups is the often described and emphasized “lack of character” of the Russian middle and higher classes since the old social interests lost their influence on individuals. We may even make a more general supposition: The “moral unrest” so deeply penetrating all western societies, the growing vagueness and indecision of personalities, the almost complete disappearance of the “strong and steady character” of old times, in short, the rapid and general increase of Bohemianism and Bolshevism in all societies, is an effect of the fact that not only the early primary group controlling all interests of its members on the general social basis, not only the occupational group of the mediæval type controlling most of the interests of its members on a professional basis, but even the special modern group dividing with many others the task of organizing permanently the attitudes of each of its

members, is more and more losing ground. The pace of social evolution has become so rapid that special groups are ceasing to be permanent and stable enough to organize and maintain organized complexes of attitudes of their members which correspond to their common pursuits. In other words, society is gradually losing all its old machinery for the determination and stabilization of individual characters.

But under these conditions it is both illogical and impractical to continue to treat the formation of stable characters as the chief aim of social education. Our pedagogical and ethical concepts and methods correspond to a stage of civilization when individual attitudes were sufficiently stabilized at an age between sixteen and twenty-five to permit practical reflection and social control to ignore their subsequent evolution as insignificant. It was then all right to identify social maturity and stabilization of character, to assign to both a term approximately coincident with physical maturity, and to consider the period of change preceding stabilization as a mere preparation for the latter. But when the limit of an even approximate fixation of attitudes is pushed further and further, when the individual continues to evolve psychologically long after having reached biological maturity and social productivity, the social importance of the period during which he is changing increases at the expense of the period during which he remains approximately stable. For a modern civilized personality the fixation of character begins to identify itself more and more not with the attainment of maturity, but with old age; it no longer expresses the establishment of full civilized life but corresponds with retirement from active civilized life, to a growing passivity and limitation of

social interests. The center of pedagogical and ethical attention must, therefore, be entirely shifted; not attainment of stability, but organization of the very process of personal evolution for its own sake should be the conscious task of social control. At the present moment society not only lacks any methods by which it could actually and continuously organize the change of attitudes of its members, but it is only beginning (in our experimental schools) to search consistently for methods of education by which the individual can be trained in his youth to organize his later evolution spontaneously and without social help. At present the individual who succeeds in producing for himself such a dynamic organization has to do it by his own devices, is forced to invent for himself all the methods of self-education which he needs without profiting by the past experiences of others, and must consider himself lucky if his environment does not interfere with him too efficiently by trying to impose upon him a stable character.

4. The chief social problem arising with reference to the relation between individual life-organization and social organization is the reconciliation of the stability of social systems with the efficiency of individual activities, and the most significant feature of social evolution in this line is the growing difficulty of maintaining a stable social organization in the face of the increasing importance which individual efficiency assumes in all domains of cultural life.

In early societies we find individual efficiency entirely subordinated to the demand for social stability. All the social schemes of the group are connected, are parts of one whole, one large complex of social tradition,

and any innovation is considered a break not only of the one particular scheme which it modifies, but of this entire complex: There is, of course, no objective rational ground whatever for taking the traditional schemes *en bloc*, no finalistic connection between the corresponding activities; the real results of a change of practical methods in a certain line may have little or no bearing on the results of other traditional forms of behavior. Thus, a modification introduced into some social ceremony has nothing to do objectively with the technique of hunting or warfare, a new technical device in constructing houses has no direct effect upon the political organization of the group, etc. But the common bond between all these schemes lies in the character of sacredness which all of them possess in the eyes of the group as parts of the same traditional stock whose unity is ultimately founded on the unity and continuity of the group itself. The individual must make each and all of these schemes his own in order to be a full member of the group. If for the formation of his character the important point is that all his interests are satisfied within the group and therefore are supposed to be founded on his social interest, the essential thing about his life-organization is that he is supposed to share in all the interests of his group and to adopt all social schemes as schemes of his personal behavior. There may be some differentiation between individuals as to the relative importance which certain particular interests assume in their lives, but no specialization in the sense of an absorption by some particular interests to the exclusion of others. Each member of a primary group is by a gradual initiation introduced into all the domains which compose the civilization of the group and is as all-sided in his activities as the

stage of civilization which his group has reached permits him to be.

But this all-sidedness is attained at the cost of efficiency. There is a maximum of efficiency in each line which no member of the group can transgress, not because — as is the case on a higher level of culture — a higher efficiency in one particular line would impair his activities in other lines in which he is also expected to be active, but because in each particular line the domination of traditional schemes excludes not only the creation of new and better working schemes, but limits even the possibility of extending old methods to new classes of problems. The only increase of efficiency which is allowed and encouraged is the more and more perfect solution of traditional problems — an increase whose results are well exemplified in the perfection of primitive art and technique, in elaborate religious rituals, in the reliability of information which much of primitive knowledge shows, in the perfect rational order presented by many complex early systems of social and political organization, etc. Under these conditions, spontaneous social evolution is possible only by an agglomeration of small changes which are not noticed at once but modify from generation to generation the stock of traditions while leaving the illusion of its identity. When, on the contrary, the primary group is brought rapidly into contact with the outside world with its new and rival schemes, the entire old organization is apt to break down at once, precisely because all the old schemes were interconnected in social consciousness; and the individual whose life-organization was based on the organization of his primary group is apt also to become completely disorganized in the new conditions, for the rejection of a

few traditional schemes brings with it a general negative attitude toward the entire stock of traditions which he has been used to revere, whereas he is not prepared for the task of reorganizing his life on a new basis. This occurs very frequently with the European peasant who emigrates and we have given in our first two volumes examples showing that the peasants themselves realize the effect which the rejection of certain elements of this stock has on the total personal complex of schemes.

But with the growing social differentiation and the increasing wealth and rationality of social values, the complex of traditional schemes constituting the civilization of a group becomes subdivided into several more or less independent complexes. The individual can no longer be expected to make all these complexes his own; he must specialize. There arises also between the more or less specialized groups representing different more or less systematic complexes of schemes a conscious or half-conscious struggle for the supremacy of the respective complexes or systems in social life, and it happens that a certain system succeeds in gaining a limited and temporary supremacy. Thus, among the ancient Hebrews, in some European countries during and after the Reformation, and in the early American colonies, certain religious systems predominated over all other cultural complexes; in Russia and Prussia, up to the present war, a similarly dominant rôle was assumed by the state; in Poland and Bohemia during the nineteenth century the concept of nationality, determined mainly by language, historial tradition and the feeling of solidarity, constituted the chief ground of social organization and was supposed to dominate individual life-organization; in societies with

a powerful economic development like modern England and America the leading part is played by industrial and commercial schemes. The family system was until lately supposed to be the exclusive foundation of individual life-organization for women. During the present war, military interests have almost everywhere taken the center of attention and imposed far-reaching modifications of the life-organization on all the members of western societies.

But it is clear from the above examples that no special social complex, however wide, rich and consistent, can regulate all the activities which are going on in the group; the predominance of a complex is not only limited in time and space, but always incomplete and relative. Moreover each of the broad complexes which we designate by the terms "religion," "state," "nationality," "industry," "science," "art," etc., splits into many smaller ones and specialization and struggle continue between these. The prevalent condition of our civilization in the past and perhaps in the present can thus be characterized as that of a plurality of rival complexes of schemes each regulating in a definite traditional way certain activities and each contending with others for supremacy within a given group. The antagonism between social stability and individual efficiency is under these circumstances further complicated by the conflicting demands put upon the individual by these different complexes, each of which tends to organize personal life exclusively in view of its own purposes.

Whenever there are many rival complexes claiming individual attention the group representing each complex not only allows for but even encourages a certain amount of creation, of new developments, within the

limits of the traditional schemes, for a complex of schemes which excluded new experiences as it does in the primary group would be unable to maintain itself in its implicit or explicit contest with other complexes. Therefore the conservative groups which support any existing schematism want it to be alive, to be as adaptable to the changing conditions of life as is compatible with the existence of the traditional schemes. The amount of efficiency which a scheme makes possible varies, of course, with the nature of the scheme itself, with the rigidity with which the group keeps the mere form, with the rapidity of the social process. And thus society demands from the individual productivity in the line of his career; in morality it is seldom satisfied with passive acceptance of the norms, with their limitation to old and known actions, but usually wants their application to new facts coming under their definition; in custom it is glad to see every extension of tradition; in science or art it greets with satisfaction every new work done in accordance with the traditional system; in religion it meets with joy every revival which proves that the old emotions can stir some modern souls, every theoretic application of dogma which proves that the old conceptions can satisfy some modern intellects; in family life everything is welcome that can enliven the content without changing the form of relation between husband and wife, parents and children; in politics, in law, in economic organization, every reform increasing the efficiency of the existing system without modifying it in the slightest is highly appreciated.

The fact that most if not all social schemes are incorporated in more or less comprehensive and systematic complexes helps to maintain the feeling of

their immutability. The unity of many special traditional complexes is still almost as firmly established in modern civilized society as is the unity of its total stock of traditions in a savage primary group. The breakdown of any scheme belonging to a traditional complex seems to imperil the complex itself. And the individual who might easily reject a single scheme will hesitate before rejecting the whole complex. How consciously and masterfully incorporation of the most insignificant schemes into a great system is often made is manifested by such examples as religion and legal state-control. In the Roman Catholic Church discordance with the apparently most insignificant detail of the system of beliefs or an infraction of any rule of behavior is supposed to produce estrangement from the congregation, because it involves in social consciousness a break with the whole system; the individual must either admit that he is in error, recant and recognize the scheme — at least in the form of a confession and penance — or consider himself outside the church. In the same way, by breaking any law or ordinance of the state the individual is considered a rebel against the whole system of legal state-control and loses in fact his rights as member of the group, since he may become the object of any violence decreed as punishment for this break; the punishment becomes thus a forcible recognition of the broken scheme. The same method, with only less consistency and less power to enforce obedience, is followed in morality, in class-organization, even in customs, as when one break of social etiquette is sufficient to disqualify a person as member of polite society, or one act opposed to traditional morals sufficient to make all “well-behaved”

members of a group disclaim every connection with the offending member.

But such a traditional fixation of special complexes of schemes within which efficiency is required with the condition that all schemes remain recognized does not correspond at all with the spontaneous tendencies of individuals. First of all, the scheme represents for the evolving individual either the minimum of stability which he reaches after a period of changing active experiences, or the minimum of new active experiences which he reaches after a period of passive security. In other words, as long as the individual evolves, an activity regulated by the scheme and efficient within the limits of this regulation does not represent a definite level; it corresponds always only to an intermediary stage, either of progression from the passive acceptance of socially imposed situations toward a creative activity free from all subordination to schemes, or of regression in the opposite direction. The individual may indeed oscillate, so to speak, from relative passivity to relative creativeness without going far enough in the first direction to become entirely inefficient, and without becoming so efficient as to have to reject the scheme; the less radical these oscillations, the more the individual's conduct approaches the average prescribed by the scheme. Such an individual represents then a social model of behavior in the given sphere; he is the moderately productive conservative, the famous *juste milieu* type. Frequently, however, the individual goes on with a progressively intense and efficient activity, tries continually to find and to define new situations; his efficiency becomes then increasingly dangerous to the scheme, because even if activity begins in perfect conformity with the scheme, the accumulating novelty of

experience sooner or later makes the scheme appear insufficient. There are innumerable examples of individuals who began creative activity with the firm intention of keeping within the limits of the traditional schematism and ended by rejecting it altogether. The history of morality, of science, of political and social reform, and particularly of religious heresies is full of such biographies. And therefore the social group which is the bearer of a traditional complex is mistrustful of the individual who is too creative, particularly as the majority is usually composed of personalities whose evolution tends to the opposite limit — to the purely passive acceptance of the formal elements of tradition and the repetition of old activities bordering on habit. In normal times this passivity may be scorned by the active part of the group, but at moments of crisis we find the group condemning all “imprudent” innovations and falling back upon the most abject Philistinism as upon the only absolutely unshakable basis of security.

The second difficulty concerning the adaptation of individual life-organization to the social complexes is the fact that while a complex has to be accepted or rejected in its entirety, since the group does not permit the individual to accept some schemes and to reject others, the individual in his spontaneous development tends to make a selection of schemes from various complexes, thus cutting across social classifications of schemes, and often including in his dynamic life-organization successively, or even simultaneously, elements which from the traditional standpoint may seem contradictory. This difficulty is increased by the fact that many — perhaps most — social complexes are not freely chosen by the individual, but their acceptance

is either expected to follow from a position that the individual occupies in the group from birth — as member of a certain class, a certain race, as male or female, handsome or homely, etc. — or from a position which is imposed on him in his early youth through a certain moral code, religion or form of education, or, finally, from a position which he is forced to take in order to satisfy his elementary needs — for example, marriage or choice of a profession. There are complexes prescribed for the son and the daughter, for the bachelor and the married man, for the girl, the wife and the mother, for the society person and the member of a lower class, for the adherent of a religious creed and the atheist, for the professional in any line, for the city and the country inhabitant, for the householder, the tenant of an apartment and the roomer, for the person who eats at home, in a boarding house or in a restaurant, for the pedestrian, the car-passenger and the owner of an automobile, etc. The individual who has a complex imposed upon him or accepts it voluntarily is expected to show the prescribed amount of efficiency — neither more nor less — in all the activities regulated by the schemes belonging to the complex, and is not expected to perform any activities demanded by a rival complex, or to invent any new schemes which may seem to disagree with the accepted ones. More than this, he is often required to abstain from activities which, even if they do not contradict directly the existing schematism, may take his time and energy from the performance of the prescribed activities.

It is obvious that this type of social organization disregards entirely the personal conditions of efficiency. The organization of schemes in a traditionally fixed complex represents usually a degree of methodical per-

fection sufficient to obtain from individuals an average amount of efficiency, making each individual contribute in some measure to the maintenance of the existing social status, so that an activity organized in accordance with the complex is indubitably more productive socially than an unorganized one. But no socially fixed complex of schemes in whatever line — economic, political, moral, scientific, æsthetic, religious — can obtain from any individual the highest amount of efficiency of which he is capable, not only because it prohibits creation beyond the limits traced by the schemes, but also because it ignores both the differences of personal endowment which make one individual more capable of performing certain activities than others and the variations of personal evolution which make the individual more efficient in a certain line at one period of his life than at another. The organization of activities demanded by a social complex is both impersonal and changeless, whereas an organization which would fulfill the conditions of the highest individual efficiency would have to be personal and changing.

An unavoidable consequence of the now prevalent social organization is that the immense majority of individuals is forced either into Philistinism or Bohemianism. An individual who accepts any social system in its completeness, with all the schemes involved, is necessarily drifting toward routine and hypocrisy. A part of the system may satisfy his personal needs for a time, particularly as long as he is gradually assimilating and applying certain of its schemes, but the rest of the system will not correspond to his predominant aspirations and may be even opposed to them. If the development of life-organization goes on spontaneously, the individual is gradually led

to realize the importance for his chief aims of even activities which originally did not appeal to him — his efficiency in the line of his main interest gradually spreads to many side lines — whereas if a life-organization is socially imposed, the personally uninteresting elements of the social complex cannot become personally attractive by being gradually connected with the interesting ones in the course of personal evolution, since this evolution is limited. As a consequence we find the original inefficiency along uninteresting side lines influencing even those activities in which the individual was actually interested at some period of his life, and the whole productivity in the given field drops below the minimum required by the group. In order to remain socially adapted, to avoid active criticism of the group, the individual has then to display in words interests which he does not possess and to invent all kinds of devices in order to conceal his lack of efficiency. This tendency to hypocrisy and pretense is greatly facilitated in such cases by the fact that the majority of the group is in a similar situation and is not only willing to accept any plausible pretension designed to cover individual inefficiency but even often develops a standardized set of "conventional lies" to be used for this purpose, which every one knows to be lies but tacitly agrees to treat as true.

If, on the contrary, the individual either refuses to accept certain of the schemes included in a social complex or develops some positive form of behavior contradicting in the eyes of society some of the schemes of the complex, he is forced to reject the complex in its entirety, and becomes thus, voluntarily or not, a rebel. His situation is then rather difficult, for society has not trained him to develop a life-organization spon-

taneously and the social organization of the type outlined above opposes innumerable obstacles to such a development. With rare exceptions, he can do nothing but adopt some other ready system instead of the rejected one. But then the same problem repeats itself, and every successive attempt at complete adaptation to a new system after rebellion is usually more difficult than the preceding ones, both because the personal demands of the individual become better and better defined in opposition to social regulation and because each particular rebellion undermines the prestige of social systems in general. The usual consequence of rebellion is thus Bohemianism, a permanent tendency to pass from one system to another, attracted at first by the personally interesting sides of a system and soon repelled by the personally uninteresting ones. The result is again unproductivity.

Under such conditions the appearance of a really efficient, creative personality is actually a very exceptional social happening, for it needs a very high personal ability and persistence to develop a dynamic individual organization for efficiency instead of adopting a static social organization for stability when social education has exclusively the second purpose in view, and only by a rare concurrence of circumstances individuals who have this high ability of developing without proper educational help happen to be left in peace to pursue their own self-made lines. And it is no wonder that the scarcity of creative individuals has led to the concept of the genius, and high efficiency is still treated as a prodigy.

But the direction which social evolution has been gradually assuming in modern times seems to show that though the conditions outlined above are still predom-

inant in civilized society they cannot last long; a different type of social organization is developing which begins to put higher demands on individual efficiency than on individual conformism. First of all, progressing specialization is continually subdividing the old social complexes into more and more narrow systems which can no longer constitute a sufficient basis for individual life-organization in any field. Thus, a modern scientist, business-man, technician, when forced by social division of labor to work in a limited and special line, does not find in this line an organization of even all the intellectual, economic and technical activities which he can and wishes to perform. And on the other hand, there is a continually growing field of common values and common activities over and above the special systems, a political, economic, intellectual, æsthetic "universe of discourse," in which all the members of a modern society more or less participate; this field is incomparably smaller, in proportion to the totality of the civilization of the group, than it was in an early primary group or in the upper class of an ancient city-state, but it is much wider than it was, for instance, during the middle ages, and it is certainly wide enough to make every specialized individual realize the narrowness of his specialty and to open before him wide horizons of possible new experiences. Thence the increasing tendency of modern society to "vagabondage" in all forms — changes of residence, of profession, of political views, of religion, the decay of the family system as economic, hedonistic and educational institution, Bolshevism in politics and economics. And when vagabondage is in fact impossible, substitutes are sought which satisfy this tendency at least in imagination. This is the chief rôle of the popu-

lar literature of adventure, of moving pictures, of day-dreams, even, in a large measure, of alcoholism. The task of imposing any particular social systems as definitive frames of individual life-organization is rapidly becoming too difficult for modern society.

And further, the demand for efficiency in every particular line is rapidly growing; efficiency begins to be appreciated even at the cost of conformity. This most important evolution seems to be brought by a radical change of relations between different social complexes, different lines of social activity. Mere specialization of social activity begins to be consciously supplemented by a growing organization of specialized lines. Struggle between social complexes is gradually supplanted by co-operation; the field of application of each complex is more and more frequently defined by distinction from rather than by opposition to other complexes. This evolution is almost completed in the economic field, is rapidly progressing in the fields of science, and is beginning to penetrate everywhere. Thus, the modern state is a highly developed system of the old style, claiming supremacy over other systems, but even there the idea that the state is only an instrument of the national life is being recognized and proclaimed. And when internal struggles lose their traditional form of physical conflict the chief reason for the internal supremacy of the state over other domains of the cultural life of a nation will be gone. Now, wherever co-operation between systems takes the place of struggle, the demand for conformity loses its power in the very measure in which each group engaged in special activities accepts as ultimate aim of these activities not the preservation of a traditional complex against all external influences, but a contribution to the

general development of civilization. At the same time co-operation requires that certain results be reached independently of the question whether they are reached by traditional methods or by new ones; calls for efficiency come to every line of social activity from other lines, and the more frequent and insistent they become the more necessary it is to leave to every individual as much freedom as is compatible with efficient co-operation. In certain lines we find, indeed, the division of labor resulting in a separation between inventive and organizing activities on the one hand and mechanical activities on the other hand, but the best sign of the changed social attitudes is that this separation is not accepted calmly by social consciousness but has become one of the great social problems to be solved by conscious efforts.

It is clear that these new characters of modern social evolution require an entirely new standpoint with reference to individual life-organization. The individual must be trained not for conformity, but for efficiency, not for stability, but for creative evolution. And we cannot wait until new educational methods are developed by the slow and groping way of unorganized and unreflective empirical trials. We must realize that social education in the past, viewed from the standpoint of the human personality, has always been a failure and that whatever social progress and whatever personal development has ever been achieved was due to the spontaneous constructive power of individuals who succeeded, not thanks to social help but in spite of social hindrances. The best that society has ever done for its members was to put at their disposal materials for creative development by preserving values produced by the past. The task of future society will

be not only to remove obstacles preventing spontaneous personal development but to give positive help, to furnish every individual with proper methods for spontaneous personal development, to teach him how to become not a static character and a conformist, but a dynamic, continually growing and continually creative personality. And such methods can be found only by socio-psychological studies of human individuals.

The present volume represents an attempt to analyze and to reconstruct a personal life-record from the standpoint outlined above and by the methods of social psychology as determined in the methodological note prefacing Vol. I of this work. The material of our study is the autobiography of a Polish immigrant, written at our request three years ago. We hardly need to emphasize that the interest of this autobiography is exclusively scientific, not historical; the personality of the author is entirely insignificant from the point of view of the cultural development of Polish society, since he is a typical representative of the culturally passive mass which, under the present conditions and at the present stage of social evolution, constitutes in every civilized society the enormous majority of the population and whose only rôle seems to be to maintain, by innumerable and indefinitely repeated routine activities, a certain minimum of civilization in mankind at large, without being able to increase this minimum otherwise than by slowly assimilating and reproducing, very partially and inadequately, a few of the new cultural values produced by a small minority of creators and inventors. But precisely for this reason a record of this type can claim a great scientific and practical importance — greater perhaps than that of

a creative man; for only the study of the commonplace man can make us understand why there are commonplace men. It will make us realize also that the greatest defect of our entire civilization has been precisely the existence of a culturally passive mass, that every non-creative personality is an educational failure. It will show the sources of such failures and thus open the way for a more successful social education in the future. It will be the deepest and the most efficient criticism of our social organization as inherited from the past. And such a criticism is most necessary at the present moment, when we are facing the greatest historical change that has ever taken place — a general democratization of the world. The growing recognition that democracy is the only order compatible with our highest humanitarian ideals must be accompanied by a growing understanding that the removal of political obstacles is only the first step toward this order, that what we call democracy has been mainly ochlocracy, and will be until the culturally passive mass becomes a thing of the past.

The author of our autobiographical record, whose life is an alternation of periods during which he drifts into Bohemianism with periods of Philistinization, and shows a gradual increase of Philistine tendencies in the total curve of its evolution, exhibits thus both of these social failures and is typical not only for the study of each of them separately, but also for that of their combination, since many Bohemians sooner or later begin to tend toward Philistinism and there are hardly any Philistines who never showed Bohemian tendencies. Of course the type of Władek Wiszniewski is determined in its social content by its social milieu; we cannot understand it adequately without a certain

knowledge of Polish society in general, and of the special section of Polish society to which this type belongs. Therefore our socio-psychological analysis presupposes an acquaintance with the materials and notes of Volumes I and II, which give an insight into the traditional social attitudes and values found in the peasant and lower city classes of Polish society. On the other hand, Władek's life-record throws a certain light on the evolution which is going on in the lower stratum of Polish society. Władek and his family are of peasant origin and often in touch with peasants, but no longer belong to a peasant community. Some of Władek's relatives and Władek himself live in towns and mix there with the lower city class — small merchants and hand-workers — but the family is not originally a part of any of the old lower town-communities, which were formerly as close and traditional groups as the peasants of a farmer-community. No definite social place can be assigned to the Wiszniewskis in the old class-system; in the new class-system they certainly belong to the intermediary class between the unskilled workmen and the lower-middle class. A few members of the family succeed in getting into the lower-middle class. But Władek never had any opportunity of getting in touch with people of the higher-middle class — men with university education — and still less with people of the upper classes — the aristocracy of birth, wealth or mind. A few incidental meetings can hardly count. This is an important point, showing that he could not get by direct personal relations any intellectual, moral or æsthetic standards higher than those of his class.

The light which the study of Władek's life-record throws upon the evolution of his social milieu is thus necessarily one-sided. It shows the disorganizing effect

which the passage from an old to a new form of social organization has upon an individual *if not consciously and rationally directed*. In our fourth volume we shall study the other side of this evolution and show the positive and constructive results which can be attained by a planful and conscious reorganizing activity. In this respect, as in many others, Polish society has a particular interest for the sociologist, because as a consequence of its exceptional political conditions during the last one hundred and twenty years it has lacked certain elements of a normal social life and has developed other elements to a degree seldom found in normal conditions. Thus, the lack of a national state-system giving a permanent and stable frame-work for certain social activities and ready means of control has forced the nation to develop reflectively purely social methods of voluntary organization by which social evolution could be controlled and has compelled it to put a greater emphasis than elsewhere upon individual efficiency, since the preservation and development of national culture depended much more on efficiency of personal activities than on social tradition, whose main foundations were destroyed. In so far as these new methods have been developed and applied the results have proved very valuable, and the passage of the lower classes from the old to the new social organization is effected without individual disorganization. But the abnormal political conditions have hampered the application of the new methods, so that at the beginning of the present war only a certain part of the lower classes had been rationally reorganized on the new basis; a large part still preserves, as we have seen in the first two volumes, the old primary group organization, while the rest has already broken with the old

forms of social life without being able to construct any new personal life-organization. Władek — for reasons which his life-record will show — belongs to the latter group.

But while our present study is limited not only to a certain society, but also to a certain class of this society and a certain epoch in the evolution of this class, this study should give us results applicable to many societies, many classes and many epochs. The original object-matter of every science is constituted by particular data existing in a certain place, at a certain time, in certain special conditions, and it is the very task of science to reach, by a proper analysis of these data, generally applicable conclusions. And the degree of reliability of these general conclusions is directly dependent on the carefulness with which each datum has been studied in its concrete particularity. The same, of course, holds true of the study of human personality. Every individual whose personal evolution we wish to use as material of social psychology must be first taken and understood in connection with his particular social milieu before we try to find in him features of a general human interest. When we remember this methodological rule, we shall not fail to see in Władek's personal evolution, however much it depends on the particular social conditions in which he evolved, numerous elements whose significance reaches far beyond his milieu and his time. We have indicated some of these elements in the conclusion of this volume, but the limits of the work did not permit us to develop all the general socio-psychological hypotheses which the material suggested to us, and we have certainly failed to see the general meaning of many facts. Our readers will be able to draw

many inferences which we have not explicitly pointed out.

We must add a few remarks about the document itself. Władek was first induced to write his autobiography by a promise of money, but ambition, literary interest and interest in his own life probably became at once the main motives. He wrote with an astonishing rapidity. The original manuscript is almost twice the size of the text which we are printing and was ready in less than three months.¹ This fact can be properly appreciated only if we remember how difficult is the technique of composing and writing for people of his class. Władek seems to possess some real literary talent; the contrast is striking between the poor external form of the original — little punctuation, very bad spelling, numerous faults of Polish style — and the vivid, well composed, picturesque content. No additions whatever were made by us, except in brackets.

The sincerity of the autobiography is unmistakable. Its source is the self-complacency of the author, who naively accepted the suggestion of the editors, thought everything about him as interesting to others as it was to himself and did not distinguish at all between scientific and immediate interest. There are, of course, cases of one-sided presentation of happenings and people, but we have usually indicated these in the notes. We do not discover any voluntary omissions in comparing his story with the letters from his family. We add at the end some extracts from these letters,

¹ The compression to which we have subjected the document does not seem to have impaired its value for scientific purposes. The general character of the details omitted is indicated by the résumé in brackets.

showing the light in which he appeared to his family. He does not seem to have intentionally lied. He did not know our standards, and any coloring or omissions can hardly hinder our understanding of his personality. There is another source of inexactness: he evidently does not notice certain sides of things. We have located two of these defects. He often does not see details in other people's attitudes that are unfavorable to his vanity, and his memory frequently shows a kind of negative hedonistic selection, recording rather the unpleasant than the pleasant details in certain epochs of his life. But both defects are very significant for the understanding of his character. We must also mention that the same attitude of naive immediate interest in his past life which is the source of his sincerity manifests itself in a curious variation of the mood of the autobiography in accordance with the situation described. There is little consistency of standpoint. He changes his standpoints during his description as he changed them during his life; for example, his momentary attitude toward any member of his family is dependent on just the phase of his relation with him that he happens to recall.

If the reader wishes properly to appreciate this autobiography as literary work as well as sociological document, he must remember that it was written by a man whose educational opportunities were much below the average in America. His systematic instruction stopped on the level of a primary country school which under Russian domination included hardly anything more than reading and writing in Polish and Russian and some arithmetic. Later his wandering life never permitted him to get in touch with the private organizations for self-education which were scattered all over

Poland for the purpose of supplementing the deficiencies of governmental education, because these organizations had to be kept secret. Thus, except for his occasional meetings with more instructed individuals, he had neither adequate external incentive nor proper advice for systematic self-education. His reading was poorly selected, chaotic and quantitatively insufficient. Taking all this into account, it seems quite possible that if born and educated in different conditions, Władek could have become a prominent literary man, in spite or perhaps even because of his many morally deficient attitudes, which then would have become sublimated by being turned into the channels of æsthetic productivity.

LIFE-RECORD OF AN IMMIGRANT

My native village was Lubotyń, in the province of Kalisz. This locality may unquestionably be called a beautiful landscape. The village itself had nothing charming about it. It was composed of ten houses, rather decently arranged for such a small village. There was an old-style brick church on the top of a hill, and further to the east was the priest's house, with its front to the highway leading through the village. To the south spread out a beautiful orchard belonging to the priest, and further, to the west was the organist's house, where the organist himself and the church-beadle lived; along its right wing was another road leading to the cemetery, about half a wiorsta [1 wiorsta = 3,000 feet], and then into the wide world. On the other side of this road was the school-building — old, wooden, but rather neat, the garden which surrounded it on three sides dotted with flower-beds. Beyond the school were three other houses which attracted little attention. They belonged to the manor. In the first lived two fishermen and the shepherd; in the second, four drivers; in the third, the land-steward, the cattle-keeper and the watchman. A few steps westward from the third house was the manorial farm-yard, also facing the highway. Its buildings were arranged in a square. Beyond the farm-yard was the manorial land. All these except the church and the priest's house were on the left side of the highway, when going from the west.

On the right side, facing the end of the farm-yard, was a small wooden chapel, and in it, carved roughly, a statue of St. Thecla. To the east of the chapel spread out the manor-garden, also arranged in a square, but divided by a road along which the manorial cattle were driven to the water. At the south side of the garden was a big lake, six wiorsta long and one wiorsta and a half wide, spreading out from west to east. In the middle of the garden stood the manor-house. It was old and wooden, but at the front of the house a beautiful alley of lime-trees led to the highway; at the rear were pretty flower-beds reaching to the lake; on the right and on the left was an orchard. Near the east side of the garden stood the forge, with its front also turned toward the highway; behind it lived two manor-servants. Near the forge was a footpath by which the people of the village went

to the lake for water. The path was rather narrow — two could scarcely pass — and very steep, so that it was difficult to ascend when wet or frozen, for the village was upon a hill. On the other side of the footpath was the tavern,—old, enormous, built of unburned bricks. On its east side stood a big horse-stable, with one side turned toward the tavern, the other toward the church.¹

Such was my native village. Now I must write a little about its environment; that is, about the splendid landscape which I mentioned above. On the south side we see the lake, in which the rays of the sun are reflected as in a mirror. As far as the eye can reach the lake is overgrown with dense reeds, out of which the song of the crested lark is heard from early morning until night. Upon the lake divers are swimming, above it lapwings hover; on the shore we see some women washing linen, and around them a crowd of naked children bathing under the eye of their mothers.

On the other side of the lake was a thick and rather large forest, where mushrooms, strawberries, blackberries grew abundantly, which we often went in a boat to pick. On the north side, scarcely one wiorsta from the village, was a wood which had the greatest importance for me, for many nuts grew there, which I often went to gather. On the west side was a forest about three wiorsta away, but I went to it seldom. On the east side was a fourth forest, about one wiorsta distant, where plenty of mushrooms grew.

And thus Lubotyń was surrounded with forests on all sides; precisely these forests and the lake made my village so beautiful.

¹ Władek's home was a typical manorial village, and its social character differs completely from that of a peasant village. The latter is a community of equals, in spite of differences of wealth, with a large amount of autonomy in internal matters. There is religious dependence upon the priest, a remnant of respect for the noble, fear of the official, but the influence of the community is incomparably stronger than any external influences. In the manorial village all the inhabitants are more or less dependent upon the manor-owner, and there is the most minute social hierarchy from the manor-owner down, in the order of priest, steward, teacher, tavern-keeper, organist, butler, teamster, blacksmith, carpenter, shepherds, etc., and finally, the common laborers. There is no real community, no unique and consistent social opinion, no permanence of tradition; servility, desire to climb, with little opportunity to climb. In Volume II (Sekowski series) we have characterized this milieu. Although Władek's parents were not really manor-servants they fitted perfectly into this environment.

The forest on the south side came quite near to the lake; only a few yards of meadow separated them. This meadow extended in a narrow ribbon almost up to the village. It began again beyond the manor-garden and spread out as far as the forest on the west side. I had also much joy from it. I gathered the forget-me-nots which grew abundantly; I liked to put them around a plate. I strewed some sand on the bottom of the plate and thus, when watered often, they blossomed at home for a long time. But this was not all that adorned Lubotyń. I must add that in the triangle between the church and the tavern was a pond, and around it a meadow from which the tavern-keeper gathered hay. This triangle contained six morgs of land. The pond made the village still more beautiful, for on summer evenings it was pleasant to listen to the croaking of frogs, that were not silent until late in the night. And to this must be added the song of the nightingale that made its nest every year in the manorial garden.¹

Before I begin to write about myself, I must say who my parents were. In his youth my father was a blacksmith. He did this handiwork up to the time he was called to the army, where he remained for seven and a half years.² When he returned he got the post of land-constable in the small town of Władysławów, in the district of Konin. There he got married. He was constable for fifteen years and made a small fortune.³ He opened a grocery-shop and succeeded well enough, so he closed the shop and rented the tavern in Lubotyń, where I grew up, and not only I, but my five brothers and four sisters. Two of my brothers, Aleksy and Stanisław, were born in Władysławów, as well as two sisters, Florentyna and Marya. The rest of us came into the world in Lubotyń. I was the third among the boys, but before Stanisław and me came the two older sisters, then after me came Paweł, then Ludwik, then the sisters Zofia and Stefania, and the youngest,

¹ To a boy of Władek's class nature in Poland can have hardly any positive educational influence; it does not, as in wilder countries, force the development of energy and enterprise, and the enjoyment of its æsthetic side by Władek is evidently artificial, developed later under the influence of reading.

² He served so long because he was a peasant. Władek prefers not to speak of his peasant origin.

³ For the way in which this fortune was made, see Władek's account of his own career as constable.

Roman. At the epoch of my life which I begin to describe, Aleksy was already a small clerk in the court of Turek, my sisters Florentyna and Marya had finished school, Stanisław and I were going to school, and the younger sisters in turn, one after another, pastured the geese. My father had the right to keep 150 geese, four cows, and as many ducks, hens and pigs as he liked. The cows were in the manorial stable and the manorial cattle-keeper pastured them; the pigs also went together with the manorial pigs to the field. My parents had almost 200 geese every year, and many ducks and hens; in a word, we had all kinds of farm-stock. We had, moreover, one morg of orchard and three morgs of field. My father paid 350 roubles of rent a year for all this. All this paid very well, however, for my father soon put a small capital aside. But I will write later about this; now I come back to the description of myself.

I begin my description with the first day that I went to school. I was exactly six years old when my father took me by the hand and led me to the school, a few yards distant from our house. When the teacher learned what brought us to him he gave me a book and my examination began. Here I must mention that I knew already all the Polish and Russian letters well, for my older brothers and sisters had taught them to me at home. The teacher gave me a book, first a Polish, then a Russian one; I knew how to read well, so he patted my head and told me to sit down on the first, that is, preparatory bench. I sat down and began to look around the class-room. The teacher spoke for a while with my father, then they separated, and my studies began. At ten o'clock on the same day, during recess, some boys came to me and gave me a few knocks, which made me cry. When the teacher came I was still crying. He asked me what was the matter. I answered, half-crying, that the boys had beaten me. He laughed, patted me again on the head and said that it would not happen again. And it was true; they did not laugh at me, nor beat me any more. This made me bolder and gave me courage to learn. And so one day after another passed. The teacher was still a young man, and as he had only an old mother living

with him, he came often enough to visit us. As he knew me well he treated me tolerably. My brother Stanisław helped me. He had been going to school for two years and learned very well; the teacher praised him, and my father promised him that he should be a priest if he continued to study well. Stanisław and I loved each other, so I never had any difficulty with my lessons. School began in November and ended in April, and the rest of the year was vacation. Then there was a merry life! Sometimes I went fishing with a hook, sometimes to the forest in search of birds, or to pick mushrooms or berries. In a word, I was free.

But my narrative begins with the winter. I spent the time free from learning in skating upon the ice with wooden skates. Even the teacher praised me to my father because I skated so well for such a small boy. The teacher himself liked skating very much, and more than once he took me by the hand and skated to the other side of the lake.¹ Once at noon he allowed us to skate; everybody had to bring a bit of firewood from the other side of the lake. All of us went, boys and girls, and there were more than a hundred children. We went as we could, some on skates, others sliding on their heels, the girls with us. I came to the forest first, and in order to please the teacher I took a piece from a wood-pile, tied a rope to it and drew it over the ice. Everybody else brought a piece of wood, some larger, some smaller. As a reward the teacher made a good fire in the stove the next day and I received a pigeon for having done so well, because I liked pigeons enormously.² I had about thirty of them, and I used every grosz which I succeeded in stealing from my father's drawer, in buying pigeons.

So one day after another passed in going to school, and by spring I already knew how to read well and I could write a little. In the spring, when the school was closed, a worse work came for me, for I had to pasture geese, taking turns with my brother.

¹ Władek always mentions every trifling satisfaction of vanity experienced through the appreciation of his superiors. He makes no mention of his relations to other children in school, and nowhere shows a marked tendency to gain recognition through excellence among his equals. In a six-year-old boy the general demand for recognition could have taken either direction, depending on the environment. In an American boy it would have taken a direction opposite to that shown by Władek.

² A frequent interest with peasant boys. Cf. Volume II: 236.

One day he pastured them till noon and I pastured them in the afternoon; the next day I pastured in the morning and Stanisław in the afternoon. On Sunday we did not pasture at all; father gave ten grosz to the manorial goose-boy to keep them the whole day, and we had the Sunday free.² But we were not allowed to go away from home until five o'clock in the afternoon.

Here I must mention that my father was a very God-fearing man. As far as I remember he never omitted any divine service. So he educated us also very religiously. Every morning we had to kneel down all together and say the prayer. And father sat near us and saw to it that we did not hurry too much, and that we pronounced the words of the prayer distinctly. After the prayer each child had to kiss father and mother [on the hand] for good-morning. But God forbid that any of us should eat anything before the prayer! If any of us ever ate anything he did not get breakfast, and he had to kneel while the others ate. When father allowed him to rise he had also to thank our parents for the punishment and promise not to do it any more. This happened most frequently with me, for I was very greedy, and had to kneel often. The evening prayer had to be said in the same way, except that those who had been to confession had to say particular prayers as penance. After the prayer we had again, each separately, to kiss our parents' hands for good-night; and in the same way after every meal. On Sunday we had to pray from our prayer-books after breakfast, every one from his own; for as soon as any of us knew how to read a little he received a small prayer-book as gift. And God forbid that any of us should

² Pasturing geese, hogs or cattle is the first stage of the gradual process by which the peasant boy develops the working attitude. The primary tendencies of the child are toward play and vagabondage, and pasturing represents the elementary degree of the organization of his activity. From this half-vagabondage the boy passes to productive work without the intermediary stage of apprenticeship, without passing through any special period devoted exclusively to education, to the acquisition of working habits and methods. The necessary attitudes are developed slowly and gradually by a traditional process of incorporation of the individual into the social scheme of activity, and not by a conscious effort to develop first of all the individual as such. It is evident that the traditional method can bring adequate results as long as the individual remains within his group and within the sphere of the traditional interests and occupations; and because it does frequently bring all the socially desirable results we can almost justify the attitude of the old-fashioned peasants who think school instruction unnecessary for their children.

fail to keep it in good order! When we sat around the table, we were not allowed to talk at all, for father prayed, sitting apart from us on a chair, and said the "crown" [a determined series of *paters* and *aves*].¹ I disliked this Sunday prayer very much because I could not go outdoors, look at the pigeons nor chase them awhile with the other boys. So I used a trick. When I saw through the window that the pigeons were flying, I asked father for permission to go to the privy. When father gave me permission I went straight to the pigeons, and more than once the prayer was over by the time I got back. I always buttoned my trousers while entering the room and father said: "Well, you have been rather long at the privy." And he said nothing more.² Thus I succeeded in cheating my father many times, but once when I went out the same way my father spied me and saw that I did not need to go at all, and I got such a beating that I remembered it for ten years. For my father seldom beat us, but when he once began he beat and beat without measure, and

¹ By the family prayers, still customary among the peasants and sometimes among the higher country classes, a particular religious attitude is grafted by means of a rite upon the familial attitude of obedience, and not upon any pre-existing attitudes towards the problems which religion claims to solve. What is developed is not a belief or an emotion, but the habit of performing the rite, and this being a product of the attitude of obedience acquires an obligatory character independent of properly religious considerations. It may, therefore, last by a kind of moral automatism even when religious emotions or beliefs have disappeared.

² This typifies very well the effects of the endeavor to develop new attitudes by external authority appealing to fear and based on physical sanction. The wish opposed by authority produces at first deceit, as a practical solution of the situation. If the wish were counterbalanced instead by another positive wish, if the pressure were internal instead of external, we should have a moral conflict that could be solved only in the moral way, by an organization of attitudes. In the course of time the external pressure may indeed become internal; the fear of social authority may be changed into an objectless, indetermined fear of yielding to the wish, and we then have that feeling of obligation of which we have just spoken as characterizing the performance of religious rites. The attitude thus acquired is a typical Philistine attitude, incapable of any spontaneous development and becoming more and more mechanical. At the same time the original method of solving a situation by deceit is not lost but continues to be applied in every case where a wish is opposed by authority and the fear of authority has not been changed into the feeling of obligation. Possibly Władek learns not to lie to his father, but he preserves the method of deceit during the whole of his life in all its social relations.

mother succeeded only with difficulty in appeasing him. The way our father beat us was this: he put my head — if it was I who was punished — between his legs so that the hind part protruded, and then beat with whatever he found under his hand, wood or iron.¹ Therefore none of us loved father. He could never boast of the love of his children. But nobody dared disobey father, even in a trifle, or answer him back, or above all things, lie to him. He loathed lying so much that he could almost have killed for a lying word; I experienced it myself.

In a word, our father was not generous toward any of his children except our oldest brother, Aleksy. Father loved him a great deal and always said, "My dear son Oleś" [Aleksy].² Father loved him particularly, so he said, because when my brother was seventeen years old, and a clerk in the district court, he came home once for the holidays, and a blind man came at that time to our father's house asking for alms. When he had received something he requested father to see that he was taken to the other side of the town, and father then ordered his oldest son to take the poor man by the hand and lead him. He did it at once and afterwards the whole town pointed to him as an example for their sons and congratulated our father on having such a good son. Our father loved him for this, and also for earning something himself, for our father was very avaricious. One of his greatest pleasures was to count the money after closing the shop.³ My mother

¹ The beating of children is sanctioned by public opinion, but in this case we find two anomalies — the lack of measure in the father and the lack of affection in the children. They are explicable by the isolation of the marriage-group from the rest of the family. The father acts without familial control under the influence of passion, and the children bear a grudge for a punishment which they do not recognize as merited by any break of the socially established norms but provoked merely as a result of their transgression of their father's will. In general, the traditional attitude of head of a single marriage-group representing the authority of the whole family is changed in Władek's father into a more or less personal despotism.

² We do not explain the pet names and variants (*e.g.*, Stach, Stas, Stasio = Stanisław, Florcia = Florentyna, Kazia = Kazimiera, Helcia = Helena, Mania = Marya) when the context or resemblance seems sufficient.

³ The love of money develops here instead of land-hunger; the attitude of economic advance has not yet reached the stage where a continuous progress is required and money treated merely as an instrument. Property in the form of money is here an end in itself, as in peasant life property in the form of land.

abused him much for this [trait] and thence small misunderstandings sometimes arose. There was never any real quarrel between our parents.

My mother had a more generous disposition, and cared more for the instruction of her children, and this displeased my father greatly, particularly when it came to paying for the instruction. He would not give a cent and was like to say: "Let them go to serve [hire themselves out], earn some money themselves, and then learn." But my mother found a way even so, for she had her own money from the sale of geese, hens and ducks, and she sometimes took a little from the drawer [in the shop]. She put money aside separately for linen, for my sisters' hats, for clothes, for paying the seamstress who made the dresses, and for instruction. My oldest sister was taught how to sew, and mother had to pay 25 roubles a trimester for her instruction, and as there were four such trimesters she had to pay a whole hundred roubles. This she had to save in different ways calculating how to adjust the accounts. But she always succeeded somehow.¹

We were always dressed cleanly and neatly, and everybody envied us. It was the habit of my parents to dress us twice a year, on Christmas and on Easter. We then had everything new from head to foot — on Christmas, boots, overcoats, caps and suits; on Easter, hats, shoes and summer-suits. It was always so as long as I was at home, and about this my parents did not quarrel. When we were dressed like this and went to church with our parents people stopped and looked at us, saying: "Where does their father get money for all this?"² We entered the church

¹ We saw in Volumes I and II that the woman has more in view the needs of the individual members of the family while the man cares more for the material existence of the group as a whole. As long as the basis of this existence is the farm, exclusive interest in the maintenance and increase of the familial fortune is perfectly justifiable and efficient, for thereby the children have their future assured. But in the present case the old Wiszniewski keeps the old attitude when it is completely misadapted to the actual conditions. There is no familial property which could assure the future of the children, and in his small trade he can never hope to put aside enough to endow them. The only way to assure their existence is to give them a sufficient instruction and push them into a middle-class career. He does this, indeed, but unwillingly and incompletely, as will appear.

² The peasant secures recognition mainly through immobile property; when this is impossible, as in the present case, the attitude attaches itself to secondary kinds of ownership, such as dress.

through the sacristy, for the priest also had respect for my parents. My brother Stanisław already assisted at the mass. I helped him sometimes, although I did not yet know the *ministrantura* very well. So I did it only when other boys did not come. My brother assisted as the "oldest" [the boy who poured the wine into the priest's chalice was called the "oldest"], and people wondered at such a small boy assisting and doing it so nicely. Only on Sundays the other boys assisted, while on working-days my brother assisted alone. The priest paid him 6 grosz [3 copecks]. When a service was performed for a [religious] fraternity, the priest gave him a złoty [15 copecks], and when the mass was bought by somebody this person had to give him something also, and even if a strange priest said mass our priest had him give my brother a few grosz. So my brother Stanisław collected much money. The boys fought among themselves, for everybody wanted to assist, but the priest did not like any one but my brother. My father often told him to put money aside, and he would become a priest. My brother thought seriously about it, but it turned out otherwise.

As I mentioned already, we went to church through the sacristy, but the priest did not allow everybody to do this. No one passed through the sacristy but the nobility of the neighboring manors, a few of the more prominent farmers, and my parents. My mother had her own chair on which she sat during the service. No other people were allowed to have chairs. On this account many were angry with the priest, but he did not care at all.¹ In short, my parents had respect and consideration from people, who considered them rich; and really, my parents did behave like well-to-do people. Twice a year they arranged parties, once at the end of the old year, and again at the beginning of April [after Easter]. But for me the one at the end of the old year was more agreeable. When the guests began to come in sleighs, each [harness] covered with bells, I drove a little way with each, and I used to pull a few hairs from the tail of every white horse to make snares for finches. There were always no less than twenty pairs of guests. Most of them were from Sompolno, a town situated seven wiorsta from Lubotyń. Then there were a few of the richer farmers, those who had borrowed money from my

¹ Even the church helps to develop the consciousness of social hierarchy and the desire for recognition.

parents. There were six of them. Each one owed my parents 200 roubles and paid interest at 8%. Each of these had a daughter or a son who considered it an honor to be in friendly relations with my sisters. Although my oldest sister was then only sixteen years old there were many who wanted to match her with their boys. Stanisław and I were very well off, for we always robbed my sister of her various sweetmeats. If it had not been for mother father would have got his daughter married regardless of her youth, because these were rich boys. But my mother was positively opposed to it, and she had her way. The party began at eight o'clock in the evening. There were three musicians; one played a fiddle, another a bass-violin, and the third a clarinet. It was, to be sure, a village band, but they knew how to play better pieces, for instance, a contredanse, a mazourka, a lancier and many pretty waltzes, polkas, obereks, etc. They were very highly appreciated in the country. My parents did not pay them anything, for they were pleased to play in our house, for such fine people, as they said. Thanks to it they had more success at weddings, for [people said]: "If they know how to play in the tavern-keeper's house, they will know how to play here." The beer and brandy did not cost my father much, for he had his own; the cakes were baked by my mother and sister with the help of the maid, the hens and ducks were also our own, and so such a party was rather cheap for my parents. Every one of the guests gave a party like ours, and my parents went, on the average, somewhere every third Sunday. No wedding, no baptism festival dispensed with my parents. In a word, they were universally respected.¹

¹ The position of Władek's parents was such that falling below the level of the intermediary class and rising to the middle class were equally possible for the children. The sphere of their relations was not a coherent social group like the peasant community, the bourgeoisie of a town, the nobility of a province, but a loose-acquaintance circle, meeting only at entertainments. Such a circle gives no determined social frame to the individual's life; on the general background of more or less primary social tendencies it can merely develop showing-off attitudes and desire for socially-shared pleasures, no idea of serious social responsibilities. Thus Władek's social instincts developed into definite tendencies under the influence of three different forms of social organization — a small family (marriage-group) of a rather despotic patriarchal type, a hierarchy of small groups and individuals in the manor village, a loose acquaintance-group meeting only at social entertainments.

I may add a little about solemn days, such as Christmas, Easter, mother's and father's name-days. First I will write about the Easter holidays. Any one who entered my parents' room on Good Saturday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, saw a table covered with a beautiful cloth, and on it the *święcone* [food to be consecrated]; *placeks*, *babas*, *mazureks* [different kinds of cakes], veal, ham, sausage, eggs, cheese, butter, horse-radish, vinegar, pepper and salt. In the middle of the table was a swine's head adorned with frosting, and holding in its mouth a painted egg. Nearby stood another small table, and on it our small *babas*. On one side of the room stood some chairs, and on them the *święcone* of poorer people, who brought it to our house to be consecrated. The priest did not go from home to home, for he was very old and this tired him; he ordered them to bring their *święcone* to us, so that he could consecrate it all at once. Usually at about five in the afternoon the priest drove up in a buckboard and father went to meet him and bring him in. When he came in every one of us children greeted him by kissing his hand; he talked a little with everybody and wished us a merry "Alleluiah." After the consecration, our parents treated him to wine and he left. The strange women took their *święcone*, thanked our parents and went away. Mother then locked the door. On Easter morning father awakened everybody for the "Resurrection," except sister Florcia [who had to do the housework]. The "Resurrection" was usually at six in the morning. When we got back from church breakfast was ready and we all sat down, young and old, at a prettily decorated table. Everybody was nicely and cleanly dressed. After breakfast my father opened the room where the *święcone* was and we were allowed to enjoy our small *babas*. Meanwhile father cut a piece of every part of the *święcone* for each of us and we began to eat it. But first father divided the egg with all of us. He did it with great solemnity, and we received it still more solemnly. I have never seen the holidays celebrated with greater solemnity than in my parents' home. We were forbidden to go anywhere the first day [of the Easter holidays] except to church, and father received nobody on this day. Only on the second day [called *dyngus* day] we were allowed to go visiting, and many people came to our house to throw water on my sisters, but young people never dared to do this to my mother. A few older men such as the teacher, the

organist, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the farm-manager, also came in the morning to throw water and to drink a little. When they got somewhat merry they put fresh water into the bottles which each carried in his pocket and went further, from us to the teacher, to the organist, and so on, to everybody in turn, until they got well drunk. When they had enough, they went home. My mother disliked it greatly, because they poured so much water around the room that she had to put it in order again. After vespers young people, a few boys and girls, came to see us and amused themselves until late in the night, for the next day was also a holiday. It was customary to celebrate three holidays.

But Christmas had more importance for us, because every child was presented with a gift, measured according to our parents' love. Our parents did not love us all equally and so the gifts were not equal. I and sister Marya always received the worst, though I don't know even now how I merited this. As to my sister, our parents said that she was very disobedient and bad-mouthed [impudent]. But as far as I remember, I never made my parents angry [by impudence] and I even loved my mother a great deal. And so my "little star" was always the worst. I often wept because of this. The best "little star" was given to brother Stanisław or to sister Florentyna. Although my brother was only two years older than I he always received a gift three times more valuable than mine. My opinion is that he was worse than I, but he always knew how to flatter our parents, and in this way he got their favor. Whenever he incited me to some mischief or some trick and our parents asked who did it, he always put the blame on me and he was believed, while our parents never believed me in spite of all my explanations and excuses. Because of this we called Stanisław "father's doll."¹ Often before Christmas Florcia and Stasio bought toys to hang on the Christmas-tree, for mother frequently said that they had good taste. The

¹ Certainly exaggerated, but Stach must have had not only the "social instinct" which we find in Władek but a tendency to regulated and "nice" behavior which enabled him to profit more from given social conditions. The favoritism of the parents, acting upon Władek's desire for response, provokes a strong degree of envy which occasionally becomes a tendency to climb and to equal Stas, as we shall see later. At present Władek's attitude toward his family as a whole is a composite of grudge, some affection, and much vanity over its success.

night before Christmas eve, mother, Florcia and Stasio did not sleep at all, but decorated the tree. They did not show it to us until Christmas eve, after the supper. In my parents' home the supper began always with the first star in the sky. We then sat down at the table, everybody had his own plate [apparently all the children usually ate from one large plate], and there were always eleven courses. There should always be some hay under the table [usually under the tablecloth], a rather big heap, so that every cow could have a little of it. When we were seated at the table father and mother divided the wafer, and after that everybody in turn wished our parents [a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year] as well as he could. Next father said a prayer before the meal, and we all repeated it after him. Mother waited on the table, for the maid had to sit at the table with us, and she was not allowed to rise to do anything during the supper. She always had a small plate under the table and she stole a little of every dish for the dog, but secretly lest father should see her, for he would have been angry. After supper we gave this food to the dog, and the boy who was to marry my sister was supposed to come from the direction in which the dog ran after he had eaten it. Father forbade our doing it, but we always succeeded in spite of him. The greatest joy for us was to watch the candles burning on the tree during supper. Moreover we were curious to find out what everybody was going to receive from our parents. After supper, which father also finished with a prayer, he ordered Stanisław to bring the packages from under the tree. On every package was written who was to receive it. These gifts were distributed by mother. When everybody had received his own and given thanks, father brought in a basket of apples and another of nuts and divided them according to our ages; the older ones got more, the younger ones less. When we had received everything, every one unfolded his package to see what he had received. Then we began to play with nuts, "pair and impair." Our parents played with us. I always won the most, for I knew how to cheat.¹

The name-days of our father and mother were no less solemn for us. For a month before every one of us had plenty of work. First he had to learn some verses by heart and then he had to get

¹ Early manifestation of a trait which is later quite characteristic — getting small profits by tricks. (Cf. p. 108 and note.)

these verses written on a nicely painted piece of paper. Every one who knew how to write had to copy them himself, and the older ones wrote for those who could not write. When the day came every one, big and little, arose early and dressed himself nicely in his Sunday clothes. After the prayer we stood in file, the oldest first, the youngest last. Every one held in his hand his paper with the verses he was to say, nicely bound with ribbon, and everybody was in a more than solemn mood. And thus we stood behind the door. Each entered our parents' sleeping-room in turn, kissed their hands and began to say his verses. Father and mother intentionally slept longer on this day, so that we might find them still in bed. Even the youngest brother, who did not know how to pronounce and who could not learn, went with Florcia. She said the verses, and he repeated them after her, for he would not give in, but had to say his wishes like the older ones. Then father or mother, the one whose name-day it was, kissed every one of us on the brow, patted our heads, thanked us, and when they arose, gave us candies, nuts and various sweetmeats. There was no school on this day. In a word, we had a family-holiday, and so it was every year until we left home.

Now I must write a little about my brothers and sisters and how much we loved one another. As I said above, I loved Stach best, but he loved me less than I loved him, of which fact I have had proofs. From my childhood I have loved my whole family strongly and I was nicknamed [illegible word]. As to my parents, I loved my mother more, for she was more indulgent and forbearing. The older brothers and sisters did not care much for me at that time, so I shall write nothing about them now; I can write about them later. In general I did not notice much love between the older children at that time. Every one of them tried to be superior to the others. I did not like it, and therefore, I was not much liked by them. Although I very seldom played any tricks, I was always considered guilty and I cried much because of this. My mother and father almost never gave me such caresses as they gave my brothers and sisters. So I often fled to solitude. I liked to dig a hole in the rye somewhere, hide myself in it and dream alone. It often happened that when my turn came to pasture the geese in the afternoon I remained long after everybody had driven everything from the field, having intentionally driven my geese into some hiding-place in order

that they might not find me.¹ Sometimes one of the older children or mother came to look for me. If it was mother I showed myself soon for, as I said, I loved my mother more than my life. Sometimes, when mother brought afternoon lunch to me in the field she told me to put my head upon her knees, and then, O my God! it was one of the happiest days of my life. Then her fingers went through my hair as if they sought something, but as there was nothing to seek, for my head was always clean, it was from love only. Then I thought that my mother loved me at least a little. This affected me strongly and I was ready to kill myself for a single warmer embrace from my mother. But my brothers and sisters, who did not care much for it, received more and I was very jealous. I always brought my mother a nosegay of field-flowers, or a few water-lilies, which grew in some of the ponds, or peas in pods, or a pear; if I ever received two, the better one was surely destined for my mother.² But all this did not help; I was always good for nothing, there was always some reason for rebuking me and pushing me away from her. In spite of this I always loved my mother, and the bigger I grew the more I loved her. I did not love my father even half as much as her; in every situation mother was the better. When I drove the geese into the field she always gave me something [to eat].

In such an environment I spent almost eight years. In the eighth year of my life there came a change. A new teacher came with his family, a Mr. D. He had three sons and three daughters. The oldest [daughter] was called Pelagia, the second Kazimiera, the youngest Helena. The oldest boy was Józef, the second Bronisław, the youngest Jan. Immediately afterwards a new organist came, a young boy who was to become my brother-in-law in the future. I did not like him, for he was very brutal. He spent much time at our house and flirted with Florcia, although

¹ When the social tendency is met by a lack of response it leads to a desire for solitude, which gives the opportunity of substituting dreams for reality and supplying in imagination the desired reactions. This love of solitude is an attitude which may easily become one of the factors of vagabondage.

² There may have been in his relation to his mother and father something of the unconscious Freudian "Oedipus complex."

she was a year older than he. Mr. C. liked liquor very much, and it was rare that he was not drunk. Therefore my mother disliked him strongly, and said that pears would grow upon a willow before he would get my sister. But it happened otherwise. He never went to Mr. D. [the teacher] although the oldest girl there was also marriageable. But I became a great friend of the teacher's children. Bronisław was of my age and Kazimiera was a year younger, so we played with one another a great deal. And they liked me very much; they said I was merry. Our parents and older sisters were also great friends. They [Mr. and Mrs. D.] sat in our house more than in their own. Mrs. D. was very hospitable and open-hearted and they took turns with us in giving parties; one Sunday there was a party in their house, and the next Sunday one in ours. In this way they spent everything and finally suffered misery.¹ They wanted to buy from us on credit. In the beginning our parents gave them some credit but later they refused to give any more, because the D.'s had no money to pay them. And then they did not have much to eat. But they were very conceited, particularly the teacher himself. It was difficult to get a pleasant look from him, for he always glared like a bandit. The school-children were, therefore, very much afraid of him.² The priest did not like the D. children, because they stole fruit from the garden; they threw stones into beautiful trees and damaged them a great deal, and the priest caught them doing this more than once. Besides, they sometimes caught the priest's pigeons with snares. But I was greatly favored by the priest. When the fruit was ripe the priest took me by the hand and led me to the garden. He asked me how many pockets I had. I counted and told him and he filled all my pockets and my hat and even my handkerchief with fruit. And when I brought him papers or bread he gave me as much fruit as I could carry. He always gave me 10 grosz and told me to study hard

¹ Just before the fall of Poland the aristocracy amused itself as never before or after, and the tradition of entertainment influenced the lower classes. But this attitude never influenced Władek. He seldom treats, even in later life. During his apprenticeship and wandering he associated mainly with people who could more easily treat him, and their action found a favorable ground in his essential egotism.

² We find elsewhere (*Gazeta Świąteczna*) in a letter from a peasant corroboration of this opinion of the teacher.

and he would help me to become a druggist. And when I began to serve at mass — it was in summer when there was no school — I sometimes spent the whole day in his house. At harvest-time he told me to come to him after mass whenever I was free from pasturing geese, of course with my parents' permission. When I came, he gave me a whip and ordered me to drive the horses, while he held the reins. He also took me to dinner at his house. In the evening he gave me 2 złoty and said: "Here are your wages." And so it was every day. When everything had been brought in from the field, he told me to pick apples and pears, and later, nuts, and I always received 2 złoty, even if I was with him only one hour. Once he took me to the barn, gave me a flail, took another himself, and we began to thresh. After a few strokes the priest ordered me to whistle. I was unable to do it, for I was very tired, and this made him laugh.¹

The teacher's sons envied me greatly these favors from the priest, and they played every possible trick on him. They were never nicely dressed, their clothes were always torn, their shirts could be seen from behind [through their breeches] and sometimes even the naked flesh showed through. They were not at all like the sons of a teacher, but rather like goose-boys, and everybody laughed at them. The girls were always dressed better and cleaner. Here I must mention that the blacksmith also had three boys. We were very good friends with the oldest. We three, I, the teacher's son and the blacksmith's son, were always together. . . . My brother Stanisław did not keep company with us much; he was more occupied with his studies.

In such an environment and with such friendships I spent my life until I was twelve years old. During the last two years there were many changes in the home of my parents. First, my oldest brother, Aleksy, got the position of commune-secretary of Wysokie, nine wiorsta from Lubotyń. As he was still a bachelor he consulted our parents and they decided that Stanisław should be educated to be a teacher. He agreed to it and went away with Aleksy. Brother Aleksy sent him to a private teacher in Kramsk,

¹ The habit of expecting more from the favor of others than from his own work, which we shall notice later in Władek, was certainly developed under the influence of such relations as this one, just as servility develops at an early age in the children of manor-servants favored by the family of the manor-owner.

who was to prepare him for the teachers' seminary. I was the oldest [son] at home after he left. I now served at mass alone and I was very proud of this. My relations with the priest became still more friendly and I did not pasture geese any more, for my parents did not keep many of them. They no longer kept a tavern because a [governmental] liquor-monopoly was established and there was no liquor-shop in Lubotyń. The trade [in the store] was no longer as good as before, and our conditions became greatly changed. My parents were therefore glad to get rid of us; they were also glad that I already earned enough for my clothes. They no longer kept a maid, in order to reduce expenses. I was already in the third division, and my brother Paweł was admitted to the second division, and he also learned well. In the summer we usually loafed around together, for the blacksmith's son was already working in the forge, and Józef, the teacher's son, had gone to Turek as a baker's apprentice. I alone was still free to dispose of my time as I wished. I began to keep more company with the farmers' [peasants'] boys, and I was seldom at home, for I always went with them to pick berries in the summer and mushrooms and nuts in the autumn. But these companions of mine always elected me their elder, and when we went nut-gathering I had to stand guard while they gathered the nuts, for the forest-keeper did not allow it. They had to give me half of what they gathered, and as I was not lazy I gathered as many as I could myself. Once about ten of us went for nuts as usual, and I acted as their chief for half the nuts they should gather. . . . When every one had a lot of nuts in his shirt (I had the most because I went farther into the thicket) I saw the forest-keeper. He had his back turned toward me and his gun on his shoulder. I turned and whistled loudly. It was the signal for flight. But he heard my whistle also, left the gun in the thicket and began to chase us. The boys, seeing the terror behind them, threw all their nuts away. I also ran a few steps, and then I hid myself in a hole. He ran past without noticing me, for he was very angry. He did not pursue my companions very long and came back without having caught anybody. When he returned to the forest I left my hiding place and went slowly along the tracks of my companions, gathering the nuts on the way, and there were so many of them that I did not have room enough, but I tied my trousers around my ankles with a string and slipped

them in under my belt. When I got home I put them into a hole in the ground where I already had some two gallons. I kept them in the earth in order to make them a nice yellow and to keep them safe, and nobody knew about them except myself and Pawel.¹

The summer days passed rapidly with such distractions. As I wrote above, the teacher's daughter [Kazimiera] and I loved each other much and I spent whole evenings with their family when the teacher was at our house playing sixty-six with my father. They were both passionately fond of this game, and when one or the other wanted to win back what he had lost they sometimes played until morning. They played for counters, never for money, but nevertheless they quarreled a great deal during the game, for my father was very quarrelsome at cards, no matter whom he played with or what for. I could be free in his [the teacher's] house when he was not at home, but when he was there we had to sit quiet, or else he would swear vehemently. I did not like him at all; not only I, but his own family, his wife and children, almost hated him. When he was in the room we went to the kitchen and there we played or told stories. I could tell more stories, for I read many books, and often the whole family, except the teacher himself, sat around me while I talked. But I liked to be begged and when I was in the middle of some

¹ A new example of the cunning which Władek shows in many acts of his life. It is an interesting point that this cunning is shown only incidentally and does not develop into an intelligent pursuit of a career. This fact may perhaps be accounted for by the peasant traditions upon which Władek's parents and himself are still greatly dependent. The career of the peasant is ready for him; cunning, intellectual development, spirit of enterprise, technical preparation, etc., are merely additional factors of success, but not conditions of existence. An incidental display of cunning is therefore the usual form in which the peasant's practical intelligence shows itself, but the strong and thorough organization of peasant life keeps this display within the limits of a certain honesty, while the security of existence of every individual hinders it from developing into a consistent life-policy. When the steady social and economic organization is taken away we should expect this cunning either to degenerate into a tendency to live by one's wits or to become sublimated into a talent for business enterprise. But Władek's social conformism, without preventing him from occasional crookedness, prevents his making of this a means of living, while his lack of economic ideals does not permit him to reach the level of a business man.

story I rose and pretended to be going away. They would not let me go, and I was then perfectly satisfied.¹

Once — it was during the carnival — Mr. and Mrs. D. went to a party at a farmer's house. They took Helcia and Janek with them. Pelcia, Kazia and Bronek were left at home and they came to my parents' house and stayed until ten. Then they asked my parents to allow me to go and stay overnight with them at their house. When we got there Pelcia made tea and we then went to sleep. I and both sisters slept in the bedroom, and Bronis in the kitchen. They were not ashamed of me nor I of them, for they did not even put out the lamp when undressing. I could not sleep for a long time, I don't know why. When I had lain for about two hours, suddenly Miss Pelagia arose from her bed and called a few times in a low voice, "Kazia." But the other was evidently fast asleep. Miss Pelagia then came to my bed, touched me and asked whether I was asleep. Of course I was not asleep, but I pretended to be and, as if awakened, I asked her, "What do you want?" Then she told me to move nearer the wall. When I did so and made room for her she lay down at my side and began foolishing with me. In the beginning I was very much ashamed, but slowly I grew bolder and played with her as if she were my equal. And so we foolished nearly the whole night. Only toward morning she left my bed and lay down near her sister. We remained so for an hour perhaps, and then we began to get up. I shall probably never forget that night in the course of which I enjoyed so much love, for if she had not taught me about it, I should have had no idea at all at such a tender age. But this learning had bad consequences for me, because I always wanted to play in the same manner. And once I got a good beating from my sister Marya when I arose in the night, crept into her bed and tried to play. She awoke, saw what was going on, gave me some strong boxes on the ear and drove me out of her bed. It is well that the matter ended thus and that she did not say anything to our parents, for I should certainly have got a beating that I should have remembered for my whole life. Evidently she was ashamed herself, for she never reproached me on account of it. Seeing that I should not get any benefit from my sisters, I went to Miss Pelagia again. Whenever there was any chance we started to play at once. It hap-

¹ Early development of technique for securing response.

pened once that we did not play for about a month and I longed very much. So I wrote Miss Pelagia a letter, which I gave her myself, asking her to come to the cemetery in the evening, and saying that if she did not come I would tell everybody. I wrote in this way so as to frighten her, and it was profitable, for she came everywhere when I asked her, although she was eighteen and I only twelve.¹ But as she kissed me many times and begged me [not to tell] I did not let it be noticed either in their home or in ours.

This lasted for more than two years, until I went to apprenticeship, but toward the end of this time I grew tired of that older sister and desired Kazia.² But I could in no way seduce the latter. Once I urged her to go rowing on the lake with me, and to this she willingly agreed. I stole a package of good tobacco from my father and gave it to the fisherman for letting me take his boat. He willingly granted my request, knowing that I could row pretty well. We agreed that she would go beyond the priest's garden and wait for me there and she did so. When we had rowed out to the middle of the lake I started to do it with her, but she stood up and said: "So you brought me out only to seduce me! If you touch me again I will jump into the lake." I thought she would do it, so I did not dare to urge her any further, but I said to myself that I would not forgive her this [would carry out my plan], only a little later. With this idea I brought her ashore and then to their house. When I met Miss Pelagia in the cemetery the next evening she asked me at once why I had taken Kazia from home. "You certainly wanted to foolish with her,"

¹ The blackmailing attitude developed in a child. Given the boy's sexual desire, and the social situation — the girl's initial action, the norms of social opinion, the girl's dependence on social opinion — and Wlodek's behavior follows quite naturally. This type of attitude plays a much greater rôle in social life than is usually assumed, and deserves study, in the sublimated forms of "pressure" and "influence."

² This and the episode with his sister show how spontaneous is the desire for new experience in the sexual line. The limitation of sexual intercourse to one person demands a social organization of the whole relation, either in the form of a socially sanctioned bond (marriage), or in the form of a system of common habits gradually formed (cohabitation) or in the form of a concentration of ideas and emotions not exclusively sexual around the other personality (romantic love). That is to say, monogamous regulation of the sexual impulse must come from other sources than the sexual impulse itself.

she said. "Well, did you succeed?" Pushed to the wall, I confessed everything to her from beginning to end, for I was afraid to estrange her also.

Perhaps the reader will wonder how my father allowed me to go on such expeditions. To tell the truth, he undoubtedly would have given me a good beating and forbidden it had he known, but happily for me he did not even guess, for his character at this time had become greatly changed. He was more occupied with himself, and he was seldom at home. He was trying to get a license from the government for a beer-shop which he wanted to open in Sompolno. And he got the license, but not until two years after the closing of the tavern; during this time he kept a grocery store. Nothing important happened in my parents' home in these two years. Stach, who took an examination for the teachers' seminary, did not pass and had to go to be examined again the following year. During this time he was cook and servant for Aleksy. Next year, Aleksy took him to Łeczyca where he stayed four months with an instructor at the seminary, who boarded the students. Any student who boarded with him was sure to pass the examination, but he had to pay 100 roubles in advance. When our father paid this money Stach passed his examination very well. He was to stay in this seminary for three years and then get a license as governmental teacher, which he later did. During the time Stanisław prepared for the seminary in Łeczyca I was cook for Aleksy. Soon after Stach passed his examination Aleksy married a Miss J. from Kleczewo — he being then twenty-six years old — and I came back to Lubotyń.

While all this was happening to my friends and my family I finished my fourteenth year. My parents had told me sometime before to choose an apprenticeship that I liked.¹ But I could not find one. Meanwhile my father got the license to keep a beer-shop in Sompolno, and in my fourteenth year my parents moved there. I left all my acquaintances and friends in Lubotyń,

¹ This freedom of choice is simply a sign that his parents were not much interested in his future and did not count upon him as a support of the family, as they did in the case of Stach, whose career is carefully planned.

even my "betrothed," for so Kazia was [jestingly] called. I had not been in Sompolno very long, scarcely seven months, when Aleksy came to our house one day and said he had an apprenticeship for me in a barber-shop in Konin. I was to go with him at once to his house and from there to Konin. So, taking only a few things with me, I left rather late in the evening with Aleksy, after a tender enough farewell and a sermonizing from my parents. Three days later I was in Konin, in the shop of Mr. Remisz, for that was the barber's name. He asked me at once, in the presence of Aleksy, whether I wanted to learn, and when I said yes [it was settled that] I should remain with him for four weeks on trial, and that a contract should then be concluded. In the beginning I did not like it at all, for we went to sleep at midnight and at six o'clock in the morning I had to be upon my feet. I was not the only apprentice; there were three other boys, but older than I. They already knew how to shave, while I had to stand at the door, let the customers in and out, and sometimes brush the clothes of a more important one. Every morning I had to go to the bakery and purchase one złoty's worth of rolls. Each of us had one roll and a bit of bread besides. Once I went to fetch the rolls, and when I counted them I found one too many and ate it. But when the landlady arose and began to count she called me from the shop and said she was one roll short, and she asked me if I had not eaten it. Of course I did not confess, but I went to the bakery and told them they had given me one roll too few. They said nothing and gave me another roll. And so I was not found out, but I had a warning to count better in the future. Everything would have been well enough if they had given us more to eat, but when they called us to dinner there was as little served as if we had been small children, and when I arose after dinner I was hungrier than when I sat down. After these dinners I was ready to eat a pound of sausage. Once I said so aloud [before other boys] and it led to my making a wager with one of the boys. I said I would eat a whole pound of sausage and 6 grosz worth of rolls, and the wager was that if I did it, he was to pay for them, and if I did not I had to pay. We bought all this, but alas! I was obliged to leave perhaps one-eighth of the sausage and half a roll, and I lost the wager, *i. e.*, I had to pay for what I ate. I had some money, for every day I earned a little when I brushed a customer. In such conditions I spent four weeks, after which

my brother and father came to settle the contract, but they could come to no agreement. The boss wanted a contract with the following conditions: I was to stay and learn four years; he was to be allowed to give me corporal punishment if I merited it, and in the event of my flight father was to pay him for every day I had spent with him. Aleksy and my father were displeased with this, and so the agreement was not concluded. They gave him one week for reflection. After a week I got a letter ordering me to ask the boss whether he would not yield. It was written in the following way: "Tell him that if he agrees not to inflict corporal punishment on you, your father will come and sign the contract." He was present when I read the letter, and I had hardly finished when he reached out his hand and asked me to show him what my parents had written. When he read the letter he became terribly angry, because it was written, "Tell him," instead of "tell your Mr. Superior" [or "tell Mr. Remisz"]. So he gave the letter back to me and ordered me to be gone. I went to search for a coach, but I could not find one until the next day. Some drivers came to the governmental store for spirits and I went back with one of them. But when I got home — O my God! My father almost wanted to kill me for having run away, and he would never believe that he himself was the cause of my being driven away. In later days he always reproached me with having run away, and for this I almost hated him. He would not be persuaded; he knew that it was true, but he would not humiliate himself [by acknowledging that he was wrong].

I did not remain long at home, for soon a surgeon's assistant, Mr. Poradziński from Izbica, came to take me and I went with him. I was dissatisfied from the first moment there. He was a good man, but she! Well, I have never in my life seen another such. And what made me most angry was that when I drank water she washed the glass with soap for an hour afterward, and when she intended to go to church on Sunday she ordered me to shine her shoes on the Monday before and on every day during the whole week, although the shoes remained quietly upon a foot-stool in the room. And then I had to sleep on a sofa so narrow that every night I fell off more than once. Therefore I did not stay more than two weeks. When she ordered me again to repeat the same story with her shoes, I refused, took my clothes

and went home.¹ My father did not vociferate as much [this time] because he knew what a shrew this Mrs. P. was.

Then I spent almost a whole winter at home, for again the condition of my parents changed. After we had lived a year in Sompolno, the beer business being poor, father took the store in Lubotyń again, without giving up the beer-shop. So we had two businesses, in Lubotyń and in Sompolno. Mother went to Lubotyń and took all the children, except sister Marya, who stayed with father in the beer-shop. I went with mother. Before leaving Sompolno I had got acquainted with a boy who had been for two years a baker's apprentice in Sompolno. He urged me to learn to be a baker, and I decided I would, but the baker, Mr. Degurski, would not take me until spring. We left Sompolno on New Year, so I had still three months free. I made the trip to Lubotyń joyfully, for many pleasures awaited me there and my friends rejoiced no less than I. My parents and Mr. D. soon got angry with each other, but not for long. The cause of the anger was my parents' refusal to give them any more credit; they owed us more than 40 roubles and they wanted to buy still more, while my parents could not sell any more. But soon they came to an understanding. They gave us a sewing-machine for 25 roubles, my father took a pig for 15 roubles and the anger then subsided. It made no difference to us children if our parents quarreled; we lived in perfect harmony and I now tried to renew my love-relation with Miss Pelagia, but I enjoyed this much desired love only once and then in a very difficult way. As soon as I was settled in Lubotyń, I wrote Miss P. the following letter: "Dear Miss Pelagia: I must confess that I have longed for you very much during the whole year, and I have thought only of you. I hope that you have longed for me too, for you certainly had nobody to play with. So I beg you very much to write me where we can meet. I shall await your answer with longing. Please hand me your answer in the same way as before, and I believe that you won't refuse me for the sake of our common enjoyment. I remain yours, W. W."

But alas! I waited in vain a whole week and got no news at all. We usually passed all our letters to each other from hand to

¹ The attitude of self-esteem implies a certain expectation of social recognition, and this evidently pre-existed in the boy and changed to offended dignity on meeting so radical and unmerited a rebuke.

hand. I was tired of waiting and I wrote her another letter and said that if she did not answer I would betray her. I must have frightened her seriously for I did not need to wait long for an answer, only not by letter, but by words. On the third day we had an opportunity to speak. She began to abuse me a great deal and she said, almost with tears, that if she had known I would be so importunate she would have preferred not to begin at all. Moreover that I always frightened her by threatening to tell everybody. "You are unbearable, my Władek,"—for she called me by name [as a much younger boy]. "Stop boring me with your love, my dear. I have a betrothed. I shall soon marry perhaps, so cease to bore me with your letters once for all; even now, I don't read them but throw them into the fire." I felt cold and hot during this speech. I did not know how to answer, so I got up and walked away in order to reflect what to do further. Although I strained my stupid mind I could form no plan and I reached home without a single idea and in a very bad humor. My mother noticed it and asked what was the matter with me and whether I was not sick. I answered that it was nothing and so the matter ended. But fortune managed to do what I could not. On the third Sunday after our conversation several boys and girls came to Mr. D.'s house. Of course I was there. I went there as often as if nothing had happened, and occupied myself with Kazia, although my mind was turned toward Miss P. When many young people had gathered—besides us children, there were some guests more than twenty years old, among them Mr. Franciszek N., whom Miss P. had called her betrothed—we resolved to play forfeits. We played different ways, and when there were enough forfeits we elected judges to inflict punishment upon all who had incurred forfeits. When my turn came I was condemned "to carry sweet cherries about," that is, to kiss everybody. When the girls heard the judgment they began to fly and to hide about the entire house. I paid the greatest attention to where Miss P. went to hide. She was among those who went upstairs to the garret. I followed her and saw where she hid; two other girls besides her went upstairs. In the garret was some hay for the cow that Mr. D. kept. When I went upstairs I first found Miss Antonina W., the daughter of a miller. I shall tell more about her later. Then I found Kazia. When I had kissed them both—they did not defend themselves much—they went

downstairs and I pretended to search for Miss P. I knew very well where she was hidden and when I found her I began to kiss her with greater boldness because I had kissed her more than once before. But I was not satisfied with kissing only; I demanded more. In the beginning she refused even to listen; she said she would call and everybody would come. I said let her call; *I* would not be ashamed. When I continued to kiss and implore her she saw there was no escape from me, and fearing this search might seem too long, she finally yielded. But first she made me promise that it would not happen again, and that I would cease to importune her. I was obliged to swear to it, and she urged me to hasten because she was very much afraid that somebody might come upstairs. When we had foolishly enough I went down first and entered the room, saying that I could not find Miss P. Other girls and that betrothed of hers went to search for her. They soon found her and brought her down, quite covered with hay.

Such was my last enjoyment with Miss P., for I had sworn to leave her alone, and I kept my oath, turning my love toward Kazia. But I had no love-relations at all with her, although we were already called a pair of betrothed. And so the rest of those three months passed without any important incident. It was time to go to my apprenticeship and I began to prepare myself for it. First I had to go to confession. I made my first confession when eleven years old. Mr. C. [the organist] prepared me, but he did not have to teach me the catechism at all, for I had learned it at school. Thus I was admitted to confession without any difficulty, which rejoiced the priest. He told me that I was already a man, since I had been to confession. All of the children who were at home had to go to confession four times a year. . . . My first confession was not celebrated very solemnly, so I won't describe it.

Up to the time I started preparing for this apprenticeship I had been to confession at least ten times. I must say that I did not like to go to our priest, for he never asked about any sins in particular and I had to do all the talking myself. When I finished my story he gave me absolution and the confession was over. But once, during a parish festival when I was confessing to another priest, he investigated thoroughly, he reminded me [about different sins], he abused me and was almost ready to beat

me at the confessional chair. This I called a [real] confession and I approached it with great terror.¹ Before every confession my father gave me a whole heap of moral preaching until I was weary of listening. He talked this way not only to me but to every one of his children, even to Aleksy, although he was of age and married. From this anger often arose between my father and Aleksy. Once father was in his house and noticed that he ate his breakfast without having said the prayer. Father very unceremoniously reproached him, which made Aleksy very angry with father. He did not love father any more than the other children did, for father was ungenerous and brutal toward his children, even when they were grown up.

Although I was still almost a child, I did not like this paternal moral preaching much either, but I listened because I had to. It was the same with this confession before the apprenticeship. Father ordered me to tell the priest everything, even things I did not consider sinful. But I told only things which I considered sinful myself. For example, when I stole anything from my parents I did not consider it a sin and did not tell it, although father had ordered me to tell and I had promised. Then I had one more sin upon my conscience — disobedience. I always considered disobedience a sin and I could not understand how it was possible not to listen to one's parents. I listened not only to them but also to my older brothers and sisters, and if they ordered me to do anything I did it, not only from fear but also from conviction that I was doing right. Neither my parents nor my older brothers and sisters ever complained of me in this respect.²

When I had finished the confession and my clothes were ready and nothing remained but going to the apprenticeship, suddenly my mother changed her mind. She no longer wanted me to go

¹ This appreciation of religious terror — the tragic "terror" of Aristotle — is typically peasant, though of course universal on a certain level of development.

² The obedience here is the result of the desire for response, but Władek claims moral merit on this account, as he always does when his behavior happens to be in accord with the social norm, even when its source is quite other than the feeling of duty — a typical Philistine attitude. His claim is also a proof that in the process of dissolution of the old familial solidarity obedience is the most persistent of all the attitudes. The bond of affection which substitutes itself in other cases for the primitive solidarity is a socially new attitude, not belonging, like obedience, to the traditional complex.

to learn to be a baker, but to remain at home for some time and learn the butcher's trade from my father. When I grew stronger I could go to town and learn how to make a greater variety of products, for my father only knew how to make sausages, pudding-sausages and *podgardlanki*, though in winter we killed a hog almost every week. Mother really wanted me to take my father's place at home in the future. But I did not want even to listen to this and I continually asked for an apprenticeship.¹

At last, toward the end of March, the day came when I was to go to Sompolno. I was to go afoot, while my father was to bring me my box when they came to Sompolno to shop. It was Monday. I arose as early as possible. I went to the church, assisted at mass, and then went to the priest to bid him goodbye. The priest filled my pockets with nuts and gave me half a rouble for the journey, but he did not refer to the druggist again nor to his promise [to help me to become one]. He advised me to listen to my new father and to be always polite to him, for then I should become a respectable man. I thanked him for the good advice and left. On the way I called on the D.'s to bid them goodbye. There I got a really hearty farewell, for I had grown as accustomed to them as to my own parents, and they to me. We knew one another for so long a time, I went to school there for so many years that it is not strange we loved one another. Mrs. D. kissed me more warmly than her own son [he was also a baker's apprentice] and said: "Who will be a better baker and who will finish first, you or my Józio?" I shook hands with Kazia and wanted to kiss her, but she refused. I kissed Helcia and Janek and merely bowed to Miss P. Bronisław was not at home, for he had gone to the forest to get fire-wood. Mr. D. was at the school-house. Mrs. D. asked me to come to Lubotyń often and visit her. "For you are my son-in-law, Władzio," she said. I kissed her hand once more and, almost in tears, I left this hospitable house where I had enjoyed so much pleasure and entertainment.² Then I

¹ Desire for new experience.

² His relation with the D. family always remained more free, even if less close, than that with his own. Indeed the attitudes of personal friend-

went straight home. I did not go to the blacksmith's house for we had quarreled with his son about some pigeons. After breakfast I bade my parents goodbye. My father gave me his hand to kiss and said we should see each other in a few days. But when I went to kiss my mother's hand, instead of giving me the hand to kiss, she struck me in the face — for the first time in my life. Dear reader, you can imagine what an impression this must have made on me! If I had been struck by lightning it would certainly have been less astonishing than getting a box on the ear from my mother at such an important moment. And for what? I don't know myself why my mother acted so meanly. After this I did not try to kiss her hand again, but without bidding goodbye to my brothers and sisters, I left the house. When I reached the school-house the teacher was standing on the threshold, so I bade him goodbye also. He patted me on the head and advised me to be polite and obedient. I thanked him and went on. During the entire journey I cried without being able to stop because of the farewell my mother had given me. I tried to think how I could have deserved it. For a moment I hated the whole world and all the people in it. I who loved my mother so much and who would have been glad to be always with her, I thought badly even of her at that moment. I could not conceive that she did it without a reason, and at last I came to the conclusion that mother did it because I refused to learn to be a butcher, as she had planned. This could have been the only reason she gave me the ear-box.¹ But going along the road I

ship and affection cannot express themselves with sufficient freedom in the family because the traditional norms of obedience and the feeling of responsibility give the whole relation a character of seriousness and constraint. This character is not felt so much in the primary peasant family, where the respective attitudes are habitual. In Władek's case the familial connection is already felt as an unpleasant duty and may disappear if the contrary attitudes find favorable conditions of development.

¹ The boy's refusal to stay at home is not a sufficient explanation of the anger, and we are unable to offer one. We have seen American mothers behave in a similar way, and we suspect the Freudian complex. (Cf. p. 104, note.) Cases of seemingly incomprehensible acts performed suddenly without any noticeable process of preparation and without an apparent reason are frequently met, especially in people with a relatively low degree of culture. The incomprehensible character of these acts for us is due in a large measure to the existence of attitudes which are not ours, but in a large measure also to a more general cause which we have mentioned in the introduction — the

resolved that I would hold out in the apprenticeship however hard it might be and later establish a bakery, so that my parents could live with me in their old age, although I was then, in their eyes, the worst of all their children.¹

Animated with this hope, I hastened my steps in order to reach the end of my journey sooner, and at three o'clock I was already in Mr. Degurski's home, without having seen my sister Marya, who was then in the beer-shop with my brother Paweł. I resolved that I would go home as seldom as possible. So Marya and Paweł did not know that I was already in Sompolno, but I intended to go to see them the next day. When I entered the bakery, I was received with joy. Mrs. Deg. gave me a good and plentiful dinner, very different from the dinners we received in Konin. The boss was not at home at that moment. After the dinner, which I ate in the kitchen, I went to the bakery to see the other boy. His name was Janek. He too was glad I had come. Janek was seventeen, three years older than I, and he was to be emancipated [become a free journeyman] on August 10th of the following year, and of this he was very proud and glad. He was the elder, and I was obliged to listen to him in everything relating to the work. When we had shaken hands he led me to an alcove where I undressed in order to help him carry in firewood for the oven. When we had brought wood enough Janek put it all into the oven and began to prepare the dough for bread and rolls. He prepared it and I looked on. When the boss came I greeted him, and he said: "Well, you are here, and already in the apron? I thought you did not want any baker's work." "Oh, yes, I do. I want to be a baker. And my mother made this apron." "All right, all right, if you are willing and obedient, you will become a man. And listen to Janek, for he is the elder." Then he told Janek to awaken him when it was time to put the rolls into the oven, and left. Janek said he was going to sleep when he had finished preparing the dough, and he told me to do the same. I lay down beside him

vagueness with which situations are given to the uncultivated mind. The situation may remain vague for a long time until suddenly some new element added to it — sometimes a quite insignificant one — makes it clear for the subject, who then defines it as suddenly.

¹ This is not affection or generosity but the wish to even up — the desire for response and recognition expressed in a day-dream.

on the bed which stood in the bakery. We were to sleep three hours while the dough was rising. Janek fell asleep at once, but I could not close my eyes, for I was thinking continually how I should become a journeyman, earn some money, then marry Kazia, and take my parents to my home in their old age.¹ Dreaming so about my future, I remained awake the whole three hours. At eleven I roused Janek, who kneaded the dough. We slept for two hours more and then arose to work. Janek made the fire and ordered me to cover the planks with towels for the rolls. When there was a good fire we began to make the rolls; that is, Janek made them and I put them on the planks. There were not many on this day, only eight planks full. When he had made the rolls he told me to carry them outdoors and he began to make the bread. I weighed the dough and he made the loaves. When everything was ready Janek roused the boss, who did not put the rolls into the oven, but ordered Janek to clean the oven and to put them in himself. He said that in the future we two were to do the work and he told me to learn quickly. When we finished it was about eight in the morning. I went with the boss to the bakery shop. He counted the rolls, put them into a basket and gave them to me to carry around the town to two restaurants and six stores. When I got back it was ten o'clock. Then I had to go to the draw-well six times for water, which I carried on a bearing-wood. The well was so deep that it was difficult to draw the water, the buckets were large and it was a long way to carry them. Next I had to sweep the bakery and fetch firewood, and only then I was free. I had to carry in about a sixteenth of a cubic *sążeń* [a cubic *sążeń* contains about 216 cubic feet] and this carrying was also hard. When I finished doing all this it was one o'clock. I ate dinner, dressed and went to call on sister Marya. I gave her father's messages, drank a glass of beer, and returned to the bakery. Janek was already at work. I spent about two weeks working in this way. Then my father came — he was there once before when he brought my box — and asked me how I liked it. I said it was not bad, but complained that the work was rather hard. Father did not stop to listen to my last words, and went upstairs to talk to the boss about the conditions of my apprenticeship. I was not called upstairs at all.

¹ His day-dreams always remain what they are here — vanity-dreams, with a rather secondary and insignificant sexual element.

After about three hours my father and the boss came to the bakery and explained their conditions to me. I was to learn for three years by serving; that is, doing everything I was ordered. Mr. Degurski was to teach me the baker's work and after three years to emancipate me at his own cost. After they explained this to me they went away and I was left alone, for Janek was not there. Father's action displeased me, for he left me there under hard conditions though he still had plenty of money and could have made things easier for me. For example, he could have bought my clothes and then the boss would not have forced me to carry water, which was beyond my strength. But what did father care for this? He would not do it of himself, but if somebody had paid him well he would have sold me outright. I reflected, however, that God would probably help me to hold out. And then I went to sleep, for it was rather late for me.

My master's character, as I knew it, was not good. He spent the whole day in the tavern, and when he came back late at night and his wife grumbled at him, he beat her with a stick. I heard with my own ears what happened once when he came home drunk. His wife showed him a picture of St. Mary Magdalene, saying: "See with what anger she looks on your drunkenness! Have some regard, if not for me, then at least for our children!" But he, in his drunkenness, became infuriated and cried: "Go to cholera, together with your Mary Magdalene!" And I heard him throw the image on the floor. She fled to another room and shut the door. He struck the door with all his strength with the stick which he always carried with him, but she did not open it. He threw himself on the sofa, and then it was quiet, for he slept. Scenes like this occurred frequently when Mr. D. was drunk, and he was drunk two or three times a week.

In the third quarter of my first year in Mr. D.'s bakery, things grew worse with me. There was more baking in the winter, and Janek did not want to make the dough any more, so I had to work inside the bakery as well as outside. I was tired out with bringing water and carrying rolls around the town. I had to bring water not six, but eight times every day, and still oftener before market on Sunday and on the two week-days on which they had markets. When they washed I had to stay in the kitchen all day and fetch water for them. When it snowed I had to clear the sidewalks. Perhaps I should have been able to

do all this work if Janek had not worried me with his extraordinary demands. He made me shine his shoes, prepare water for washing his hands and face, and brush his clothes. When he overslept at night he beat me, and when he spoiled anything he beat me, saying it was my fault that he spoiled it. He sometimes deliberately prevented me from going to sleep during the whole day [and night] even for a single hour, for he told me to watch the dough and rouse him when it was ready.¹ It was really impossible to bear all this, so I resolved to beg my parents to find some way out.

One Sunday I did my work as speedily as possible and asked my master for permission to go to Lubotyń for one night. Mr. D. gave me the permission, telling me to return the next day at four. I wanted to buy some rolls for 20 grosz to take home to my family, but Mr. D. would not accept any money, and gave me all I asked for. I had been to the beer-shop the day before and learned that my father was in Lubotyń, so I went straight there without stopping at the beer-shop. I could have settled this matter in Sompolno, for father was there more often than in Lubotyń, but I wanted to speak with father and mother together. By the time I had greeted everybody at home and given them the rolls, my mother knew that I came with bad news and she began to question me. So I told them everything. My parents listened to my story and asked me what I wanted to do. I answered that I wished father would go to Mr. D. and ask him to stop making me carry water and to make Janek treat me better, and if Mr. D. refused I would go elsewhere to finish my apprenticeship. I had not yet finished speaking when my sister Florentyna began to abuse me saying: "You lazy fellow, you are accustomed to running away from apprenticeship and you like it. Father, get a stick and give him a few good whacks. Then he will go back and not complain. What kind of an idea is this that such a whelp should govern his parents?" After this strong argument from sister Florcia, I had nothing to say, but sat in a corner and cried.² In the evening I went to Mr. D.'s house to complain to them. When Mrs. D. learned everything she advised me to

¹ Bullying is a handworker tradition, designed to preserve the hierarchical attitudes.

² The sister takes the standpoint of the claims of the family as against the individual, and since the family as a whole has superior rights to the

leave Mr. Degurski and go to Kalisz where Józef was an apprentice. They began to tell me how well off he was there; he never carried any water nor wood, he got 3 roubles a week, for he was paid 6 grosz for every sack of flour he baked, and on Friday he baked bread for the Jewish Sabbath and earned about 2 roubles more. This tale pleased me very much and I wanted to go to Kalisz also. I could easily get the money, but how could I get the passport? Without a passport I could not go, and without father's permission they would not give me a passport. Finally I resolved to take the first opportunity and go at any price. It was 105 wiorsta to Kalisz. Kazia gave me Józef's address. I then bade them goodbye and went home, for it was late. The next day after dinner I went back to Sompolno . . . and set about my usual work. Before a week passed my father came, abused Janek well and then went upstairs to Mr. Degurski. I don't know what their conversation was but the result was that Janek began to tease me still more. One morning four weeks after the occurrences just described, I had finished carrying the rolls around the town and had just returned to the bakery when Mr. D. entered, holding in his hands three crescents and two rolls, which he had found in the pocket of my Sunday suit. Mr. D. called me a thief, said that he did not expect me to steal, and when I began to swear that I knew nothing about them and did not steal any rolls, Mr. D. struck me several times on the ear in great anger. I was guiltless and this made me desperate. I knew that Janek must have put the rolls there in order to destroy my master's confidence in me. But what could I do? How could I prove it? There was no way and my only resource was to revenge myself upon Janek. But how? I resolved to break one of his legs some time when he was asleep. I would take a piece of wood — there was plenty in the bakery — strike him with all my strength on the legs, and then run away. I began to work out my plans. I received a letter from Józef in which he wrote me to come to Kalisz, as his master would receive me at any time. I was all ready to go except for the passport. But fate decreed differently.

One Sunday a restaurant-keeper sent a piece of pork to be

individual there is little place for pity, as in general wherever there is an opposition between individual interest and group interest.

baked, but as he was never willing to pay 10 grosz for it Janek went walking that morning instead of baking the pork. He wanted to teach the man to pay. But things happened otherwise. When this restaurant-keeper sent for his pork at noon the maid brought it to him as it was, uncooked, and at that moment Mr. Degurski was in the restaurant. He had great consideration for the restaurant-keeper, who took bread from him, and as he was somewhat ashamed and still more angry because the restaurant-keeper began to scoff, he came running to the bakery to beat Janek. Happily, the latter was not there. Mr. D. did not say a word to me, for it was none of my business. He swore savagely a score of times and returned to the restaurant. In the evening Janek returned but before I had time to tell him everything Mr. D. came in and began to beat him, raining blows on him from above wherever he could reach him. Janek knelt down, begged, implored, but without avail. When the master got tired of torturing the defenseless boy, he went out. He had beaten him so much that although I did not like Janek I pitied him.¹ Janek lay down and did not work that night at all, but I awakened Mr. D. A few days after this beating typhoid fever developed in Janek. His head was swollen as big as a bucket, his hair fell out, and in a word, he became dangerously sick. And he had nobody to care for him, no doctor, nor medicine, nor suitable food. He just lay in the bakery upon a hard bed, and I alone gave him water and changed his linen, from pity. For six weeks he lay senseless and did not rise from his bed. Nobody even came to visit him or asked about him. Such is the lot of an apprentice boy! His parents are glad that they have sent their son away from home and given him to some drunkard like Mr. D. who instead of making a man of him and inculcating good principles in him takes his health and strength away once and forever. And the boy does not dare to complain to his parents, for they will not listen to him.² And what else could befall me?

¹ This vicarious satisfaction of vengeance has an evident importance for the process of the legalization of vengeance, as we shall illustrate in later volumes.

² According to tradition the master was to be the "second father" of the apprentice and had full paternal authority over him under the control of the guild, as the father's authority was under control of the family. When

I was now still more determined to leave Mr. D. as soon as possible and I went to see my parents once more, begging them to change my apprenticeship, but it was like throwing peas against the wall. They even refused to listen. So I was obliged to take things into my own hands. When I returned to the bakery Janek began to get about a little. I forgot about vengeance and thought only about myself. I went to the butcher who lived in the same house and borrowed a butcher's knife to cut one of my fingers off. I thought that if I became sick I should have to go home and while my hand was getting healed there would be time enough to search for another apprenticeship. In order to carry out my stupid plan I took the knife to the woodshed and shut the door. I found a bit of wood as thick as my finger and I tried the knife to see if it was sharp enough. When I had cut the wood, I put my finger in its place and raised the knife in order to let it fall on the finger. But at the last moment my courage left me.¹ Tears gushed from my eyes. I laid the knife aside and began to think once more about my parents who were so cruel and merciless toward me their son. They could do much for one son, why would they do nothing for the other? My brother Stanisław was admitted to the teachers' seminary in Łeczyca almost a year ago and my parents were expecting him home soon for vacation. Stanisław's admission cost about 200 roubles, his clothes, books, etc., about another hundred, and they had to send him money every month for board, rent and other expenses. My parents did not have much money now, for they lost about 600 roubles on the first beer-shop, and besides the expenses of my brother there was sister Florentyna's dowry. The latter was to marry the organist, Mr. C., in spite of my mother's protestations, for mother yielded at last and permitted them to marry. Sister was to

the control is lost the authority is still there and leads to a tyranny to which tradition still gives an appearance of justification. Formerly the master had an interest in caring for the welfare of the apprentice, because social opinion credited him with the future success of the latter, but now no attention is paid to this matter.

¹ The essential fact is: painful situation — desire for social help — voluntary self-infliction or pretense of suffering, to attract pity. Typical for a weak person who tries to escape an unpleasant situation or induce a pleasant one by relying on social interference instead of his own activity, and prevalent in hysterical women.

receive 200 roubles for her dowry and she did indeed receive them. Thus within a short time, less than three years, my parents lost more than a thousand roubles. Moreover, the trade at Lubotyń was not as profitable as formerly, when there was a tavern, and my parents lost money almost every year in this business. So they put all their hope on Stanisław's getting a job when he finished school and taking them to live with him.

Our parents had got rid of Paweł three months before this, sending him to Łódź as a grocer's apprentice. He was to learn for four years. The grocer was obliged to clothe him and to send him to a business school. Paweł praised the place, but was indignant at our parents for having sent him very poorly equipped to the grocer. Father gave him only one rouble for all the expenses of the journey, though it was about seventy wiorsta and he went by coach. But our parents did not seem to mind this at all, for they were evidently glad to get rid of their children as soon as possible. They were deaf to my requests, for they were afraid I might come home and eat their bread and do nothing.¹ But I did not think of this at all; I only wished to get better conditions in order to learn as rapidly as possible and to work for money, not to sit at home.

All this came to my mind while preparing to cut my finger off. But I lacked courage. I returned the knife to the butcher and resolved to run away at the first opportunity. I did not wait very long. A few weeks later mother and sister Florentyna came to buy something for sister, whose wedding with C. was to be celebrated in a few days. They came to invite me. Mr. D. said I could go. On the day before the wedding I took my aprons and a few small things and left with the intention of never returning to this bakery, and so it was. I was in Lubotyń before evening. I had nothing to do at home, so I went to see Kazia, who was to be my partner [at the wedding]. I won't describe the wedding except to say that it was merry and decent. I liked particularly the "Veni Creator," for it was sung by ten good organists with the accompaniment of the whole organ. I was going to leave in the evening and I got a little money from sister Marya by

¹ In the primary agricultural group the child is an asset (*cf.* Jablowski series, Vol. I), but in the isolated marriage group he becomes an economic burden. Child labor has furnished one solution of the problem for the immigrant group in America.

begging for it. Brother Aleksy and his wife left after dinner and Stanisław remained. Stanisław looked very nice in his school uniform, and this made him and our parents very proud.

As soon as brother Aleksy left I began to prepare for my journey, though I did not know yet where to go. I knew that I would not return to Mr. Degurski but I had no definite plans. I left at three o'clock and father was to return to the beer shop two hours later. I had prepared a small bundle and hidden it in the stable, where I found it after bidding them goodbye at home. I took it and started on an aimless journey.¹ Nobody knew my intention except the teacher's family. But I did not go to see them nor the priest. When I had walked for about two wiorsta I saw a hayrick standing near the road. Without much reflection I dug myself into the hay and slept. When I awoke it was night. I went on to Sompolno alone, not knowing what to do. When I came to the town it was dark everywhere. I went directly to the Jewish bakery, for a Polish journeyman whom I knew worked there. I climbed the fence around the courtyard, as the door was closed. When I got in the journeyman asked me what I was doing. I told him everything. He neither persuaded nor dissuaded me from my intentions but told me to lie down on the oven, and when his rolls were baked he gave me some. I filled my pockets with them and the next morning before sunrise I left the bakery and Sompolno, going in the direction of Kalisz. About eight wiorsta from Sompolno was the village of Lubstowo, where an organist whom I knew lived. When I reached Lubstowo it was about eight o'clock in the morning

¹ In this first vagabonding excursion, as in many of the later ones, the objective reason is not sufficient to explain the action. There is evidently in the boy a pre-existing disposition to change and a desire for adventure which under the influence of any external factor becomes the vagabonding attitude. The aimlessness of the excursion is an interesting point. When the individual's life is organized from the outside and he has to adapt himself passively to the ready social frame, he needs little distant or conscious purpose. And the individual does not seem to feel uncomfortable on this account, does not realize the lack of plans even if he feels his helplessness. Such cases are frequent in social work.

and I resolved to call on him. The organist was very astonished at my arrival and asked what was the cause of my visit. I told him that I was going to get my passport [from the commune office] in Sosnowiec for I had an apprenticeship in Turek. "How can that be true?" asked the organist. "No longer ago than the day before yesterday I was talking to your father and he told me that you were learning in Sompolno with Mr. Degurski. And today, such a big change! You lie, you have certainly run away and now you don't know yourself where you are going." Finally he told his wife to give me some breakfast and went to the church. I did not wait for his return but went on as soon as I finished breakfast. And now I decided that I really would go to the commune office, as the secretary, who was a good friend of my parents, would perhaps give me the passport. With this idea I hurried in order to be there before the evening, as the commune office was at least fifteen wiorsta from Lubstowo. My way led through Makolno, where I knew the organist well also, as he often visited my parents. I thought that as I had breakfasted with one organist I should dine with the other.¹ When I entered the vestibule he met me and asked what I was doing there. I could not tell him that I was going to get my passport, for I was off the road from Lubotyń to Sosnowiec, but I answered boldly that I was going to brother Aleksy, for this was exactly the way to him. The organist was much astonished. "Your brother left yesterday, and you are going to him today? Why, something important must have happened!" In his astonishment he raised his voice and was overheard by Kazimierz, the brother of my brother-in-law, who by a strange coincidence was at this very moment in the house. When Kazimierz heard the voice he opened the door and was very much astonished at seeing me. Without waiting for what I should say he began to talk to the organist, telling him not to believe me, for I was lying. He said that I had run away from my apprenticeship and was loafing around the country. And he began to abuse me in the presence of the organist, saying that I was a bad boy who caused my parents a great deal of grief, for they thought I had drowned myself in the lake and they cried and searched for me everywhere. He said that he had just come

¹ On this first expedition Władek calls only on his acquaintances, and claims only the hospitality normal in the country.

from Lubotyń and was going back at once — he had come only to borrow some wafers — so I should go with him and I should not be afraid, as my parents would not beat me, for they had forgiven me everything and only wanted me to come back. I answered nothing, but the organist began to persuade me to go back. Then he invited us in and gave us dinner, during which he asked me to tell why I had run away. When I told him everything he agreed that I was right but said that I ought to go home and not loaf about like a tramp. He asked me to promise him to go back with Kazimierz and I did it without hesitation. When the wafers were ready, we went to Lubotyń. I did not go home at once, but went to the teacher's house first, drank some tea there and remained until eight o'clock in the evening. Suddenly my youngest brother appeared and told me to come home, for neither father nor mother was there, as they were not coming back from Sompolno until the next morning. But I refused to listen and chased him away. Half an hour later my sister and brother-in-law came urging me to go home. I did not listen to them. Sister then began to abuse Mrs. D., saying that it was not nice of her to keep such a boy as I away from home and to spoil him. Seeing a quarrel ahead, I got up, took my hat and said I would go home. When we left the room, my brother-in-law caught hold of my coat to keep me from running away again. When we were outside on the street and I felt that he was not holding me very tight, I broke away and ran into a field. He tried to catch me but stumbled and fell down, for it was rather dark and beginning to rain. He could not catch me, so they called me a few times and went home. I returned to the village and began to think about a sleeping-place for the night. I did not dare to go back to Mrs. D. I remembered that there was some hay in the garret of our house and that it was possible to go up without attracting anybody's attention. As it was now raining hard and I could no longer remain outside, I decided to try out this idea. I first looked in the window to find out what they were doing. Everybody was busy, but my sister was talking energetically to her husband about something. I opened the front door noiselessly and found the ladder, and went up. I buried myself in the hay and slept. The next day, as soon as I awoke I went to the forge. The blacksmith's wife and the boys urged me to go home, but I did not yield until C. came and took me.

My sister ordered me to wash myself and say my prayers and afterwards gave me breakfast. All would have been well perhaps if sister had not abused me and frightened me again with regard to my father, saying that the rope was wet [for beating], the stick ready, and so on. Then I thought: "Why should I await my father's coming so that he can torture me!" And I resolved to run away again. When an opportunity came I stole 40 copecks from the drawer, a bit of dry sausage and some bread. When I had everything in my pocket, I said to my sister: "I will go, for I don't want father to beat me. Tell father that when I meet him I will talk with him as with a father." Without waiting for her answer I left the house and wandered in the neighborhood of Lubotyń the whole day, not knowing where to go. In the evening I came back. I first looked through the window. My parents were there and Stanisław also. I went to the blacksmith's house to stay a little while, for it was too early to go to sleep. I was cold, for it had rained the whole day and I had had nothing warm in my stomach. In the blacksmith's house I learned that my father was searching for me and that Stanisław had been there asking for me. I stayed till nine and then went to look for a place to sleep. I could not go to the garret because I feared father might find me, for my sister had probably told him that I spent the previous night there. I preferred to go to the stable, where there was also some straw. The gate to the yard was locked so I resolved to climb over the fence. But no sooner had I begun to climb than the wind tore my hat off. I came down and searched but could not find it. I went again to the blacksmith, the boys lighted a lantern and we began to search, but in vain. We were returning to the forge and were just at the door when my father caught me, took my hand and started home. I went with him, though very unwillingly, for I did not dare to run away. When we entered the house my father dropped my hand. I begged his pardon and sat down near the door with the intention of running away if he wanted to beat me. Father asked me where my hat was and when I told him that the wind had blown it away, he asked where it went and stepped out. I thought he was going for the wet rope, but to my astonishment I saw a lantern in his hand. He went to look for the hat and searched a long time but returned with nothing, saying that it would be found the next morning. Then he said his prayers and went to sleep. I ate

supper and did the same, but still fearful, for I did not yet believe father and thought that I should get the beating after undressing. I was mistaken, however, in this. A few days later my father brought the rest of my clothes home but did not say a word about my returning to Mr. Degurski.¹ And so, without any important incidents, three weeks passed.

When Stanisław went to see Aleksy to bid him goodbye I went with him. Aleksy abused me a little, saying that I could not hold out at any place but was dissatisfied everywhere, and so it ended. On the third morning of our visit Aleksy went away to Konin. We were to return to Lubotyń the following day. As soon as Aleksy left our sister-in-law treated us in a very inhospitable manner. Usually the maid asked us to come to breakfast in the living-room, but on that day our sister-in-law "deigned" to send breakfast to us in the office [they probably slept in the office]. When the maid brought the tea she said that we should eat our breakfast there, for her mistress was still asleep. We each drank one glass of tea. The maid then brought two more glasses, but no more sugar. When we asked why there was no sugar she answered that she had brought four pieces of sugar, which should be enough for four glasses of tea. Stanisław asked her to bring some more. After a moment she came back with nothing, saying that her mistress refused to give us any more sugar. So we told her to take the tea back to the kitchen and to tell her mistress that when she rose she could drink it to our health for breakfast. Then we left without a farewell and went to Lubotyń, abusing our sister-in-law on the way. Before we had been at home long enough to recover from the hospitable reception our kind sister had given us, a special messenger from her arrived

¹ The interesting point is the lack of any endeavor to clear up the situation, to come to a common basis of understanding. This is a frequent case among peasants, and its source is the difficulty of defining a new situation. Where, as in the peasant organization, situations are largely defined by tradition the individual lacks the habit of doing it. This seldom has bad consequences if the background of attitudes of the individuals concerned is the same, for then an understanding is effected through sentiment rather than through rational agreement, as in the present case. But if the attitudes do not harmonize the lack of definiteness of the situation makes an understanding impossible. This is one of the factors in the innumerable quarrels and lawsuits among the peasants since the new family and neighborhood relations have begun to develop.

with a letter to father asking him to punish the whelps well for having offended her, especially for having done it through the maid, who would now gossip about her in the village. But father disliked his daughter-in-law as much at that time as we did, which was lucky for us, for he merely asked us in detail what happened and said, "All right." He ordered the messenger who brought the letter to say that the boys would be taught to respect their sister-in-law. Then he ordered tea be given him with two pieces of sugar to each glass and went away. Then I said to the messenger: "You see my father does not grudge sugar to you, who are a stranger, while our sister-in-law refused to give sugar to us, her brothers. You may tell her this." — "All right," he said. He finished eating, thanked us, and went back, impressed by the hospitality of my parents.

We did not like our sister-in-law because she was very proud of herself and her position [as wife of the communal secretary or perhaps as member of a somewhat superior family] and she treated us as if we were not related at all to her. She made my father feel this more than once and he therefore disliked her greatly. Moreover she was not in the least hospitable and this drove us all away from her. My mother would never go to see her although she was often invited to go. In short she did not enjoy the sympathy of our family nor even of her neighbors, and after that letter and after what the messenger told her the relations became still more strained. She could not bear to look at me in particular since that time, so I ceased to call on them.

A few days after this letter Stanisław returned to Łeczyca. . . I loafed about the country till January. My only distractions were books, Kazia, and mushroom-gathering. When the mushrooms were abundant father was in Lubotyń and one evening he announced that we should all go to the forest the next morning for mushrooms. On the way to the forest father called me and asked me when I intended to talk to him as to a father. He said that he had waited a long time and still I did not talk. I kissed his hand at once and began to tell him how bad it was at Mr. Degurski's bakery in Sompolno. Then I showed him Józef's letter from Kalisz, and begged him to get a passport for me and let me go to Józef's place. Father promised all this and said I should go after Christmas.¹ On the way back from the forest

¹ The problem is put on the basis of affection, and a moment free from

I stopped at the teacher's house in order to tell them at once. They were very glad also that I was going to be with their son. Bronisław had worked the whole summer at the manor. The girls bought winter hats for themselves with the money he earned while he went around as before in nothing but rags. When there was no more work in the field, he took a rope and went to the forest after dry wood. Sometimes he went four times a day and as he was a strong boy he brought wood enough to keep them warm. They had no money to buy firewood, and they could not even think of letting him go away from home, for if he were not there who would work for them?¹ Mr. D.'s oldest daughter had no luck about her marriage either. There were boys enough, it is true, but they came only to eat and drink well. There was one, about whom I wrote in the beginning, but the teacher refused to give the girl to him, saying that he did not educate her to be a simple peasant's wife. And so years passed, and Miss Pelagia remained a maiden, for even that first one ceased to come when he learned how he was talked about.

On Christmas my father brought my passport. So after New Year I left for Turek with a letter for Józef. Father promised to visit me in Turek in the summer and come to an understanding with my future master. So after a sincere farewell I left, carrying in my pocket my passport and almost 3 roubles of money. My father, it is true, gave me only 1 rouble, but I got more myself [probably stole from the drawer]. . . . It was about eighteen wiorsta to Koło, and I made this part of my journey afoot.

practical cares is selected. We have seen (Vol. I: 288) that the peasant needs complete freedom from practical preoccupations to be able to give himself to sentimental or intellectual interests.

¹ A good example of the subordination of the individual to the family. In the peasant family the individual makes no sacrifice by his subordination, because the group embodies his interests. But here the familial organization is decaying, and while the family still demands as much as possible from the member it is unconscious of and unable to perform its duties toward him. It is the counterpart of the one-sided individualization where the member continues to make the old claims upon the family, but rejects the familial claims and refuses to subordinate his own interests to those of the group.

In the beginning I felt very cold, but later I warmed myself by walking, and in the evening I was in Koło. [In Turek] I learned from Józef that Mr. W. drank much, that Stasia was very much in love with him [Józef], and that he had an affair with Kasia, the maid. In general he praised the conditions, said that he had money enough, and that he would be emancipated in a year and a half. . . . Then we went to sleep, for we had to rise at four to make the dough and to dine. At four Kasia roused us, bringing a note with an order of bread for tomorrow. I could not notice at first that Kasia was in love with Józef though he often kissed and embraced her, but very cautiously, so that the master should not see him.

And so my time passed in working. In the summer my father came to see me. He talked it over with Mr. W. I was to learn for two years, and my father was to pay for my emancipation. I was very well satisfied with the change. I earned so much money that I could buy all the clothes I needed.

But nothing is without a "but." Thus it was also with us. Mr. and Mrs. W. went to a party, Józef began to amuse himself with the maid. He bought wine, brandy and *zakąski* [relishes], and began to foolish with her. But he must have been pretty well drunk, for he lay down with Kasia in her bed and slept until Mr. W. roused him with a good whip lash. Józef ran in his drawers into the bakery, where I had done almost everything — for I had been about a year in Turek. [Józef runs away. Mr. W. takes a larger place, with five journeymen.] Then a true day of judgment came for me. I was not allowed to work at the dough, but they ordered me to serve them. At night they told me to buy beer and brandy; they brought girls to the bakery. They called me always, "You whore's son!" I went often to Mrs. W. to complain, but it did not help very much, for they could not drive all the journeymen away for me alone. And Mr. W. almost never came to bakery, but drank and drank, ceaselessly. Once the journeyman who made the rolls spoiled the dough which had been prepared from about three sacks of flour. They put the dough into sacks and ordered the servant to throw them into the river. I could not stand it and told Mrs. W.¹ She repeated it

¹ Along with the desire for revenge and the attempt to please the master, there is probably the traditional peasant attitude that "good food must not be wasted."

to her husband and Mr. W. came to the bakery in the evening and asked whether it was true. But they did not think of confessing their guilt. There were five of them and the servant was the sixth. When the master asked them they all said as one man that it was not true. So I became a liar. The master excused himself to them, and the journeyman who made the rolls threw a scraper at me with such force that it stuck in my side. It was in the presence of the master, who said nothing. What could I do? In view of such conditions nothing was left for me but to change the place of my apprenticeship again. It was, however, just before Easter and I postponed it until that time. But a few days after what happened in the bakery, I was sleeping upon the oven when Kasia came to rouse me for dinner. She pulled me by the leg, I rose hurriedly and fell down upon the flour and struck with my right temple upon the edge of a bin which stood under the oven. Blood gushed from my wound. I covered it with paper, ate the dinner and went to sleep again. In the evening when they awakened me to work, I could not rise. My whole face was swollen so much that I could not see from either eye. The next day I had fever and was badly sick. Stasia came, took the paper away and washed my wound. A week later I got much worse, so that my master wanted to send me to the hospital, but I begged Mrs. W. and Stasia not to allow him to send me, and so it was decided.¹ It was a month before I could rise from my bed, but I still could not work. Two weeks remained until Easter, and I had long ago got the permission of my master to go home for the holidays. Before my illness I bought nice shoes for four roubles; I had also bought a new suit with my own money, so that now, when I came back to health, I had only one rouble left. But I had no trouble about money, for Mrs. W. said that she would give me some, and Stasia promised also to give me a rouble. But alas! another trouble awaited me, for when I looked into the closet where my clothes were kept I could nowhere find my shoes. I searched; I wept. It did not help. Somebody had stolen them, my new shoes, which I had never yet had upon my feet! I asked Stasia, Mrs. W. and everybody, but nobody had seen them. I could do nothing, for [at another time] I could have earned some money, but now the holidays were too near.

¹ The fear of the hospital based on the argument that "so many people die there."

What should I wear when going to Lubotyń? So thinking and weeping I lay upon my bed on the oven until Stasia, moved by pity, came upon the oven to comfort me. She said that she would ask her father to buy me shoes or at least to give me a pair, for he had some pairs of shoes almost new. But I answered her that I should not be calmed as long as I had no shoes. She went and soon brought me a pair of almost new shoes. They were a little too large, but I bought some felt for insoles for twenty grosz, and they suited me perfectly.

On Good Monday I was able to begin work, but a scar remained for my whole life near my right eye. The master had not yet ordered me to work, but I was bored with lying. I did not talk at all with the journeymen, except when any one of them ordered me to do something. I was to go to my parents on Good Thursday. When Thursday came I had been dressed since early morning and went to buy an Easter lamb, for which I paid half a rouble. I bought also a few good cakes in a candy-shop, came back, packed everything I owned — since I did not intend to come back — and went to say goodbye. I asked Mr. W. to give me my passport for the journey, saying that I might be arrested on the way, but he refused to give it to me under any circumstances, saying that I did not need it. He gave me a rouble for the journey and told me to come back immediately after Przewody [Sunday after Easter]. Then I bade goodbye to Mrs. W., who gave me two roubles and a nice necktie, and much food for my journey. But this was not the end, for Stasia brought me apples and perhaps two pounds of sweetmeats to the bakery.¹ I kissed her on the hand for it, for I had not yet thanked her for the shoes, so this was for all together. She gave me another half rouble and asked me to come back soon, for it entered nobody's head that I might not come back. I was not sure myself, for I did not know what my parents would say. If they wished it absolutely, I would return, for the conditions were not bad and I wished to change my place only on account of the journeymen.

I left Turek at four in the afternoon. The following day about three I was in Lubotyń. When I entered the village everybody I met greeted me and said that I had grown to be a big man; they had not seen me for a year and a half. At home they were

¹ Accepting the gifts was normal and implied no social inferiority, since the apprentice was assimilated to the family.

very glad, for Paweł and Stach were also to come, while Aleksy intended to drop in on the second holiday. Our parents rejoiced that the whole family would be at home for Easter. When I washed myself and put my clothes in order, I opened the valise and gave my mother what I had brought. Mother was very glad that I remembered my parents and everybody at home was glad to see me. In the evening I went to Mr. D.'s house. How different it was there! They did not expect anybody, nobody was to come to them, and the boys were in rags, like the worst goose-boy. Józef had been in Lubotyń for half a year, and carried dry wood from the forest, so the clothes which he had brought were torn, and there was no money to buy a new suit. When I came in and greeted everybody without excepting the teacher, they asked me at once how it was with that Kasia. I related what I thought good to tell. Then they wondered that I was so well dressed, and Kazia invited me to come for the consecrated egg [to divide it, to exchange wishes, to eat and to drink]. Then I left, in order not to disturb the holiday preparations. The following day, Paweł and Stach came, so we had a good time. During the holidays we were in the teacher's house; Stach played a violin which he brought from Łeczyca, and he knew how to play well enough. Paweł did not play worse than he, so we made a little dancing party, for in our family everybody knew how to dance, and the daughters of Mr. D. knew also. But as to the boys, they did not know even how to turn themselves, and besides they did not come into the room, for they had no clothes. But when no strangers were there we amused ourselves all together, for they were not ashamed of us, because we knew already very well how they were living. . . . During the next week I had occasion to talk with my parents about my future. When I related in what conditions I was my parents did not force me at all to return there, but left me my free will. I had as yet no plan at all, although I had talked it over with Józef. Józef's cousin was a baker and had his own bakery in Brześć. So Józef tried to persuade me to finish my apprenticeship with him. I did not answer him at once, but now that my parents permitted me I went to Józef and we wrote a letter asking him to admit both of us. In the week after Easter my father ordered the three of us brothers to go to the Easter confession, and we went, although rather unwillingly.

On Przewody a few young people came to us, and we wanted to dance but none of my brothers wished to play for they wanted to dance themselves. My brother-in-law, hearing this, proposed that we go to him and promised us to play piano. And so we did. Antosia, the miller's daughter, fell much in love with me. When we played at forfeits and a boy was wanted she always called for me, and Józef was very jealous, for he was courting her. And so when Antosia and I were sitting upon a sofa Józef sat down at the other side of her. We were very close and nobody could see from the front what we did behind our backs. And there a romance and a duel went along. Antosia took my hand and clasped her waist with my arm and I gave my hand to her as she wished. But unfortunately Józef acted in the same way himself, and clasped her waist. She threw his hand away and held mine, and it went on so until Józef gave me the sign to yield by a hard pinch in the side. I yielded, but then again we acted in the same manner. He always threw my hand aside, but she always took it again and caressed it. Józef, becoming angry, caught my finger and almost broke it so that I hissed from pain. Everybody noticed it and asked what was the matter. I said that I had a cramp in my finger, rose and sat down near Kazia, who guessed my flirting with Antosia and only looked at us side-wise. But when I rose Antosia also changed her seat and manœuvered so that a moment later she sat again at my side. Unwilling to give Kazia too much for thought, I asked my brother-in-law to play and proposed a dance to Kazia. She refused at first, saying that her feet ached, but when I began to beg her earnestly she rose to dance. During the dance I asked her why she did not wish to dance with me and whether her feet really ached. Then she answered that not her feet but her heart ached when she saw my flirtation with Antosia.¹ I calmed her as well as I could, saying that I gave no cause [did not begin the flirta-

¹ Wladek is nearly always/successful with women and never successful in the line of practical activity. The desire for social recognition can take either direction. The *homme aux femmes* neglects the opinion of other men and is insignificant when measured by their standards. His success is mainly due to the fact that women are attracted by a man in the proportion to the attention he gives to them generically, not individually. In Wladek the substitution of the opinion of women for that of men is not complete but is sufficient to make his interests vary with the type of woman he meets.

tion]. Then Kazia told me that Józef was in love with Antosia, and the latter was only pretending so [to be in love with me]. Although I did not believe at all that Antosia cared for Józef, I pretended to believe it. And thus it came that I got reconciled with Kazia during the dance, and when we sat down we began to flirt boldly, as if we were engaged, for so people called us, and we did not feel restrained at all. At last my sister treated us all with supper, and we began to leave. We four — the three brothers and sister Marya — and also the teacher's children, accompanied the two miller's girls and their brother home. The road led through a forest. In the village we walked all together, but beyond the village we divided into pairs. Antosia took me by the arm and ordered her brother to take Kazia, but the latter did not accept him or anybody else and went with my sister. But Antosia's intention to flirt with me ended in nothing, for Józef, like an evil spirit, was always with us, although Antosia told him more than once, almost brutally, to go away, saying: "Fie, Mr. Józef, it is not nice to be so importunate, or plainly speaking, such a saucy fellow, and not to allow us to talk a little." But this did not help much, he went with us until the moment of separation. . . . The miller's daughters and their brother asked us all to come to them next Sunday and amuse ourselves again. Paweł and Stach refused, saying that they were going away, and the rest of us accepted the invitation. We turned back and I approached Kazia and wanted to take her arm, but she spurned me, saying: "I may as well walk alone, and you, go to Miss Antosia." At the first moment I went to the other side of the road and walked alone also but this did not last long for I felt sorry for Kazia and came near her again in order to ask her pardon. I excused myself, saying that it was not I who took her but she took me, and it would not have been proper for me to spurn her. But she refused to be persuaded until I asked Stach, as the most fashionable man among us, whether Miss Kazia was right to be angry with me for what I had done. Stach said very seriously that it was not proper for a man to spurn any woman, even if he hated her, and therefore Kazia was not right in being angry with me. Without waiting for Kazia's answer he went back to Miss Pelagia, whom he accompanied during the whole walk. After this Kazia forgave me easily and asked me whether I loved her. Of course I said yes, and to prove it kissed her hand,

for the first time since we had been acquainted. Kazia, glad and satisfied with my love, took me herself by the arm and so we came home, talking about the future.

We went to the miller's, as agreed. I don't know what happened to me, but I promised myself that I would not dance, although I liked dancing very much.¹ But it was not a simple dance. In one room tables were set with beer and brandy. In the other room we were to dance. Antosia showed great joy at my coming; I got the best bits, and this was a new cause of sorrow to Józef. When we had eaten enough everybody went to the other room to dance and I remained alone with Mr. Wyszynski [Antosia's father]. Mr. W. was a rather rich man; he had his own water-mill, thirteen morgs of good land, two horses, some head of cattle, all kinds of farm buildings. He was somewhat acquainted with the world. He poured a glass of beer for me and began to talk. He advised me not to keep much company with Józef, for he was already very spoiled. "I have had time enough to know him," he said, "for he is a frequent guest in our house — even a too frequent one!" At these words he waved his hand. Our conversation was interrupted by Antosia who came to ask me to go to the dance. But I did not move, only said that I would come presently, and we talked on. After a moment Kazia came to take me out, but I said the same to her. A few minutes later Antosia came again and said something to her father in a whisper; he nodded his head and she left. We drank another glass of beer each, talked a moment, and then Mr. W. rose saying, "Let us look at the dancing." I could not remain alone, and we went, sat down near Mrs. W. and talked. All the temptations of the girls to make me dance were of no avail, for I answered every one that I would begin later. Evidently they could not look at [bear] my not dancing, for they used a subterfuge. They called Mrs. W. out and persuaded her to make me dance, saying that when I warmed up it would not be necessary to beg me any more. When Mrs. W. came back I guessed at once what was the matter, but I was glad, for besides me there were other boys, more serious [older] and handsome. A moment later one of the girls ordered the "white polka" played, in which the girls had the right to ask the boys to dance. But whoever

¹ This device for attracting attention and the whole incident are typical for Wladek's interest in response and recognition.

approached me got a melon,¹ for I did not want to show preference for any of them. Only when Mrs. W. rose and asked me to dance, I did not dare to refuse. But Mrs. W. was not satisfied with a single dance; she ordered a mazourka played, and although she was rather stout she danced well. After the mazourka I thanked her by kissing her hand, and then I asked every girl in turn. But I began with those whom I knew less. I was afraid to begin with either Kazia or Antosia for then the other would be angry. It was difficult to come near Antosia for Józef stood on guard and did not move aside a step. When I got a little tired of dancing Mr. invited me to drink a glass of beer, and Antosia followed us to the next room. There I had the occasion to ask her not to be angry if I danced with Kazia first. I explained to her that Kazia was very jealous and wrathful. "You are reasonable, Miss Antosia, you will forgive me." When Antosia agreed with my proposition, I finished my beer and went to the dancing-room, asking Antosia not to go with me, in order to arouse suspicions in Kazia. When I came into the room Kazia was dancing, but her eyes were turned toward the door. When she finished, I asked her to dance. She agreed willingly, and while we were dancing she asked me whether Antosia had been with me in the next room. I said no. Then Kazia began to blame her severely, saying that decent girls don't behave like Antosia, don't run after boys. "After what boys?" I asked, "for I did not notice it." — "How so," Kazia asked; "don't you see, or do you only pretend not to see? Why all the persons present here have noticed already the way she is making sweet eyes at you."² Pretending to be astonished, I answered: "At me? It is impossible. Why Józef is guarding her all the time!" — "Do you know that if I were Józef I would give her an ear-box." — "What for?" — "Well, for not keeping him, but running after others." — "Miss Kazia, don't fly out, please, it is only hospitality. And then, all girls are unsteady." — "Not all, for my opinion is that it is possible to love only one person and only once. I can swear that if you don't change I will marry nobody except you." — "But Miss Kazia, this may change with time. We are still too young to take oaths." — "Oh, oh, how scared you are! It is easy to see at once that you don't love me." — "How so? Did I not tell you that I

¹ A melon or black soup served at table was formerly an intimation that a suitor had no chance.

loved you? Shall I repeat it continually? People would laugh at me if somebody heard." — "All right, let them laugh, I don't care." — "But Miss Kazia, I must first be emancipated, set up a bakery, and then it will be another question." — "But what is the harm if we give our word now to each other? You have read the book *Marino Marinelli*, how he and Annunciata swore love to each other, under a cross, on St. Nicholas' island?" — "How should I not have read it, since it was I who lent it to you." ¹

On Tuesday we left for Brześć. Mr. M. received us gladly enough and gave us a very good supper; then he led us to the bakery, and again our work began. Józef and I worked, on Sunday we went together to the church and to walk, and the days passed without any important incidents. As to the emancipation, our parents were to come in the summer and talk it over. Once we began to write letters, I to Kazia and Antosia, and Józef only to Antosia. We quarreled much over this, for he said that Antosia would not answer me, and I said the same about him. [Through a carpenter's apprentice they meet two girls, Miss A. and Miss J., and walk with them daily. Steal flowers for the girls from the garden of the prison-warden. Once on an outing] we made an agreement that the one who brought back the nicest flowers should receive a kiss from his girl in the presence of all. . . . When I saw some water-lilies I guessed at once that I should win, but I was obliged to take my shoes and stockings off and wade into the water. When Miss A. and I came back to the appointed place, we found nobody, so I told her that I merited a kiss, for certainly the others would have no such flowers. "How do you know? Perhaps theirs will be still nicer?" — "But they will not go into the water, while I did, and may catch cold if I don't take some medicine at once." With these words, I tried to kiss her. She defended herself, but not very much, so I accomplished my intention and kissed her pretty well. When I had finished she rose, pretending to be offended, but I saw by her eyes that she was not. . . . When the others came we began to compare our flowers. Mine were really the nicest and the hardest to get, so everybody decided that she must kiss me, with my help. We kissed, then we ate again, and returned.

But although Miss A. was really a pretty girl she was not as

¹ The conversation is typical for this class. The simple feelings are inadequately dressed in a verbiage imitated from novels.

amiable as Antosia. I thought about the latter very often, wondering why we got no answer. We began to despair when I received two letters almost simultaneously from Kazia and Antosia, and Józef none. He swore not a little at Antosia and said that he would write her a good letter. I laughed at him during the night and made him very angry. When we sat down to breakfast I laughed again, saying that Antosia had rejected him, and he threw a whole cup of coffee in my face. Happily it was not very hot or I might have lost my eyesight. I could do nothing but abuse him; I was not able to beat him, for he was three years my senior and rather strong. But before we finished our breakfast, we made apologies to each other. We could never be angry for a very long time, for we had lived together for so many years that we felt at ease in each other's company.

Once when we were going to our usual meeting [with the girls] we met Kasia standing with another girl at the corner of the street. [Józef refuses to go further, renews his relation with Kasia, and never calls on the other girls again.] I tried to persuade him that it was not nice for him to keep company with a Jewish servant.¹ But he paid no attention to me and said that Kasia was coming to the bakery the next night and asked me to leave the bakery while he played with her, and then he would go and keep watch so that I might play with her in the same way. What could I do? I tried to dissuade him, but it was of no use. The next night, as Józef said, Kasia came to the bakery. I went outside and remained there until he called me. He proposed that I should do the same, but I refused. I loathed foolishing with such a strumpet. Kasia spent almost the whole night in the bakery and she came the following night again, and then again. At last I was weary with it and displeased and I told him that if he did not stop bringing her to the bakery I would write to his parents and tell Mr. M. everything. He was frightened and did not bring her to the bakery any more, but to the barn, where there was some hay. She often brought him brandy and other delicatessen from the Jewish table.²

¹ It is a great humiliation for a Polish girl to serve in a Jewish family. "Jewish servant" is a term of insult. This contempt of course facilitates the disorganization of these girls.

² None of the boys or girls of the D. family has any social success. The family has not the climbing tendency and the boys at least lack the desire

And so about half a year was spent in Brześć. One day my father, Mr. D. the teacher, Miss Pelagia and Kazia came to Brześć. It was afternoon when they arrived. They called upon Mr. M. and were asked to dine. Usually we ate dinner in the bakery, but as it was our parents and they came on our account, Mr. M. asked us also to the common table. While we were eating Józef's father took the matter up and asked Mr. M. when he intended to emancipate us. But Mr. M. was troubled, reflected about his answer and confessed that he was not a master at all and had no right to emancipate. Our fathers rose in wrath from their seats at these words, and Mr. D., being less ceremonious with his wife's brother, cried out: "And why did you not tell us before, my gracious sir, but only now, when the boys have worked half a year for you without wages?" — "I did not tell it because you did not ask. Moreover I intended to join the masters, but I am in bad conditions, so I will do it later." — "In that case we will take our boys with us, for while Władek could still learn for some two years because he is too young to be a journeyman, my Józef is nineteen years old and it is time for him [to be emancipated]. What shall we do, how do you think, Józef?" But Józef answered nothing. My father without asking, ordered me to pack up my clothes. On the one hand I was glad, but on the other not. I wished to be emancipated as soon as possible and to earn money, but on the other hand I wanted to see Antosia, for I got only one letter from her and wrote her only one. Józef wanted to leave but he regretted Kasia. So he rose and said that if his uncle paid him one rouble a week he would put the money aside and go then to Włocławek to be emancipated. Mr. M. agreed willingly and promised to pay him as much as he asked, and half a rouble more of his own wish. I bade Mr. M. goodbye, he gave me one rouble for the journey, and toward evening we went to Duńska Wola, not more than a wiorsta from Brześć. Another brother of Mrs. D. lived there and he was mayor of the

for recognition. Władek's family has at least the climbing tendency and is on the threshold of success. The D. family is below the threshold, and in a state of regression. It is typical for this class that a family makes a little money in business and gives the children some education. The members of the new generation may then assume socially more desirable but less lucrative positions, are unable to give their children the same education, and they drop to the level of their grandparents, or lower.

commune. We were very well received by him and there was enough to eat and drink.

At night all the men went to sleep in the barn, for it was very hot. I did not go at once, but sat down upon a bench in the garden and began to reflect about myself. I thought that it was already the fourth place which I had left, and I could finish my apprenticeship nowhere. How long would this last? Suddenly I remembered my parents' *kum*, my sister Marya's god-father, who had already emancipated more than one apprentice. I knew certainly that he was a master. He lived in Sosnowiec. So I resolved to go to him and to finish my practice there. I felt relieved after this decision, for I had an aim already and I should not need to stay long in Lubotyń, where I had nothing to do.¹ Yes, Kazia and Antosia were there. But what of it since I was only sixteen years old and had not yet the right to think seriously about girls. Moreover Kazia was already only a little in my memory, and slowly she would evaporate totally. Even now, for example, she had come and what was the impression? She might be there or not, it made no difference to me. We only shook hands for greeting and exchanged a few words, and so the matter ended. I did not want to be loved in such a manner. But how? I did not know it yet myself, for I had too little experience. While I was in Lubotyń and saw only Kazia I thought that there was no girl better or prettier than Kazia. But when I knew other girls Kazia had less value for me, and when I had been sitting with her today for some time I felt much bored. And then I had no right to think seriously about any girl, and did not wish to do it, for I had other duties more important than girls. My aim was to earn money and to open my own business. But the realization of my dreams was still far away.

I reflected long about my lot, sitting alone upon the bench, until somebody's steps roused me from my meditation. When I turned my father was standing near me. He was only in his drawers, barefooted, and his waistcoat hung upon his shoulders. He asked me what I was doing here, saying that he had searched

¹ The inconsistency of Władek's life-policy is due to a conflict between Bohemianism and the desire for a stable life-organization. His attitudes vary with his social environment. For almost two years he has been in an atmosphere where his ideal of emancipation was appreciated, and under this influence his life becomes temporarily organized in view of this ideal.

for me in the barn and could not find me. "I am sitting and thinking that it is the fourth apprenticeship which I am leaving and perhaps there will be more than one still. I am very grieved that I must loaf about so. But do you know, father, what I have planned?" — "What then, my son?" — "Would not K. take me?" — "Which one?" — "The one in Sosnowiec, Marya's foster-father." — "True! Why did you not remind me sooner about him? You could have gone to him at once and you would not have needed to wander so from place to place." Saying this, my father sat down near me, groaning that he could not sleep, for it was very hard upon the straw, and the gnats bit him. "But tell me, Władzio, why did not you remain with Mr. M., as Józef did? He would perhaps have given you also a rouble a week, and you and Józef would have been emancipated together." — "What do you say, father! Józef will never be emancipated." — "Why so?" — "Because he likes girls too much. I will tell you, father, but don't repeat it to the teacher." — "Why should I repeat it? I don't care for Józef, he is not my son." Then I told my father that Józef would never put any money aside, for he would spend it on drinking with Kasia. I told everything that I knew about him. Having heard me to the end, father caught himself by the head and was very pained that Józef behaved so. He asked me not to imitate his example, and began to talk about God and His mercy, for not a step can be made without God. My father was very religious and tried to inculcate the same principles into us. Then he began to tell me that he had no longer any money, that misery would come into our house if Stach did not take father to him. Stach was to finish the seminary in a year and a half, and now he costs less, for he received a stipend of eight roubles a month. Father complained much about Marya, that she was very stubborn and disobedient, and he called her nothing but "this she-lizard." He said: "She does not listen either to her mother or to me. I shall give her somewhere into service as a maid, for she does not want to marry, although she has boys enough, and it is difficult for me to feed and dress her. And she wants to be dressed nicely! And what have I and your mother for it? She never gives us a good word. She thinks we are still as rich as we were formerly. If she does not improve I shall drive her away from home, that's all. Only you, Władzio, don't look for help toward your parents, for we can give you no

help. You will have as much as you can earn." And we talked long in this way.¹

Late in the evening I went again to the garden to the same place as the last night. Almost directly after me came Kazia, and began at once to reproach me for my indifference, saying: "What does it mean, Mr. Władek? For two days you have not tried at all to come near me. Are you really quite indifferent toward me? And you wrote in your letter that you would never forget me. Is this the way you keep your word?" — "But, Miss Kazia, I am not forgetting you at all, and I am not at all indifferent toward you, only I am thinking of where I am to go in order to finish finally my apprenticeship and not to wander any more among strangers." I did not know then, O my God! that it was only the beginning of my wandering. "But these are not strangers, only my uncle." — "All right, but not mine." — "But he will perhaps be yours some day." — "Even so, it won't be sooner than about ten years." — "What are you saying, Mr. Władek? I shall be old then, twenty-six years, and then you won't wish to have me any more. I thought perhaps three or four years at most, and you speak about ten." — "Well, Miss Kazia, let us leave this matter and not talk about it, for we have time enough; we may talk later on." — "But I should like you to give me your word that you will marry me." — "No, I cannot do even this, for if I go into the world who knows what will become of me? And meanwhile other boys will court you, perhaps better and handsomer than I. And I shall perhaps go to the army." — "All this is nothing. Only give me your word, and I will wait for you however long it may be." — "No, I cannot do it, for I don't yet know myself. I don't know whether I shall be able to keep my word." — "Do you know, Mr. Władek, that I shall be angry with you for saying so." — "Why? For my good advice? We can love each other even so, without giving any oaths, and

¹ This is evidently the first serious conversation of this kind between father and son. The situation has not been favorable for the development of Władek's family attitude. He has been told that he is to expect no help from the family, and when the parents begin to share the family responsibility with the other sons they do not share it with him. In this way the policy of the family tends to isolate him as an independent individual and to give his family attitudes the vague form shown later and which can be characterized as complete indifference to the family when he is separated from it and dependence on response when he happens to be with it.

this will be a better love still, for not obligatory. And if we gave our word to each other we might regret it much in the future. Even so I shall never forget you, Miss Kazia, and will write to you often." — "Well, let it be so. We shall see what will be later on. Meanwhile tell me, Mr. Władek, how long do you think of staying in Lubotyń and where do you intend to go after this?" — "I won't stay in Lubotyń any longer than the time to send a letter and to get an answer, and I intend to go to Sosnowiec, to Mr. K., and there to finish my apprenticeship. Only I don't know whether he will receive me." [The mayor has them driven home. Władek writes to Mr. K.]

During my stay at Lubotyń I spent my days with my sister and brother-in-law, and my evenings in Mr. D.'s house. I told them different stories which I had the time to read. They were most interested about Kmicic and Wołodyjowski [Sienkiewicz's *The Deluge*] for although there were two girls, not a single book could be found in Mr. D.'s home, while I loved books much, borrowed them wherever I could, subscribed to books published in parts. Some of them, such as *In Lethargy* and *Marino Marinelli*, I owned.¹

After less than a week I received an answer from Mr. K., who told me to come as soon as I could. . . . He received me very kindly and was glad to emancipate the son of his *kum*. He was an old man, perhaps eighty. Moreover he was asthmatic and did not do any work. His wife was the real master of the house; she managed the whole bakery. [Mr. K. has four sons, all of them dissipated. Aleksy is living in S. but Władek does not visit him, owing to previous trouble with his wife.] I had consideration in the town. The priest, the druggist, the teacher always shook hands with me and called me "Mr." W. For such a whelp

¹ Books published in parts constitute the worst sort of sentimental and sensational literature. They are usually translations, and sold by Jews. Peasants seldom read these books, but (when they learn to read) prefer more substantial literature. The same is true of workmen belonging to organizations. Fiction seems to be the manifestation of a socially unorganized interest. When there are serious common interests in a literate community its members become non-fiction readers. Cf. Vol. IV.

as I was, it was a great honor, and if it happened somewhere in a public place it made me very proud. Even sons of rich citizens tried to have friendship with me. And I tried always to avoid bad company and to join a better one. In a word, I felt very well in Sosnowiec, for there was no party without me, and I had consideration among people and with Mr. and Mrs. K.

But alas! I had been already more than half a year in Mr. K.'s house, when the latter received a letter from his son Leon, that he was sent under escort to Sosnowiec from Warsaw for having taken part in the strikes. He asked his parents to let him avoid, if possible, the shame of going through the town. As soon as Mr. K. read the letter he asked for my advice. I advised him to ask my brother, who would tell him what to do. Mr. K. went to my brother who advised him to drive beyond the town and to wait there; when his son passed by the communal office, my brother would meet him and take him away from the district-constable who accompanied him. And so it happened. On the day when Leon was to come his brother Józef went to meet him and Aleksy did everything to spare him the shame, so that Leon, without stopping in the office, went home at once. He was a big and strong man, but already worn and asthmatic, but this did not prevent him from drinking vodka and swearing violently. For about two weeks he did not interfere with my affairs, so I did not mind him at all; but after two weeks he resolved to remain and to manage his father's bakery. Then a true hell opened before me, but I resolved to stay until the end however bad the conditions were. Why, he wouldn't kill me! He was the worst in the morning, when the cough took him. Then he abused not only me, but his own mother. Sometimes I remained without breakfast because of him, for when he began to cough he shut himself in the bakery and began to make order there, although there was nothing to put in order. If he found a bit of dough upon the floor or in the flour, he brought it and put it into my coffee, for I breakfasted in the room. At such moments he seldom called me anything but "whore's son" or something like that. I am even ashamed to repeat the names which he gave me. If sometimes the rolls were not very nice or a few of them were burned, he broke them in crumbs, put them upon a plate, poured water upon them and ordered me to eat it. Of course I did not eat it, and then he showed me his brutality [beat him probably].

And when sometimes there was more baking and he helped me, and he did something wrong himself, he threw it into a basket and stamped it thoroughly with his feet. His mother and father were quite powerless, for they got it themselves if they made any reproach. He had also a few good sides. When he was in a good humor he related to me about Warsaw, about bakers, told me episodes of his own life; but this happened seldom, for he was usually as gloomy as the night. Once when I overslept a little, he came to the bakery, took a piece of wood and intended to give me a blow, but when he raised it, I jumped from my couch. I don't know how it was, but I saw in my sleep what he was doing as if I were awake. When I jumped, he said only: "Well, you have a chance for I would have measured you well." And so it ended. Once when he had abused me badly I went to complain to Mr. K., but he said that he could not help, only he would hasten my emancipation. He ordered me to put money aside, but not to tell Leon anything. Neither my home people nor my brother [Aleksy] knew what I was doing and how I was living, for Mr. K. always asked me not to tell anything, and I listened to him, for the old man was very good. As to my brother, I never called upon him and we never talked to each other. Although we met often upon the street or in the church, we were like strangers. But indirectly he was interested much in me and asked other people whether I felt well and whether I did not complain. Often when Mr. K. sat before his house upon a bench and he passed by, he sat down and they talked, sometimes for several hours.

Once the best young people in Sosnowiec resolved to have a subscription dance. At that time such meetings were forbidden by the government. If any one wanted to do anything like this he had to have permission from the authorities, and the latter did not grant it to everybody. Well, some boys came to me and invited me also. I asked how large was the contribution, and when I learned that it was three roubles it was too much for me. Where could I have gotten money? Only for the coals [left from the wood with which the oven was heated] and old Mr. K. gave me half a rouble every week. Moreover I did not dispose freely of myself, for I was still an apprentice. I tried to excuse myself, but Mr. Leon began to persuade me also and said that he would work instead of me during this night; so what could I do? I promised, gave the money and asked whether I had to bring my girl or there

would be some there. They said that sixteen girls had accepted the invitation and would surely be there. So we decided that the dance should be next week. When I went outside with them they gave me 10 roubles and asked me to try to get a permit for this money, giving it either to the mayor or to the constable. I promised them that I would bring it on Sunday afternoon, although I was not sure of succeeding. Next day I wrote to Aleksy, asking him to send me a permit and I put the money aside. When Aleksy's maid came for bread I gave her the letter. I was not sure whether he would send it or not, but if not, then I would go to the constable, give him some money, and he would certainly give me the permission. But in the afternoon, when I was asleep, Mr. Leon roused me saying that the watchman of the communal office had some business with me. The watchman gave me an envelope in which was the permit, signed by the mayor and constable. I gave 20 grosz to the watchman and told him to thank the secretary kindly. Thus I succeeded well, for I had 10 roubles and the permit. I had five roubles of my own put aside — fifteen altogether. I lacked only ten, for I needed twenty-five for the emancipation, and I hoped to gather these soon. On Sunday afternoon I went to my companions and gave them the permission. They were very glad that it cost so little.¹

We began the preparations, and divided the work among ourselves. One had to find musicians, another a carriage and horses, a third looked after the drinks, a fourth engaged the room, and I had the duty of baking the cakes. On Saturday morning I had everything ready. With the help of Mr. Leon I even baked a tart and many other cakes. After the dance we were to settle the account. About two o'clock in the afternoon some boys came and took the cakes. The dance was to begin at eight. All the boys were to come in long coats. Almost all of them, except myself, were sons of parents relatively rich for a town like Sosnowiec, so they had evening suits [Prince Alberts]. But I had none, so after much searching among all the tailor shops I found a coat in the shop of a Jew, who rented it to me. I bought a white necktie and was ready. When it began to get dark I began to prepare myself, for the melancholy [*sic!*] tunes of music already

¹ He did not consider it unfair to keep the money provided he secured the permission. Probably his companions expected him to tip the constable and keep what was left.

reached the bakery. But as soon as I began to dress myself Mr. Leon came in and said: "You need not dress yourself, for I won't let you go." — "Why?" — "Because I don't want to work instead of you. If you want to go leave another baker in your place." — "But where shall I get him?" — "What does it matter to me? If you don't find anybody I won't let you go." Saying this, Mr. Leon went out, and I undressed and began to work. Mrs. K. came in and said: "Don't grieve, Leon will allow you to go; he only wants to tease you." I answered nothing, and when she went away I began to swear: "The devil brought him here, this second master." My companions were already amusing themselves, I heard the music, and I had to sit in the bakery. One of my companions came and was very astonished on seeing that I was not dressed. I told him what was the matter. He went to the room where Mr. Leon sat, but returned after a moment, saying: "This drunkard won't even hear about letting you go; so what will you do?" — "What can I do? I shall sit in the bakery, and go there when I finish, toward the morning, and you will beg the company to excuse me." — "Well, then, come at least in the morning, and after a while I will bring you something to drink." But a short time after he left Mr. Leon came smiling and said: "Well, Władek, go to your dance, or else you might get sick." At first I would not believe him, but when he repeated it for the second time, I began to dress and a quarter after nine I was ready. When I was leaving Mr. Leon told me to come back, loaned me a gold pin for my necktie, and gave me half a rouble. I thanked him, although in my soul I did not bless him for being an hour and a half late.

The dance had begun some time before I arrived. One of the boys took me by the hand and introduced me to the girls whom I did not know. Then he led me to the table, well spread with things to eat and to drink. After a few drinks and bites I sat down to observe the company a little. There were nineteen boys all dressed in long black coats and white neckties, but there were few among them above eighteen, most of them between fifteen and eighteen, timid and little acquainted with society. There were sixteen girls, and most of them grown up, only five *podlotki* [girls between thirteen and seventeen; literally: young wild ducks]. There were only seven Polish girls, the rest daughters of Germans who had some factories there. The Poles were

daughters of richer shop-keepers, two of them of the court secretary. In my opinion two girls merited more attention. One was Miss Klara B., the other Miss Dora P. The first was a beautiful girl of sixteen, tall, slender, fair, with small lips always ready to smile. The second was dark, of middle size, a round face, big black eyes and thick black eyebrows; she was always gay and full of movement. I fell at once in love with her. She was about seventeen. The other girls did not attract my attention. But nobody began to dance; all the boys sat upon chairs on one side and amused themselves by talking and constantly smoking cigarettes, and the girls sat on the other side, talking among themselves and looking from time to time toward the boys. I did not like it much, so I excused myself to the accordeonist, approached my companions and tried to persuade them to dance. But every one of them found some excuse. One did not dance, another did not dare, and nobody had the courage to begin. At last when I approached my friend K., I succeeded in persuading him, but on the condition that I would help him. So we asked the nearest girls, and we began to dance a mazourka. Whenever we approached the place where the boys were seated I tried to arouse them saying: "Well, gentlemen, help us, for we are tired." After a few such exclamations those who knew how to dance rose and the dance really began. I did not rest until I had danced with all the girls. In my opinion Miss Klara danced the best of all, and she was the last with whom I danced. So at the end I sat down near her in order to amuse her with talking, but I often sent looks toward Miss Dora who sat alone, and our looks often met. But I did not dare to go near, because she was younger than Miss Klara, for I thought that gossip might result from it — that I had fallen in love with her. And so the party went on without important incidents until midnight, when there was supper. After supper we began to dance again, and then I got better acquainted with Miss Dora. . . . When we were tired we went upon the street to cool off, and whoever wished it went to walk with his girl. I went with Miss Dora, for really up to the present I had had no opportunity of getting acquainted with so sympathetic a girl. It is true that Miss Klara was more beautiful, but too mature for me, so older boys courted her and she preferred them. When I went out with Miss D. the benches before the house were already taken, and as I was rather exhilarated with drink, I had

the courage to propose to go further. Without asking permission, I took Miss D. by the arm and we went along. For a while we were both silent. I was very glad that circumstances permitted me to walk with such a rich girl as Miss Dora, for her father had his own flour mill in which about 400 men worked. So I did not know how to begin my conversation. At last I mustered courage enough to give her a compliment. "Do you know what I want to say?" — "What then?" — "That you have pleased me the most among all girls." Saying this I kissed her hand, for since we left the room I had held her hand in mine, and it was not difficult to press it to my lips.¹ Astonished by my boldness, she looked at me and said: "Are you really telling the truth?" — "Certainly. What reason should I have to lie?" — "Well, everybody speaks so. In my opinion it is only a compliment. You must acknowledge yourself that there are prettier girls, for example, Miss Klara." — "It depends for whom. As to me, you alone can be considered the prettiest." — "Well, if you say so, I shall tell you that you have pleased me also, only you empty a little too many glasses, for when we danced the last time your legs got tangled. It is not nice, and a man who drinks displeases me greatly. If you drink any more I won't dance with you at all. And then, I beg you very much, don't drink." — "But shall I please you then?" — "It depends upon yourself and your behavior. If you continue in a decent state to the end of the party, I can say yes. Only be careful," said Miss Dora, threatening me with her finger. "Oh, Miss Dora, I promise to do everything that you say. As a proof I give you my word of honor that I won't drink any more brandy or beer to the end of the dance." — "Oh, no, you may drink beer, for it is not so easy to get drunk with beer."² — "I thank you heartily for the permission." And again I kissed her hand.

Talking thus, we came to a bench which stood under a chestnut tree. To tell the truth it was I who begged Miss Dora to sit down. During the whole time I did not let her hand go, and therefore we sat very near each other, talking on. I asked:

¹ His boldness is the result of alcohol; in a normal state his sense of social hierarchy would be too strong.

² Note throughout the definite organization of the German girl's attitudes. Her common-sense enables her to resent the drinking without impairing the relation, and this would have been hardly possible in a Polish girl of this class.

"Why do you so hate men who drink vodka? Did any drunkard ever frighten or offend you?"—"Oh, no, but I often hear my father speak at home about drunken workmen who spend their weekly wages on drinking, although at the home there is a wife and children." And here she mentioned some such families. But I interrupted this conversation, which was not gay at all, and asked her to tell me something more interesting. "What can I tell to you? You probably know more than I do, so say something."—"All right," I answered, "tell me, please, how do you spend your time at home. For you can be seen so seldom upon the street; I have been here more than a year and I have not had the pleasure of knowing you. Have you no friends at all?"—"I can say that I have none, for I cannot find a good friend."—"Evidently you are very particular."—"I am not at all, but I have other pleasures which interest me more than walking [with friends]."—"And can I know what are these pleasures?"—"Why not? I have many books, I have flowers, my room is full of flowers and I like them very much. Is it not a pleasure to spend your time with things which you like?"—"Yes, I must agree that you spend your time pleasantly, for I must confess that I like books very much also. But probably you read German books?"—"Oh, no, I even know very little German. At home we usually speak Polish."—"In that case I would beg you very much to lend me some books to read."—"Gladly. Come to us, you shall choose those which you like."—"All right, but will your father permit me to come to his house?"—"What do you think of my parents? Would they be so impolite? Moreover my parents allow me to do what I wish. You have the proof; they let me come alone to this party tonight."—"Yes, I cannot deny it. But your parents are rich, while I—"—"Oh, don't say such things. When I invite you you may come boldly to us. Your brother calls upon us often and my parents like him very much. But you have a pretty sister-in-law. I have noticed her, for they were both in our house not long ago. You must like her very much, she is so good."—"Yes, one ought to love one's family," I answered indifferently, for I was occupied with thinking what Aleksy's impression would be if we met there. But Miss Dora did not allow me to think long about it. She insisted that I should tell her positively when I would come. "Perhaps," I said, "I shall still not please you. The party is

not yet ended, and I have not yet kept my promise. After the ball I will tell you, and, if you permit me, I will accompany you home." — "All right, I shall be very glad if you accompany me, and as to pleasing, you have pleased me already. As to drinking, I have your word of honor. So I beg you tell me positively whether you will come to us." And seeing that I was reflecting: "If you don't answer I shall be angry." — "Why, yes, Miss Dora, I will certainly come, only I don't know yet when my time will permit me." — "Well, then, I shall tell you. Come certainly on Thursday, will you?" — "I will tell you later." — "But I want you to say at once." Seeing that it would be difficult to find any pretext, I said that I would come, and pleased her very much. "So I will wait for you certainly on Thursday at five o'clock in the afternoon. All right?" — "I told you already that I would come certainly. And I thank you heartily for inviting me so much." And I kissed for the third time her hand, which I had been holding and always caressing. "And now," she said, "let us go to the room, for I hear the music beginning to play."

I must confess that it was very pleasant to sit in private talk with Miss Dora and I thought that I should have an opportunity to kiss her, but it did not come to this and I had no courage. So I regretted to go back, but what could be done? We rose, I took her by the hand and so we returned. [Further dancing. A *poprawiny* (festival to complete a previous festival) is arranged for the following day. Accompanies Dora home.] I asked her: "Will you come to the *poprawiny*?" — "Yes, I will, but on the condition that you come and take me." — "Of course I will come if you say so, but not to your home. I shall wait here in the chestnut-alley." — "In that case I won't go, and you need not trouble yourself with coming." Saying this, she entered into the garden which was her father's property and surrounded his nice stone house. It was a very big garden, occupying five morgs of space. It was about 150 paces from the street to the house, so when Miss Dora entered and left me much troubled in the street, I did not know what to do, whether to run after her or to go home. But before I decided she was already near her home, so I went back much grieved with what had happened, for I could almost boast that I had a pretty girl, when suddenly it proved that she had only jested with me and nothing more. But then I began to reproach myself for letting her beg me so much, while I should

have considered it an honor that such a pretty and rich girl was interested in me. But precisely her wealth made me not bold enough to go to their house, for what was I in comparison with her? Almost nothing. And then I was much afraid that I should not know how to behave when I went to their house. If I were already a journeyman it would be better, but now? If I entered and Miss Dora's parents asked me why I came, what should I answer them? I was still too young to have any intentions [of marriage], so what could associate me with Miss Dora? Not love. Well, perhaps friendship. Yes, but only if she were a boy.¹

Thinking thus I reached the bakery, but did not go in at once, for I felt much out of tune, and I should not have any girl for the *poprawiny*. So I went through the alley, around the marketplace, upon which life was stirring already, for it was after seven. But nothing interested me, I did not see anything, I reflected only about what had happened a moment ago. I was already sure of winning and then —. She did not even deign to give me her hand for goodbye, which I would have kissed indeed. But not only her hand — she did not even look at me. I could not bear her having acted so lightly with me and having trifled with me. No, it could not be, for if she were only jesting why should she have gazed at me, gone with me to walk? And then, why should she have minded whether I drank or not? Reflecting and considering all this, I came to the conclusion that I must have pleased her at least a little, for else why should she have invited me so insistently to come to her house? Evidently not in order to laugh at me and trifle with me. And even if I went to her parents and if they asked me why I came, I could answer that I came for books, for Miss Dora had promised to lend me some. I thought they would not drive me away at once, and even if it were so nobody would know anything about it. Well, I would see to-morrow what to do. [Decides to go.] I went directly toward Miss Dora's house, but when I entered the chestnut-alley, fear overcame me again though I did not know what I was afraid of.

¹ The Polish guild organization was acquired from the Germans, and Dora's parents, who belong to the lower-middle class, show a corresponding appreciation of the position of a handworker, as we see later. In this whole incident Władek was never able to define the situation, owing to differences in the traditional background of himself and of Dora and her parents.

As I drew nearer to the garden a greater and greater terror came into me, but nevertheless I went on. As I approached the gate I noticed Miss Dora, who was hiding behind a tree. Then at once courage came back to me, I entered rapidly into the garden, going straight toward the place where Miss D. was hidden. When she noticed that she was discovered she left her hiding place, very red, I don't know whether from joy or from shame. But I had no time to reflect, for I approached her at once with my hand stretched out to greet her. She gave me her hand which I kissed, saying: "I beg your pardon very much for having offended you this morning; I did not know that you were so easily angered." — "Properly speaking, I should beg your pardon, not you mine, for having acted thus with you, but forgive me, for I am such that I don't like it when anybody opposes me [or 'teases me']. So please don't be angry with me." Saying this, she pressed my hand tightly and shook it. "And now let us go to my home, for I have told my parents already that you would come." — "How could you say that I would come? You did not know and could not be sure that I would come after the goodbye you gave me this morning." — "Oh, don't mention it any more! But nevertheless I was sure and I waited here for you. You gave me to understand enough today during the party, and I know these matters a little." — "I don't deny it," I answered. But here we had to interrupt our conversation, for we were near the door. Miss D. opened the door and let me in first, then she did the same at the door from the vestibule to the room. Her father was not there, but her mother sat upon a sofa and her little sister was running about the room. Miss Dora took me by the hand and led me to her mother, introducing me. I kissed the mother's hand. She made me sit near her and began to ask me about the details of the dance. I told everything, for she was curious to know. Meanwhile, Miss Dora went to dress, and soon came back ready to go. Her mother invited me to call on them often and to accompany Dora back today. Miss Dora said: "Mr. W. will come to us on Thursday. For I won't give you any books today." — "I will certainly come," I answered, and we left.

When we passed through the market-place, people were going to vespers and we got more than one curious look, for everybody knew me and Miss D. But I don't know what they thought about us. . . . We danced until half-past seven without inter-

ruption; then the musicians left, and tables were set for supper. I told Miss D. that I must go to the bakery and prepare the dough. She was much pained, saying: "How is that? You are going to work? But you were to accompany me back, you have even promised it to my mother." — "I shall be back in half an hour, and then I shall have three hours free and you can dispose of me." — "But will you surely come? For I won't eat, I will wait for you, and then we shall eat together. But hurry, for I shall wait impatiently." — "All right, I will hurry." . . . When I returned to the ball-room the supper had scarcely begun, and Miss D. kept the place at her side for me. We began to eat, telling different anecdotes and jokes. After supper we amused ourselves with songs and recitals, . . . and after nine I went with Miss Dora and we were much bolder toward each other than the first time. On the way Miss D. told me a funny story so that I split my sides with laughter, and thus amusing ourselves and laughing we reached the garden. But Miss Dora did not let my hand go, and led me into a side-path where a bench stood in the shadow of trees. She had me sit there and sat down herself, saying: "You have still more than an hour of time, we shall talk. And first I ask you, what do you think about our dance? How did it please you?" — "Everything pleased me well enough, but particularly you." — "Do you tell the truth, really, Mr. W. For, you know, I hate listening to mere complimenting." — "How can you accuse me of it? Did I not give you proofs enough that I l——" Here I stopped, for indeed I had gone a little too far in my conversation. "But, please finish what you wished to say." — "All right, if you allow me, I will say that I love you. Why, this morning I was simply spurned, and nevertheless I came. And now again you accuse me of saying mere compliments. Such is my reward for having liked you!" — "But, Mr. W., I don't want to offend you at all, only I cannot believe much in your having liked me so rapidly." — "So you don't believe? Well, this is a proof of my love." With these words I kissed her cheek, and it was not very difficult, for we sat very near each other so that I felt her hair upon my face. When I did this, Miss Dora started from her place and wanted to go away, but happily for me I held her hand fast and did not let it go, although she really tried to tear it away, saying, "Please leave off, for you behave impolitely." — "Why impolitely? You demanded a proof of the truth of my

words; I gave it, and you have no reason to be angry." Saying this, I drew her firmly to me, so that she sat upon my knees, and I embraced her waist and did not let her go. I felt bolder, for she did not tear herself away very decidedly, and I said: "Perhaps I am impolite because I kissed you only once. I can do it more." And I kissed her a few times on her lips, for with one hand I held her waist and with the other I drew her head back so that she was almost defenseless. Thus I kissed her pretty well, although she defended herself a little. When I let her go, she sat down near me and began to arrange her hair which I had disturbed. In arranging her hair, she did not look at me at all, but turned aside pretending to be angry. But I knew very well that she was not angry, for if she were, certainly she would not have sat down near me, but would have gone away, as in the morning. . . . Suddenly the clock upon the church tower struck half-past ten. I arose and took Miss D. by hand, saying that it was time for me to go. She arose also and said: "Why, you were to take me home. You promised my mother." — "I cannot, Miss Dora; we have stayed here too long. Did you not hear the clock strike half-past ten?" — "Yes, I heard. But how rapidly our time has passed here." We took each other by the hand and went in the direction of the house. I accompanied her to the door, bade her goodbye and asked her to beg her mother's pardon [for not entering] and to say that I would come on Thursday. I heard the voice of Miss Dora calling: "Only come surely, for I shall wait for you on the bench." On the way I had no time to reflect about the past moments, but ran straight through the garden to the bakery. It lacked five minutes to eleven, which gave me time to undress, and begin to work. During the work I had time enough to reflect about the evening. I smiled to myself, thinking how can girls believe boys so quickly. Even this Miss Dora — very rich, and no better than Antosia or Kazia, for we got acquainted only yesterday, and today she allowed me to kiss her. But it was only the beginning and the first ice broken; in the future I expected something better still. During the whole night I thought only about her and I wished Thursday to come as soon as possible that I might again spend the evening with her upon a bench under the shadow of trees. Toward morning I got very sleepy and when I went to sleep I slept until six o'clock, although Mrs. K. tried to rouse me for dinner. I took my coat

back to the tailor, who asked half a rouble for the loan of it. I paid him and went to settle the account [with the managers of the ball]. The result was that after all the expenses we had still 3 rb. 75 left, which we spent at once in drinking. Then I went to my aunt N., who abused me much for not having tried to have her daughters go to the dance. I excused myself as well as I could, saying that it did not depend upon me, that I was glad to be invited myself. I told the truth, for if it had not been for the permission of the authorities they certainly would not have invited me. Then I went to settle matters with the Jew from whom I got the materials for baking, and from him also I earned some money as commission. Thus I had more than seventeen roubles altogether. Now I did not know myself what to do with this money, whether to buy a suit or to keep it for my emancipation. I really needed a suit, for the one I had was already much worn and I was ashamed to go in such a suit to Dora's parents. But I wished also to get emancipated as soon as possible. Therefore I resolved not to buy a suit, but to emancipate myself first. Circumstances helped me so that I got both, but I shall write about that later.

I took the money to my aunt, for I was afraid to keep it with me. If Leon happened to find it he would think that I had taken it from the shop, in which I often sold bread. Sometimes, it is true, I took a few grosz for cigarettes, but never more than ten or twenty grosz, and I never put these aside, for I succeeded only once or twice in a week in taking them. But if Mr. Leon saw that I had so much money he would think that all this came from the drawer, for he did not know that I had got 10 roubles for the permission. I preferred that he should know nothing, for he could tell it to somebody and cause my shame. So I wrote a letter to my parents and asked Mr. K. to add a few words as a proof that I wrote the truth. I asked my father in my letter to send me money, saying that Mr. K. was ready to emancipate me if I only had money. I must mention that it was only my second letter to my parents; to Kazia and Antosia I did not write at all.¹

¹ Typical behavior of the wanderer. The steady inhabitant of an organized community takes a new environment and his own situation in this environment with reference to the normal and permanent conditions of his life and does this as long as he is not completely assimilated. Thus the kind of interest that the individual brings to a new environment and the rapidity of

On Thursday I prepared the dough two hours earlier than usual, dressed myself as well as I could and went to Dora's parents. When I came into the garden I saw Miss Dora walking with her little sister and holding a book. When she saw me she smiled. We shook hands, but I did not dare to kiss her hand, for there was a little witness who might tell it to Miss Dora's parents. Miss D. took me by the hand and led me directly to the house, saying that her mother was a little angry with me for not having accompanied her to the house. Her father rose and shook my hand when Dora introduced me. Her mother reproached me for not having entered the house on Sunday evening, but I answered that it was too late and I had to hurry to my work. After a moment of general conversation, Miss Dora invited me to look at her flowers and to choose a book. Her little sister remained with her parents; she was not very little, she could have been perhaps eight years old, so I had to guard myself against her, for she was clever enough and could have betrayed us. Miss Dora's room was like a library and a flower-shop, for there was a full case of books and about thirty flower-pots. She had me sit down and gave me a catalogue that I might select a book. I did not take much time to select it, for I was in a hurry to flirt. When she gave me the book I took it, caught her other hand and began to kiss it. As she did not draw it back I grew bolder, drew her to me and kissed her rapidly. She jumped away like a frightened deer, reddened deeply, and said: "What are you doing? Somebody might see it and what then?" — "O, Miss Dora, nobody will see it, for the door is closed. I have longed so much for your kiss, and you abuse me." — "Not here, not here! We shall go to the garden upon the bench a little later, and there nobody will see us." — "But today you must kiss me at least once." — "Well, we shall see whether you merit my kiss, for you grow worse and worse. Anybody could think that you really care for me." — "How so? Do you not believe me, Miss Dora? Believe me, please, that you really have stolen too far into my heart." Saying this, I took her hand and pressed it again to my lips. But I smacked in some way too loud, and I received a new rebuke.

his assimilation depend essentially on whether he preserves or not, in the background of his consciousness, the attitudes of a permanent member of his original community.

Miss D. menaced me with her finger, and we went to the room where her parents sat. There I remained for an hour, talking about different things, and then I left. Dora's parents invited me to come often. I promised to come and went with Miss Dora and the little sister. But Miss Dora sent her back, and we went directly to the bench. It was about eight o'clock. As soon as we sat down, Miss Dora began to reproach me for being too hot-minded and having too little consideration. "You ought not to let anybody notice that we know each other intimately, for if father or mother noticed anything, I should get a reprimand and they would forbid your coming to us. I will tell you what we shall do. On Sunday and Wednesday you will come to us, but then try not to show anything and do not kiss me, even my hand, particularly in the presence of Olga. She would at once tell everything to mother. And every Thursday and Saturday I will wait for you here. If you cannot come, please write a note and put it here." She showed me the place. "What, Miss Dora, with you only twice a week? It is not enough. And as to your parents, what shall I talk to them about? I am too young for a serious conversation." — "Yes, but I shall be there and it will go on in some way. And besides it cannot be otherwise. And for you two evenings a week are quite enough, for if I went outside too often I might attract the attention of my parents and I don't want them even to suspect anything.¹ And now tell me whether you agree with my conditions or not." — "Well, what can I do? Although they are rather hard, I will try to fulfill them. But as far as I know, upon every contract a seal must be put. We made an agreement, and where is the seal?" — "What seal? I don't know about any." — "You don't know? Well, then I will tell you, only in your ear, for it is a secret about which I ought not to speak aloud." Miss D. naïvely leaned her head to my lips; I took her head with my hand in order to press it firmly but she drew her head away, and thus she deceived me a few times. At last after she had teased me, I had no more consideration but took hold of her head firmly, so that her lips were turned toward me and upward, and it was easy for me to put a kiss upon them.

¹ Dora's practical sense manifested in a romantic relation reveals two sets of attitudes — a practical spirit of organization developed by the familial environment, and a romantic attitude based on the sexual impulse and developed by books.

But I did not do it at once for I wanted her to kiss me also. Miss Dora did not try to change her position, and it caused me a great pleasure also to look into her eyes and I almost devoured her with mine. After a few seconds of such intense gazing I was unable to hold back any longer, for I felt on fire, my mouth was dry, and with all my strength I pressed her lips to mine. Thus for a few seconds we stayed without movement, united with our lips, and I don't know how long it would have lasted but for the clock, which struck nine, roused us and tore us asunder. But I did not yet let her go, although she tried slightly to free herself from my embrace, but I demanded of her to put a seal voluntarily upon my mouth. After a short hesitation she did it, but not so as if merely to comply. For when I begged her, we looked at or rather devoured one another with our eyes, and every time when I said, "Kiss me" she answered only, "Yes, you would like it," but at last she tore her hands from mine, embraced my neck and pressed upon my lips a seal which I shall never forget. Then she fled from the bench like a bird and stood a few paces away, putting her dress in order. Then I could see her better. She was quite red, her lips were parched by desire, her hair a little disordered. Looking at her, I could scarcely keep from catching her again and throwing her upon the bench, but I don't know whether shame or lack of courage made me stay where I was. Miss Dora, probably guessing my interior struggle, said: "Come, please, we shall walk a little, for it is too hot here." I must confess it was not very hot, for the wind cooled us, but we certainly felt as warm as if we were seated near a burning stove. I arose, took her by the hand and we went along a footpath. But at last the footpath became more and more obstructed by trees, so we returned again to the bench. During the walk Miss D. proposed not to call each other "Miss" or "Mister," but by name, but only when we were alone.

Then she asked me to copy a poem for her, and finally we came back to the bench and sat down again, and talked about books until ten. Then, for goodbye, I succeeded in kissing her a few times more, and I left, drunk with joy that I had succeeded in conquering the heart of Miss D. But alas! I was angry with myself for being so young, for if I were at least twenty-two or three, I could have a splendid career, for Miss D. would receive a nice dowry and I should have money enough to start my own

business. While now — what? I could only kiss her, at the most foolish with her, and this would be the end, for she evidently wouldn't wait for me; she was too rich to sit long at home. Well, we shall see what may be done. Today I know only this, that I am really loved, for I have had proofs of it.

And for me Miss Dora was not only a plaything, for when I had not seen her for two or three days I longed enormously for her. Before I knew her I liked to go often with other boys to drink beer and to play billiards; I did not care much for my clothes. But now it was different. I was afraid to go to the tavern lest she should learn it, and I cared more for my dress; even the work came out better from under my hand, and Mr. Leon swore less. . . .¹ I went to Miss Dora's parents as we had agreed. We grew more and more attached to each other, and every time when I left her I was more intoxicated with love, so that I only waited for an opportunity to violate her. But even if sometimes I could have done it, I always lacked courage. And then I thought that she would not allow me to do it, would be very angry, and then, "Good-bye, my dear." And it was so nice to be with her! And her parents must have liked me also a little, for they invited me more and more insistently and often treated me with a good supper. [Once while Władek is at supper here Aleksy and his wife call. Władek is stupefied but behaves "as if nothing had happened." Flirtation continues.]

The time of my emancipation was approaching and I had neither letter nor money from my parents, so I did not know what to do. Now I could no longer put aside any money, for I often bought a necktie, a collar, etc., and my income was very small. But I decided to ask Dora for advice. She had always good advice, perhaps she would find a way here. According to the contract three months were still left before the emancipation, but Mr. K. had promised me to emancipate me sooner, so I needed money sooner. If I had asked Aleksy he would have given it to me perhaps, but I did not dare and did not want to ask him: On Tuesday I went again to Dora and unbosomed myself to her. She did not answer me but told me to wait until Thursday, and she would reflect. She told me also that her mother wanted to speak to me, and when I asked her what it was about she only

¹ Władek's stay in Sosnowiec, under the influence of Dora and her parents, marks perhaps his nearest approach to a steady life-organization.

shrugged her shoulders, laughing at my curiosity. After our usual lovemaking I returned almost joyless to the bakery. The next day, when I went again to Dora's parents, her mother called me to another room. I went, I must confess, with great fear, for I thought that she would tell me to bid farewell to their home, but my fear changed almost into joy when she informed me that next week was Dora's birthday, and that she told me about it that I might know and congratulate her, for Dora liked it very much. I thanked her and left, accompanied by Dora, who asked me at once what her mother told me. "Nothing important; I shall tell you later."

During this night and all the following ones I was occupied with thinking what could give her a pleasure. At last I resolved to buy her a pot of roses which I saw in the house of certain people in a colony not far away from the town. As soon as my plan was ripe I went to the colony in order to ask whether they would sell me these flowers. To tell the truth, they refused at first and would not even listen to my proposal, but when I begged, saying that it was for a name-day [not birthday, as the Poles do not celebrate birth-days], the woman was moved and agreed to sell me the flowers. But I did not take them with me, just paid, saying that I would come for them on Sunday after dinner.

Here I must come back to that Thursday on which Dora was to advise me how to act about the emancipation. At the usual hour I dressed and went to my beloved but I did not dare to ask her for the second time; I wanted also to convince myself how she cared about my affairs, and thereby about myself, and then I could as well ask her the next time. But I was not disappointed, for when I was leaving she gave me an envelope without any address saying that I should find there the advice. I put the envelope into my pocket, for it was too dark to see what was written; only when I returned to the bakery, I opened it and found there a small letter, and in it a quite new ten-rouble note. When I saw the money I simply could not withhold tears that strange people, and moreover Germans, were better than my own parents, who did not even deign to answer my letter. I was sure that Dora

must have told her parents about me, or rather about my emancipation. There was not much written upon the card, nothing but the following words:

"My Władek, I lend you ten roubles which you will give me back when you have them; but when — don't think about it at all, for it is my own money, and at the present time I don't need it much. Your Dora."

After reading this letter I came to the conclusion that Dora's parents did not know anything about it and it would not be nice to mention it before them. [Pays Mr. K. for his emancipation. Buys a new suit. Omits to call on Dora on Sunday because he spent the whole day and night composing wishes for her birthday — probably his first literary effort. Sends the wishes with the flowers by a messenger who reports that Dora is angry. Now deliberates and "breaks his head" whether he shall go on Tuesday.] Nevertheless I resolved to go. . . . Dora was angry and abused me, but I sat calmly, without speaking, and held her hands in mine. When she had finished, I said: "Well, my Dora prepared a nice greeting for me. Really if I had known it I should have preferred not to come at all, but to sit in the bakery." Then I told her what I did on Sunday evening, and pretended that I was angry and wanted to go away.¹ But this did not happen, for as soon as I finished my explanation Dora caught me by the neck, covering me with warm kisses and thanking me for the flowers and verses. I thanked her for the money which she had lent me, but as soon as I began to talk about money she closed my mouth with her hand and forbade my speaking or thanking. From that moment I loved my Dora still more, for her good heart and also for loving me so much, and giving me proofs. For instance, she related how on Sunday she had waited for me so that her mother reprimanded her saying that she was too much my friend. She said that but for the fear of being laughed at she would have gone herself to see what had happened to me. And her mother also repeated more than once: "Why did our Władzio not come today." Dora asked me to send her a letter through some one at her ex-

¹ The girl and his desire to see her were really pushed into the background by a new interest — the impulse to literary creation. Love is made the theme and pretext, and we see in this incident the relation of artistic tendencies developed under the influence of love to love itself, and the explanation of the reputed insincerity of the love of artists.

pense the next time I could not come. "For you have no idea how anxious I am about you, and I beg you, don't cause me such a grief any more, for I shall be seriously angry." Here followed long and hearty kisses one after another. After such expressions of love I fell into anger, for I was almost sick, while courage and boldness did not come. More than once, after an evening spent in this way, I promised myself not to go to Dora any more, for I was sure that this would not finish in a nice way for us. But this was only immediately after such an evening, and the next day I wanted to see her again, and thus one week passed after another. Today again I fell into anger, when I raised her head after perhaps the tenth kiss. I rose, wiping sweat from my brow, and we were both silent. At last I began: "Do you know, Dora, we must stop these meetings of ours." — "Why?" she asked astonished, "are you already tired of me? If I don't please you any more, you may go away." — "Why no, you can never displease me and I can never be tired of you, but reflect yourself that sometime this may have bad consequences for us. I confess truly that I must control myself with my whole power of will in order not to abuse your confidence in me. But some day perhaps I shan't hold out any longer and I shall do some folly for which you may get angry with me and we shall be obliged to part, and to do it in anger." Dora answered laughing: "That is nice. See what a man! He is afraid to commit a folly that I may not be angry with him! Say rather that you lack courage; then I shall sooner believe you. I did not think that you were so temperate." Saying this, she turned her head aside and began to laugh ironically. With this she brought me really to wrath, so I jumped toward her, caught her head with both hands and covered her with kisses, saying: "Wait, wait, my dear, I will show you my courage. Only don't be angry with me later. I know also how to be a man sometimes." I must have pressed her head too tightly, for she began to ask me to release her, for I should crush her head. But I did not listen, and kissed her lips more and more passionately. When I was satiated, I went aside a few steps, inhaling deep breaths of air, for I was really very tired from those kisses. She arose also, complaining that I had spoiled her hair. When I had rested a little I asked her how she liked the flowers I had sent her. She answered that it was very nice, and thanked me again. Suddenly the clock struck ten. I took her home, promis-

ing that I would not forgive her for the impertinence of today and returned to the bakery. On Wednesday I was again in her parents' home. . . . Her mother asked me why I had not come on Sunday. I said that I was composing verses for Miss Dora. The mother shook her head, which I did not understand, and invited me to come next Sunday, when she would arrange a little reception on account of her daughter's birth-day. Then I went with Dora to her room; she showed me the wishes which she had received. To tell the truth, there were not many of them, for so rich a girl, and she did not get any gifts except my flowers. I don't know what was the reason of her having so few boys, for she was very pretty and rich and it was precisely her seventeenth birthday. I believe that there were no rich German boys in the neighborhood, and then as her mother said she was still almost a child and would not be permitted to marry before twenty. There were, it is true, a few German boys but they were not great friends of hers. I don't know who did not wish it, whether they or Dora, but with whomever I spoke about her, everybody called her an egotist. For me it was a very favorable circumstance, for I had no rival at all. This was the cause of her receiving so few wishes, and this did not grieve her or diminish her gaiety. . . . [Receives emancipation papers. Shows them to Dora and her parents, deposits them with his aunt. Engaged by Mr. K. at 1 rb. 50 a day.]

Once on Sunday about nine o'clock in the morning a boy brought me a letter. As soon as I looked at the cover, I recognized Dora's hand-writing. I was astonished, for up to the present I had not received any letters from her, and I made various suppositions about its content. But when I tore the envelope I read the following words:

"My dear: This afternoon, about two o'clock, my parents, with Olga, are going to your brother. So please come as soon as possible. We shall be alone. Only don't be late. I close.

Your Dora."

I simply jumped with joy that perhaps I should have the opportunity to do this folly, as I had told her. I gave ten grosz to the boy and said, "All right." I came to Dora's about three. She was waiting for me, and said that her parents had left about an hour before and would not come back soon. "And I am the housewife today." I said, laughing: "What will this young

housewife treat me with?" — "Whatever you want." — "Well, we shall see." After a while Dora bound my eyes with a handkerchief and told me to catch her. When I caught her I did the same with her, but I am unable to describe what a joy I had then. I threw her upon the sofa, I rolled her in all directions and she let me do it. When we were tired with running, Dora put sweet brandy and *zakąski* upon the table and we drank two glasses each. When we finished it was beginning to get dark. We sat down very near each other, and as I said, it was rather dark in the room. The brandy did its work, for Dora was the first to ask for kisses. In the beginning it went rather lamely, but gradually I grew feverish and when I bent her head as I liked to do the blood played in my veins and my breath grew short. I did not yet dare to begin, but when Dora threw her naked arms around my neck — for she had short sleeves — I was unable to hold out any longer. And when she began to say in her frenzy, "Coward! Coward!" I took her nervously around the waist, and threw her upon the sofa upon which we were sitting. She tried to rise a few times, but it was too late, for at this moment I was no longer master of myself. At last she lay quiet, breathing heavily.¹

When we finished it was quite dark in the room and when Dora rose she did not go at once to light the lamp but tried to put her dress in order. During the whole time we had been silent, saying not a word to each other. Now I approached her, took her by the hand, kissed it often and said: "Well, you see, Dora, I am not a coward. Is it true?" — "Not a coward! Why I had almost to persuade you to do it. But wait, let me go and light a lamp." When she came back she was again fresh and rosy as before, and had on a new dress, still more coquettish. Then she prepared supper. When we had eaten it, it was about nine o'clock, and she did not expect her parents until eleven, so we had still about two hours of time. After supper we played again at catching and when we were warmed Dora pressed me herself to foolish again. After this I sat for about an hour, and after a very kind goodbye went to the bakery.

In this way I succeeded in seducing Dora. I regretted only that I was too young, for I was much in love with her. And

¹ Dora's behavior is not greatly contrary to the mores of the German lower-middle class, while the married woman of this class is usually true to her husband.

today I was still more glad because of what had happened, for I hoped that now it would go more easily. I must confess sincerely that I never supposed it would come to this between us, for when we were in the presence of other persons she was always stiff and showed nothing nor betrayed herself in any way, although we had known each other for almost half a year and never omitted any appointed evening. But when I remembered that I should be obliged to leave her I felt a terrible regret, for should I never find another such in the world? What was Kazia or Antosia in comparison with her? It is true that they also permitted me to kiss them, but not with such ardor and not with such fire in their eyes as Dora. But it was certain that I must leave her. I could not work always for such a small salary, and then I was young, I wanted to know the world.¹ Though I had not told her this, I thought often about it myself. The worst was that when I should have left Sosnowiec I should forget her and she would forget me. This thought gave me no rest and I was curious what she would say about it. So I resolved to talk with her about it on some occasion.

Two weeks had passed since that memorable evening and our relations had not changed at all, but we had no occasion to repeat the foolishing. Only in the third week the opportunity came again. On Thursday was the quarterly fair in Sosnowiec and Mr. Leon and I had baked an unusual amount of bread and rolls, so that much of it was left, and for Friday we were not to bake at all. I was very glad and went as usual to the bench, where Dora was already waiting for me. She took me by the hand and led me straight to the house, saying on the way that her father was not at home for he went away on business. When I came in her mother told me the same, saying that it was well that I came, for it would not be so sad. I began to excuse myself, saying that I had a holiday and could amuse myself a little, and therefore I came, for I never entered the house on Thursday. I begged her pardon for coming so often. "It is all right, it is all right. Please sit down and tell what you saw at the fair." I began to relate as best I could, and so the time passed until supper. After

¹ Władek's definition of the situation here is assisted by his innate tendency to change, by the tradition that a journeyman should wander, by his reading and the stories of Mr. Leon, and perhaps even the relation to Dora has helped to develop expectations of interesting things in the future.

supper Dora's mother told us to play at blindman's bluff, for this game amused her the most and she always laughed very much. The little Olga took part in the game. At ten Dora's mother and Olga went to sleep and we remained. Dora darkened the lamp and thus in half obscurity we began to flirt. I will not bore the reader with more descriptions, enough that we foolishly twice. And we were no longer ashamed of each other, but we behaved quite boldly. Before leaving we promised ourselves to repeat it more frequently, only everything depended upon finding a suitable place; I was to arrange it. Drunk with joy and love, I came back to the bakery. It was already three o'clock in the morning.

The next day after breakfast I went to search. I went around the garden of Dora's father, but could find nothing suitable. The fence was down on the side of the field; I went into the garden, made a new search there, but in vain. Angry with myself, I went along the fence toward the street. Suddenly my eye fell upon some object, almost in the corner of the garden. It was a booth in which the watchman who guarded the fruits in summer had slept. It was still in a very good state. When I entered the light did not penetrate through any crack. The roof and walls were made of reeds. The entrance was open, but not wide. Inside was straw, pushed toward the wall with a plank; it had been evidently the watchman's bed. I sat down upon the plank and tried the straw. It was damp below but dry enough above, and it lay about half a yard deep. After reflection I had to acknowledge that in the absence of anything better it was a very suitable place for our meetings. Then I went in the direction of our bench in order to get acquainted with the way, and left the garden through the fence, for I feared being seen from the windows if I went out through the gate. I was very much pleased with my discovery, for I should oftener enjoy this pleasure with Dora and without fear. Who would ever guess, indeed, that we were in the booth? And then it was far enough from the house. I laughed already at the thought how glad my Dora would be when I showed her this.

The next day was Saturday, and in the morning, when Aleksy's maid came for bread she brought me a letter from him asking me to wait for him tomorrow morning and not to go anywhere, for he would come to me. We were all very much astonished, for Aleksy had never called on me and we were curious what he would

say to me. On Sunday at eight Aleksy came while I was at breakfast. He greeted everybody without omitting me and asked me whether I should like to go to Lubotyń. "With the greatest pleasure," I said, "but I don't know whether Mr. Leon will permit me." Aleksy requested him and he did not refuse. Aleksy told me to come exactly at eleven, and left. My astonishment had no limits. What had happened that he came for me? He had already been home more than once and never did this. I said to myself that if my sister-in-law went I would not go after all. I wrote a letter to Dora saying that I could not come today for I was going with Aleksy to my parents. [At home he reproaches his parents for not sending money for his emancipation. His mother claims that his father was planning to go with it. She gives him ten roubles, which he puts in his pocket, without explaining that he is already emancipated. At dinner he shows his emancipation papers and returns five roubles to his mother, promising to repay the other later. Tells the teacher's family of his emancipation, and they rejoice, especially Kazia, but the teacher swears and asks him to show the papers. "Perhaps you lie about being already emancipated." But when he sees the papers he congratulates him and says: "Try always to be an honest man." — At this moment Dora came to my mind, and I thought, "What an honest man I am!" Józef, the teacher's son, had returned drunk, and his father would not receive him. He is working in a Jewish bakery. On the return they stop at Koło to feed the horses, and Aleksy leaves Władek, saying he will be back in an hour. W. waits two hours and then finds A. in the hotel, gambling, drunk and maudlin. Aleksy gives Władek his purse telling him to settle the account, and is carried to the cab. On parting Władek does not give him the purse. Dora and Władek meet and visit the booth.] When we sat down once more upon our bench I drew from my pocket two five rouble notes and handed them to her, but she pushed my hand away in anger, saying that I should pay her back later, when I was richer than now. To tell the truth, I did not need it so much now, but as she refused to accept it I put it back into my pocket. And then with great care, I began to turn the conversation toward this, that I must soon leave Sosnowiec and I didn't know where I should go. Then Dora said: "Listen, my dear, to what I shall say. Tell me truly could you not work always here? My father

says that when a stone remains in one place it gets covered with moss. You could stay here. You don't need so much money for a bakery; you can put it aside slowly and open your own bakery. Am I not right?" — "It is true, but think, can a man who earns one rouble fifty copeks a week put aside any money? And then, I am young, I want to know the world and men and to learn better work." — "Oh, you speak as if you felt no regret in leaving me. You can cause me only pain by your conversation." — "But, dear Dora, this must happen sooner or later, so it is better to be prepared for such a thing. But I don't speak about separating forever. There exist ink and paper, we shall write each other very often, for I shan't be able to forget you unless you forget me, and even then I shall think always about you. For just think, my dear, is it possible to forget all these moments spent with you?" Here Dora interrupted me saying: "Stop, for you don't know what pain you cause me." But I noticed that she did not say this with her natural voice and when I looked into her eyes, I saw tears. "You are crying? But I am still with you!" And I began to kiss her tears away. Then she said: "How should I not cry, when you talk as if you were going tomorrow." And we talked thus until the clock struck ten. Then I led her to the door and left, not in a very joyful mood. On the way I thought: "Oh, really it would have been better for me and for her if we had not known each other at all, for I have begun really to love her deeply, every day more deeply, and she wept at the mere idea of separation. And when we shall be obliged to part really, what will be then? And I must confess that I was ready to weep myself. But there was no way at all. If I were a few years older, then perhaps some way could be found, while now?" Thinking so, I waved my hand and said: "What God grants will happen."¹

¹ In this opposition between what he conceives — or professes to conceive — as the interests of his career and his romantic interests, he never for a moment contemplates the possibility of giving preference to the latter. A man of the upper Polish classes would have done this. In general the relative importance given to love as against business grows as we pass from the peasant and workman to the aristocracy, though other interests — social, patriotic, artistic — may interfere with both love and business. But with Władek the attitude of romantic love is relatively superficial and recent and cannot prevail over the traditions of his class, while the business attitude itself cannot become a basis of life-organization because of his vagabonding tendency.

And thus again a few weeks passed without any changes. We spent the evenings always in the same way, and nobody suspected us. I had still Aleksy's money with me; he did not ask me about it and I did not carry it back. Up to the present also he had not paid me back the money which I spent with the driver. He thought probably that he had lost his own money and feared to ask me lest I should betray him. Once the watchman brought me a letter from him, asking me to come tomorrow at noon. I took his money and went, but to the office not to the apartment. In the office I found Aleksy alone. He asked me why I did not come to him, whether I was still angry, and where I got money for my emancipation. I answered: "I never was angry with you for I had no reason, but sister-in-law said, in Wysokie, that I might not come to her, so I don't go." — "Whom did she tell? You?" — "Not me, but she wrote a letter to father saying that such whelps should not come to her." — "Oh, you are silly. Your sister-in-law never says anything against you; she even praised you much to Mr. and Mrs. P. [Dora's parents] when they were in our house. Well, and do you go there still?" — "I do." — "And they have probably lent you money. Could you not have come to me? I would have given it to you." — "I did not dare to come to you, for you always laughed at me and abused me. And Mr. and Mrs. P. did not lend me any money. If you don't believe it you can ask them." — "Why should I ask? Moreover I don't care. Now tell me, how much money did you spend in Koło." I said more than three roubles. He gave me five. I thanked him and put it into my pocket. I was very astonished that he did not mention his money. Then we talked for a while longer. Suddenly the maid came in, asking him to come to dinner. Aleksy invited me to dine with them. During the dinner he told me and my sister-in-law to be reconciled. I rose and kissed her hand. She deigned only to say: "Now I am no longer angry with you, for you are certainly wiser than before; why, you are already a journeyman." But these words, as it seemed to me, were not said from the heart, but very coldly. It was evident that only Aleksy persuaded her to do it. I answered: "You are right, for three years ago I was younger and therefore more silly." We sat for an hour and I bade her goodbye. She asked me when I would come. I answered: "Next Sunday," and went to the office where Aleksy was. He gave me a cigarette and told

me to sit down, saying that he had much to do and could not talk. I sat for a while, but was soon bored and prepared to leave. But in the last moment, as Aleksy mentioned nothing about the money, I drew the pocketbook from my pocket and gave it to him. Aleksy got very red, opened it, gave me ten roubles and hid the rest, saying, "Don't say anything about it to your sister-in-law." — "All right," I said, and left. When I was almost out of the door, he called, "When will you come?" — "On Sunday." — "Come to dinner, we shall expect you."¹

In this way I was reconciled with my sister-in-law and had one more house where I could go. But this did not last long. A few weeks passed and my conditions did not change at all — except that from time to time I went to Aleksy — when the name-day of one of my companions came. It was on a Tuesday. This companion invited us all to a separate room in one of the restaurants and gave a good entertainment. I got seriously drunk and in that state went to the bakery, forgetting entirely about Dora. I overslept and was late with the baking, and in the morning Mr. Leon began to abuse and to curse me. As a journeyman, I was already bolder and answered him. At last I said that he might look for another man, for I wouldn't work any longer with him, and I began to prepare myself for wandering.² When Mr. Leon saw that I was not joking he sent his mother to my aunt for my papers, intending to keep them, that I might be unable to leave. But they did not succeed, for my aunt refused to give them my papers, saying that I had taken them from her to Aleksy. I packed my clothes and took them to my aunt, intending to stay there over night and to go the next day to bid Dora farewell. In the evening I went to Aleksy and told to him the whole story. He asked me where I intended to go now. "To Koło," I said, "perhaps there I shall get work." — "Well, do as you think the best," said Aleksy. After supper I went back to my aunt, where Mr. Leon's brother Józef, who had a bakery in the same town,

¹ The reconciliation is assisted by his emancipation and the fact that he visits Dora's parents. By holding the money and keeping Aleksy in suspense he enjoys a certain superiority. He succeeds for a moment in making familial prevail over conjugal solidarity.

² The sudden disintegration of both the sentimental and practical life-organization under the influence of an appetite is of course possible only because of latent tendencies to change.

was waiting for me. He began to persuade me to work with him and promised to give me two roubles a week. After reflection I agreed, but only after Friday. It was too early to go to sleep, and I went to walk, for although it was the day when I usually went to Dora's parents, I did not go, for I had not yet any excuse invented for not having gone yesterday. Though I resolved to remain with Mr. Jósef I was sure that I should not work with him a long time, for I knew well what disorder was there. He had no credit with the flour merchants at all, and sooner or later he would have to close the bakery. And so it happened. And then, I regretted Dora enormously. So I did not know what to do. I had nobody to ask for advice, for none of my companions knew about my relations with Dora.¹ In a word, I walked quite stupid the whole evening. When I went to sleep it was past midnight.

At eight I went to the garden and sat upon the bench, but this time Dora was not there. I was very grieved, for I thought that everything was ended between us. I had smoked some cigarettes, nine o'clock had struck long ago, and she did not come. I thought: "My waiting is vain, she won't come," and I spoke these words aloud. "And if she comes, what then?" I heard these words although not loudly spoken. I turned and saw Dora standing in the middle of the path. In a few jumps I was near her, but she did not move and did not even stretch her hand out, but put both hands behind her and forbade me to touch her, but stood like a queen. This took my boldness away. She looked thus at me for some time as I stood there ashamed before her, and said at last: "Today is too late for a conversation. Come tomorrow at seven to the booth. Will you surely come? For I shall wait." — "I will come," I answered. When I said this she did not say a word more, turned and went and I stood there helpless, as the first time. At last I went back to my aunt. On the way I thought: "Well, all is over between us; she certainly told me to come tomorrow only in order to abuse me better. But

¹ Discretion to be duly appreciated in view of Wladek's vanity and the distinction which his relation with Dora gives him. There has been a heightening of his moral level under her influence; his earlier blackmailing tendency would not be possible toward her. At the same time this influence must have acted upon a favorable attitude. Wladek is half peasant, and the peasant is essentially discreet; he has learned to fear rather than to desire the revelation of personal matters.

nothing can be done. Why this must end one way or another, and the sooner the better. In fact I am a little tired with these continual and obligatory meetings. And then the pitcher carries water until its handle is broken. Even so, God granted us luck that we have not been caught up to the present in hot action. It is true that the moments spent with Dora will remain always in my memory."

Thinking thus I came to my lodging. It was not yet very late, so I sat down and wrote a short letter with the following content:

"Dear Dora: You have no reason to break out into wrath. I could not have done otherwise. On Tuesday was the name-day of Mr. B., so he invited us in the evening to him, and I drank a little too much. This is the reason why I don't work any more with Mr. K. On Wednesday I could not come either for I was very grieved. This is my whole fault, which I confess. I give you the ten roubles back, for which I thank you heartily. I shall never forget your goodness. You spurn me, so I shall go away, bearing you always in my memory.

I remain in despair

Your Wladek."

I put the letter with ten roubles into an envelop with the intention of handing it to her personally. Then I went to sleep. The next day I moved to the bakery of Mr. Józef, which was much smaller than that of his parents. The work was the same, only less of it.

In the evening I went to the appointed place. Dora was not yet there, so I sat down upon the plank and gave myself up to dreaming and preparing how to repel the attack which awaited me. I have no idea how long I sat thus, but when I raised my head Dora stood before me. I must have been very deep in thought, since I did not hear her enter. I arose, but not so rapidly as I did usually. She did not stretch her hand to me, so I did not do so either, and for a while we stood opposite, measuring each other in silence with our eyes. I was silent, for I did not know how to begin, because though we loved each other and things had gone so far between us and we were familiar with each other, still when she was in anger I felt a coward. After standing thus awhile Dora said: "This is the way you behave toward me! This is the way you love me! I never expected it from you. Oh, evidently you are weary of me." Although these words were

said in a manner intended to be menacing, still they were said half in tears. And I always had a great weakness toward tears and could not look at them without being moved. So now I approached her, took her by the hand and begun to kiss it and to beg her pardon, saying: "Don't be angry with me and don't cry, for I am not very guilty." She drew her hand gently away and put it to her eyes, saying: "You are bad, you ought not to act in this way." Seeing that she talked mildly, I took her around the waist, seated her upon the plank, covering her with kisses, and disarmed her completely. Almost soothed she began to inquire why I failed to come twice. I felt very much ashamed that it happened through liquor, and I did not dare to excuse myself, but drew the letter from my pocket and handed it to her, saying: "Everything is described there. Read it and you will learn everything." She took the letter and made a movement as if to tear it. Seeing this I snatched the letter quickly, saying: "What do you mean to do?" — "Tear it," she said. "Without reading it?" — "Why should I learn from the letter what you have written, when you are here and can tell me?" I put the letter back into my pocket, for I feared she would tear it and destroy the ten roubles with the letter. I sat down by her side and began to tell how and what had happened, and why I was not there. Finally I added that I wrote this letter and if she had acted with me as she did twice before, I would have gone and she would have seen me no more. "Have I not the right to amuse myself sometimes with my companions or to go to them? You don't demand it, but as I see, I cannot do anything without your permission." — "This is a nice amusement, to get so drunk that you overslept and spoiled your work! But besides this, if you intended to go in the evening to a revelry why did you not write a letter to me. We have agreed on this and you have promised to do it." . . . At last we were reconciled completely and spent the evening according to our habit.

And again a few weeks passed without change, and I decided really to wander away from Sosnowiec. This work with Mr. Józef did not please me at all. He drank continually, and there was no money to buy flour. Once when Mr. J. came from the country pretty drunk he entered the bakery and began to abuse his wife violently, and she did not fail to call names in turn. Mr. J., brought to a still greater wrath, struck his wife rather heavily

on the cheek and went back to the tavern. I did not like it at all, for it was the first time that I saw a man beat his wife, and I resolved to work only until the end of my week, to take my wages and to wander away.¹ I told Aleksy and he did not oppose it. So I was to go on Friday, for this was the end of my week. All this happened on Wednesday, on which, as usual, I went to Dora's parents. When I got the opportunity, and Dora was in another room, I told them that on Friday I was going to Koło. Mr. and Mrs. R. regretted it, but finally Mr. R. said: "Really Mr. W. does well to go into the world to learn better work and to get more knowledge." They asked me not to forget them and to write often, wherever I was, for they were interested to know how I succeeded in the world. I begged them not to tell Miss Dora, for I intended to tell her myself incidentally. After a moment Dora came in and we turned the conversation to another topic. Presently I bade them goodbye more heartily than usually and went away. The next day I came again to Dora, who was waiting for me already in the booth. But I said nothing about leaving the following day, for I did not wish to spoil my own and her pleasure the last evening.² This time I gave myself up to her totally in order to satisfy her with whatever she wanted from me. We came to impossibilities in our foolishing. I did not care for anything except for the satisfaction of all the desires of the flesh. Therefore I stayed later than usual, until eleven o'clock. Toward the end I wanted again to give her the money back, but she refused positively to accept it. Accompanied and kissed by Dora, whose hair and whole dress were in disorder, I left forever the garden and the family R., taking with me the remembrance of many evenings spent so delightfully. And thus ended my romance with Miss Dora, in the eighteenth year of my life. During the night I wrote her a long farewell letter, for I had not betrayed with a single word that I was leaving her. In the morning I took the letter to the post-office, received my weekly pay and, withheld by nobody, left Sosnowiec, having in my pocket, besides these ten roubles of Dora, more than fourteen of my own.

¹ This incident would not have been sufficient to compel him to leave if he had not been prepared to wander. It is a mere pretext.

² There was no altruism in his plan; he was unable to tell her and face the painful response. Given the desire to wander on the one hand and Dora's strength of character on the other, running away is for him the only solution.

I came to Koło afoot. There I went to the elder master, left my valise and papers, and he gave me the "mark."¹ Here I must say a few words about the customs of the bakers. Well, when a journeyman came to a town in which there was an elder master, he was obliged to leave his papers with him, and the master gave him a mark; *i. e.*, a brass imitation of an *obwarzanek* [a particular kind of doughnut]. With this kind of mark the journeyman had the right to go among all the bakers in search of work and the right to ask the masters for assistance, and almost everyone gave him something. The obligation was to give at least six grosz. When the journeyman happened to call during the dinner or some other meal, he was invited to the table, but only if he was decently dressed, and not many of such came. But the master gave all this only if the journeyman showed the mark, and it was the custom only where there was an elder master. If there was none the journeyman must show his papers to every master. He had to enter without any stick or cane; if he had one he must leave it outside. When he came into the shop he must say: "A wandering journeyman-baker," and show his papers or mark. If there was work, the master kept him; if not, he gave the *giszynk* [Geschenk], as the bakers call the gift which the masters give. I did the same. I took the mark and went among all the bakers, but there was no work with any of them, and I did not go to the Jews. When I returned to the elder master in order to give him back the mark, I met there three old drunkards, bakers who stood there before the shop. Into such a town some wandering journeyman came almost every day and they, these drunkards, waited for him, and he must spend on drinking with them whatever he had collected, for they always found some way to draw him into the tavern. And if one had money he ought not to betray himself, for then they did not spare their own money in order to get him drunk and to rob him. And if he said anything they beat him. I knew all this from the stories of other journeymen. There was no larger town without a few such "*smyruses*" [from German "*schmieren*," slang for getting drunk]. The same happened to me except that I was not much

¹ The Polish trade-corporations are of German origin, as in the middle ages (12th-15th centuries) the town population was mainly German. The population has been long Polonized but the customs and the words which designate them are still German, though corrupted.

more stupid than they were old. They never addressed a young fellow otherwise than, "Thou *Siejksa*." And when they shook hands with him they talked also in the baker's way. The one who stretched the hand first said, "*Chusic*," and the other who accepted it must answer, "*Nemsic*," and when they happened to meet one who did not know how to answer, then goodbye. He must spend all his money on drink and if he had none, then anything what he owned — apron, shirt or any other clothing. And it was even lucky for such a wandering journeyman if he was not beaten. When they wanted to know where the journeyman was emancipated, they asked: "What *lanzman* [Landsmann]?" And the journeyman answered, "*Kaliszer*," "*Koniner*," "*Turkier*," etc., according to the town where he had been emancipated. I was a *Turkier*, for I had been emancipated in *Turek*.

Considering all this, it was not a great pleasure to meet such gentlemen, and every journeyman tried to avoid it as far as possible. It was easy to know them from far away from their clothes, very worn and covered with flour, and from their shoes, tied with strings from flour sacks. Sometimes such gentlemen met their match and got a beating, but they used to avoid such occasions and waited for young and inexperienced "*siejks*."¹

I was just about to enter the shop [of the elder master] and to give my mark back, when they crossed my way and began to greet me in the bakers' manner and to inquire what *lanzman* I was and whence I came, whether I had visited all the bakers already and whether I found work. I answered all their questions, making bold and pretending that I was not afraid. Then I started to go away, but one of them held me by my sleeve and asked whether I wanted to get work. I stopped at these words and said: "I want it. Where, with whom and at what salary?" — "Two and a half roubles a week, with a Jew, there near the bridge. Come,

¹ There is a professional and socially regulated beggary among peasants, and occasionally a peasant loses his fortune in drinking, but these *smyruses* are a unique trade-product. The handworker-journeyman has one fundamental aim — to start a business of his own. This and the influence of a normal social environment are usually sufficient to keep him out of pauperism. But if he does not succeed in establishing a shop and if for some reason he does not stay in one place long enough to become incorporated in the social life of this place, then both factors — the idea of an independent business and the regard for public opinion — lose their influence, and the wandering life, which is normally a provisional stage, becomes a definite form of existence.

he will keep you." To tell the truth, I did not wish to begin my work with a Jew, but I did not wish to wander further either. I thought: "It would be well to work at least a few weeks," and I went with them. They waited before the shop and I went in. The Jew took me. Then I went to take the papers to the boss, whoever he was, and the boss gave half a rouble. My companions asked whether I was received. I said yes, and went for my papers, still in their company. I took my valise also to the Jew. He gave me half a rouble, but my companions did not leave me even for a moment. Then, when my matters were settled, they asked me to treat them. I promised them to do so. They began to lead me toward their usual tavern, where they were well known, but I opposed going there decidedly and entered the first best. I tried to drink as little as possible for I knew well what awaited me if I got drunk. . . . Finally I spent all the money which I had collected in Koło and received from the Jew, and my companions got nicely drunk, for they ate very little, only drank. They demanded still more, but I gave nothing. I was not much afraid of them in this tavern, for had they made a riot they would have been thrown out. After the feast I went to the bakery and slept, for it was too early to work.

I won't describe what I did and how I worked. I mention only that there was much work, and on Saturday we never baked anything. There were three journeymen, two Poles and one Jew. I got acquainted with nobody worth describing, only from time to time I went to the tavern with other bakers, and then little was left of my wages. In a word I had bad companions and became more and more like them. I learned to drink vodka well enough, my clothes were already much worn, but I had no money put aside to buy new ones. The 24 roubles were still untouched and well hidden. It is true that I wanted more than once to break with my companions, but I could not, for they came to the bakery and began their drinking there, and after a short opposition I joined them. I wrote no letters to Sosnowiec or to my parents. In such an environment and with companions like the three which I described I worked for twelve weeks. I must add that during these twelve weeks I was not even once in the church, for every Sunday the work, after the Jewish Sabbath, lasted till one o'clock in the afternoon.¹

¹ The change of social environment manifests itself immediately in a

At last I got tired of such a mean life, for I began to be like a brute. So I tried to find some other work, and my luck favored me, for at the same time a journeyman left the bakery of Mr. K. and the latter received me, paying me the same salary as the Jew. This bakery was in a suburb. . . . Here I felt better at once and I was different, for no journeyman was allowed to come in and to incite those who worked in Mr. K.'s bakery to drink. Therefore I very soon put some money aside and bought clothes. I did not leave any more money in taverns, for I seldom went out. My companions slowly dropped away from me, and at last Mr. and Mrs. K. liked me for not keeping company with drunkards, as they said.¹

Only then I remembered Sosnowiec and Miss Dora, and wrote a long letter to her, and another to her parents. I put into her letter the 10 roubles, for I had only trouble with them, fearing to lose them. I begged Miss Dora's pardon very earnestly for having acted so impolitely and not having told her that I was going away, but I did not want to grieve her with such news. I

total modification of all the acquired habits; regular work, thrift, romantic love, familial attitudes, temperance, religion, in a word, life-organization in all lines is dropped at once. The cause of this change is twofold: (1) There was a tendency to reject, at least temporarily, the preceding organization of life, as shown in his abandonment of the business activity and the romantic relation simultaneously. (2) All the fields of organized activity constitute for the consciousness of Władek a complex whole, being, all of them, rooted objectively in a social environment of a certain type and based subjectively on the social instinct. And it is evident that his strong social instinct yields to the example of his environment, that exactly the same psychological background leads him to a Philistine life-organization or to a Bohemian dissolution, according to the milieu in which he finds himself. He can select his milieu, but he is less able to do this than others whose desire for social response is less strong; he changes only when the desire for stability or the desire for new experience grows so strong as to permit him to overcome the attraction of the given milieu sufficiently to move into another milieu. Thus the periodical changes in Władek's life — typical for innumerable half-vagabonds in all classes and all societies — are the result of the periodicity of the desires for stability and for new experience. All the individual has to do is to search for a milieu adapted to his desire and to subject himself passively to its organizing or disorganizing influences.

¹ The K.s cared, according to the guild tradition, for the morals of their journeymen. The Jew did not, because he had not the guild tradition, because of the race-antagonism, and because his tutelage would not have been accepted.

described also how I was succeeding, but did not mention that I had worked with a Jew and had been to taverns.

Meanwhile I got acquainted with a baker-journeyman, in my opinion a nice fellow, and I kept company with him. He was about three years older than I, and he had more acquaintances, so thanks to him I began to spend my time a little more merrily and decently, in a better society. I resolved to match him with Miss Pelagia D., and I tried to persuade him to go with me to Lubotyń. More than once we made excursions on boats to the ruins of a castle, about two versts away from the town, and a few girls went with us. But I did not try to get more nearly acquainted with any of them, for I remembered too distinctly the impressions and the moments with Dora.¹ Soon I received a letter from her parents and another from herself. In her letter there were many reproaches and much abuse. She called me a man without a heart, and then again a man with a heart of stone, that I could have acted thus, as if with a toy with which I had played enough and threw it away as useless. And many other reproaches were included in this letter. She sent me the ten roubles back. I resolved not to send them to her any more but to give them to my parents.

[Visited by his father, to whom he gives the ten roubles. Visits his own family (which had moved to Bogusławice) with his friend L., whom he had hoped to match with Pelagia, taking brandy and gifts, and "nice sticks in our hands, for I in particular was very fond of sticks and changed them often for better ones." "Kazia was like Kazia. She thought really that I was deeply in love with her, and she wanted to be always where I was and to attract my attention." Pelagia had aspired to marry into the small trading or manor-official class, but confessed to the sister of Władek that she would now "marry for a piece of bread." She does not please the friend of Władek. The master falls sick and Władek has charge of the business.] But by no means could I find any girl for myself, although every boy among my acquaintances had one. I did not run after girls, and no girl pleased me. I tried always to be polite and kind when I met one, but nothing more.

¹ This is the only point in his sexual life where the remembrance of the past proves stronger than the present impressions. His relation with Dora seems to have been the only real love-relation of his life, if we define love by exclusiveness of sentiment with regard to one person of the other sex.

And when sometimes there was a discussion about women I knew no pity and criticized them to the utmost degree, and therefore I was not liked by girls. But I did not try to acquire their friendship, for I had a something in me which made me aspire higher, and I could not meet such a girl as I wished.¹

Once all the girls with whom I was acquainted laughed much at me. It was in the summer, when I had to take the horse to the meadow. For although there was now a boy and Mr. K. was in a better health, I did not want to resign the pleasure of riding. The night had been warm and I had worked in the bakery in only a shirt and an apron, without a coat. In the morning when the boy had delivered the bread and prepared to take the horse out, I wished to show Mr. K. how well I knew how to ride. I caught the horse by the mane, intending to jump upon his back, but I did not succeed; my apron remained upon his back and I half hung, half lay, and could not get up. The horse, as if in malice, galloped full speed through the market-place and I rode helpless and ashamed, for I had to cling to him with all my strength. Many people saw me riding thus and told others, and soon the whole town knew it. After that, in the case of any dispute, they always reminded me of it, saying that I knew this or that as well as riding. I had nothing to say in excuse, so I had to yield, but I never again wanted to take the horse out.²

A few months later—it was already winter—my master fell sick and did not rise again. During his sickness I had again

¹ Deterred by the memory of Dora, made more fastidious by association with a girl of her class, and unwilling to seek response by normal association, he yet secures recognition by posing as a woman-hater.

² We have seen above (p. 184 note) that the whole life-organization as conditioned by the social milieu has in the eyes of the individual an indissoluble unity, so that the rejection of a single value implies the rejection of all of them. We have here the complementary fact that both for social opinion and for the individual himself all the lines of personal activity constitute a single whole; no distinction is made between particular fields of this activity, so that success or unsuccess in one field influences the standing of the whole personality. The frequent ridiculous inferences about an individual drawn from some particular and trifling manifestation of his activity, or even from some external peculiarity, can be explained by this unity of the social personality (*cf.* the incident of Aleksey leading the blind beggar). For this reason also the community never forgets a false step of a member, and, for example, a short term in prison, deserved or undeserved, brands the man once and forever.

to manage the bakery. Once I went out to the town, and whom did I meet? Mr. Józef K., from Sosnowiec, with whom I worked for some time. But how he looked! O my God! The cold was great and he was without an overcoat, half-frozen, in torn shoes. When he saw me he ran toward me with outstretched hands. I was really astonished at seeing him. "What are you doing here, in such a condition?" Instead of answering he showed me the mark of the elder master. I guessed everything, but I was very curious as to what he would tell me. It was too cold to talk upon the street, so I invited him to a tavern to drink a glass. When we had drunk more than three each, I asked him what he had done with his bakery. And he began to relate: "What do you think, Władek? Is it possible to run a business with such a wife? When I went to the country with bread she invited her cronies and treated them with the best she had while the maid was selling in the shop and putting the money into her own pocket. And thus I had to fail. But I have driven this cholera away from me." — "How is that? Of whom are you speaking?" — "Do you not hear? Of this whore of mine." — "No, I don't know of whom you are speaking. Speak plainly." — "Well, if you don't know, I shall tell you plainly. I speak of my wife whom I have driven away from me." — "And your little daughter? Where is she?" — "She took her and went to her father." — "How could you do this — drive away such a pretty wife!" For indeed, he had a rather handsome wife and a girl three years old. "I don't care now for her at all. I am better off now." I looked at him, where this "better" condition was clearly written, but I was very indignant with him for he cursed and accused his wife, while I knew very well that he was the cause of his own failure. I finished treating him and we went out upon the street. Mr. Józef asked me to give him a few grosz. I had still forty copecks with me which I gave him and I went my own way with the intention of not meeting him any more, for I was not pleased with him. Two days later I was sleeping when some one knocked at the door. When I opened he began to beg me to lend him three roubles, but I refused to hear of any lending. But seeing that I should not get rid of him, I told him to wait on the street and I would come out at once. When he left I closed the door and went to sleep again. If he had needed money for living or for anything else I would have given it certainly, but I knew well

that it was for liquor. He stood for a while upon the street, but then began to knock again and to beg as well as he could, but I was unmoved. At last he said that he was hungry and asked me for a few grosz for breakfast. I could not listen, so I opened the door and gave him half a rouble more but forbade him to come any more. This happened later a few times, but I refused to let him in at all. Seeing at last that he could get nothing more, he went away.¹

My friend wandered out of Koło, so I was left alone. I worked for some weeks longer but in early spring my master died and I had nothing to do, for Mrs. K. closed the bakery. Easter was not far off so I resolved to rest at my parents' home and after Easter to go to work again. And so I did. I had worked in Koło forty-four weeks, twelve with the Jew and thirty-two with Mr. K., but when I left Koło I had only eighteen roubles. I gave my father half of this money and kept the rest. About this time, near Easter, I was most of the time with Kazia. Once when we were walking together Kazia made her third declaration to me, saying: "Mr. Władek² you are already a journeyman, nobody could hinder you from marrying if you wished." — "All right, Miss Kazia," I answered, "but what shall we do, since I have nothing except this stick here and these gloves? What support could I give to my future wife?" — "Oh, Mr. W., why do you fear it? If we marry, we can work together for our bread." — "No, Miss Kazia. Later on, when I am free from military service, or when I shall have served my time." — "Oh, then you won't

¹ While alcoholism acts by destroying the life organization, this destruction cannot be complete as long as the individual preserves his social ties — family, acquaintance-milieu, business relations — and in the case of a master of handicraft married and owning a shop these ties are preserved in a sense automatically. Even if the man is a drunkard and keeps company mainly with other drunkards he can hardly escape the influence of the other organized social sphere to which he originally belongs. Therefore the master can become completely pauperized only if, like Józef, he breaks all his familial and social ties. And in this case also he probably falls, like Lucifer, never to rise.

² This ceremonious use of "Mr." and "Miss" seems ridiculous in persons who have known each other from childhood, but these forms have a social significance. Now that they are marriageable, to address each other by name would mean either too little or too much — that they were going to marry very soon or that they considered each other as if belonging already to the same family, being as near as a brother and sister, and then psychologically marriage would be excluded.

take me, for you will search for a rich wife."—But, Miss Kazia, if we are destined for each other, we shall marry sooner or later." — "I don't believe in destiny," answered Kazia, and began to annoy me again about giving her my word; then she would wait for me. But I did not yet dream of marrying, and less of giving my word to Kazia, and I was stubborn and tried to excuse myself and to dissuade her, so that again she got no word from me.¹

[For Easter Stach and Marya come, and a Mr. Jankowski is also visiting his brother, the blacksmith, and paying attention to Pelagia, who does not look favorably upon him because he is small.] We passed the first day at home and it was gay. The second day was *dyngus* day. It was still dark when Mr. Jankowski came to me, and we both went about the village, entering wherever we were permitted to enter and pouring water upon the girls. Finally we resolved to go to the manor, for there were also a few servant girls there. We were already rather well drunk, being invited to drink in every house. When we entered the manor-house, the lord noticed us, met us in the vestibule and asked what we wanted. He was already an old man, above eighty. When we told him, he said: "All right, wait a little." Then he rang for the butler, whom I knew very well since we were boys, although he was somewhat older than I. The lord ordered him to bring a bucket of water, two cups and to close the door well from the outside. Then he sent him to call the maids. There were three of them, two lady's maids and one seamstress. When they came in the lord closed the door behind them and put the key into his pocket; then he told us to leave our hiding place. We began to pour water upon them without mercy, and the lord applauded saying, "That is good, that is good!" When the

¹ Traditionally Wladek's failure to manifest to Kazia that he does not intend to marry her is correct. He simply remained in the class of suitors from whom she might normally select (see introduction to Vol. I). He still considered her as an eventual possible match and in fact thought later seriously of marrying her. He knows that her attitude is not the traditional one, but a break with her would produce a painful reaction not only in Kazia herself but in her family and all the acquaintances.

bucket was empty the lord opened the door, laughing, let them go, and said to us, "Now come and drink a glass." He led us to a room where the butler brought enough of everything. He drank a glass with us and left, saying, "Now amuse yourselves, and you (to the butler) with them." We began to empty glasses and to eat *sakqski*, when the lady entered with her daughter, the countess from Krzykosy, who had been divorced for a year. We rose when they entered, reeling a little, but they told us to sit down. The countess asked: "Which one of you is Wiszniewski?" I answered that I was. "Well, then please come some day in the week, will you?" — "All right, my lady the countess," I answered, and the ladies went away. We drank the rest and left, going straight home and holding each other by the arm, extremely drunk. But it was not the end, for when we passed near the door of the former maid of my parents, Marysia, she was standing before the house and, seeing us, she fled to her room. But we followed her and poured water upon her. She treated us with a red brandy, of which we drank a big glass each. This brandy gave us the finishing blow, for it was very strong and bad, colored with I don't know what.

I had forgotten about the countess, but once Mr. Jankowski reminded me of it. So I dressed myself as well as I could and went. It was on Thursday. I entered first the butler's room. We talked for a while and then he went to announce me. He soon came back and led me through a series of rooms to a closed door; there he asked me to wait, and entered. I did not wait long, for the door opened, he beckoned me to come in, and went away. I looked around the drawing-room and saw the countess lying upon a reclining chair, and reading a book; her parents sat at the table. I stood near the door without knowing what I ought to do, and I don't know how long I should have stood there if the countess had not helped me by saying, "Please come nearer." When I approached, she showed me a chair, telling me to sit down. I sat down, but timidly. On entering I did not kiss her hand or those of her parents, only bowed. The countess was evidently not at all ashamed before me, for although her calves were quite visible she did not try to cover them with her dress. As soon as I sat down I asked: "What can I do for your pleasure, my lady the countess?" But she was as if she had not heard my words, for she did not move at all. I must confess that it was an awful

torture for me to be thus bound up, not daring even to cough. I sat thus for perhaps a few minutes or less, when at last the countess put the book she was reading aside and deigned to speak: "Is it your father who knows so well how to tin pans over? For the priest told me that your father tinned his pans." — "Yes," I answered, "my father has tinned the priest's pans for some years." — "And we did not know it but sent ours to the town. So please tell your father to come and we shall agree as to the price." — "All right," I answered, I will tell my father," and I rose to leave, for I was awfully annoyed by her stiffness and disdainful manners toward me. But with a gesture and word she ordered me to sit down and I sat down again, although not with joy. I won't repeat here all the conversation, for it was very tedious. She inquired how many children there were of us, what were the occupations of each, where each of us lived, and so on, and this conversation lasted for almost an hour. Toward the end she asked me whether I liked to read books. When I answered "Yes," she said that she would lend me books if I wished. And she said something to her parents in French which I did not understand. Then she said to me: "So you will come for the books?" — "I will if my lady the countess deigns to lend me some." Then she took her book again and I rose, bowed and left. Only behind the door I breathed freely and was glad that my tortures were ended. I found a corridor along which I went, but at the end of it I did not know where to turn. Happily I met a lady's maid who led me out. I sat for a while with butler and left the palace, saying to myself that I would never more pay any visit to the countess. And it seemed to me that the countess had offended me by saying to me "you" ["*wy*," intermediary form between "thou" and "sir," used by the upper classes when speaking to peasants who are not servants]. I should have preferred it if she had called me "thou" [because this might have been on account of his age, not of his social position. Of course he preferred to be addressed by "*pan*" ("sir")]. But I had shown her also what I was capable of, for I did not kiss her hand, while the nobility in the country is used to it. I told my father to go there, saying that he would earn some money, and so it was.¹

¹ The story shows the complete estrangement of the younger generation of nobility and the lower class. The old attitudes and common interests have disappeared and have not been replaced by new, so neither side knows how

[Decides to go to Łódź.] Three days later I was there, without important incidents. There I found the bakers' hostelry, but they refused to admit me for I did not know how to "wander in." At last I remembered a baker from our country whom I knew and I had him called. When he came out I asked him what I was to do. "You must 'wander in'." — "But I don't know how to do it." — "Well, then you must give a rouble for treating and somebody else will wander in instead of you." I had heard more than once about this custom, but I had never had the opportunity of learning how to "wander in." So I gave my acquaintance one rouble asking him to accomplish it for me, but he refused to accept the money saying, "You will do the treating yourself." Then he knocked at the door, as was the custom. They called in German "'*Rein*,'" and we went in. Then he said something rather long near the door, and then everybody approached and gave me his hand, saying in the bakers' way, "*Chusic*," to which I had to answer, "*Nemsic*." Then my companion led me to the "hostel-father," who took my papers, inscribed my name in a book and said that I had the right to eat and sleep for three days without paying, and during this time he would try to get work for me. If there was no work, and I had money to pay for food, I might remain as long as I wished for I didn't need to pay for sleeping there.

Then we came back to the main room, where all the bakers stayed. Now some fifteen old *smyruses* surrounded me, asking me to treat them. I offered them one rouble, but they did not take it, telling me to go with them. I looked at my companion appealingly but he pretended not to see it. I could do nothing

to behave. A peasant and a noble of the old type understand each other perfectly, just as an old southern white and an old-time negro understand each other perfectly. Even in this case the father of the countess had established at once a cordial relation between himself and the young men without impairing the social distinction. The daughter evidently wanted to show some interest in the inhabitants of the village — perhaps under the influence of the movement for enlightenment — but did not know how to start. A peasant or a manor-servant with the old traditions would have helped her out unconsciously, but Wladek has lost all the traditional attitudes except the recognition of the class hierarchy, which in the absence of common interests is exclusively a dividing factor. The situation is quite different when the nobility co-operates with the peasants and leads them in social reorganization. We shall see in Volume IV the attitudes then developed.

but go, and these fifteen ragamuffins with me. For though they were my trade companions their clothes were torn, worn, dirty; some of them had no shirts, others no shoes. It was not far to the tavern and, as they said, it was their tavern, whose proprietor knew the bakers and their customs well. I did not even need to ask what I was to order, for he put upon the table exactly a rouble's worth of food and drink. But as soon as we sat down bakers came in through the front and back doors whom I had had the pleasure of seeing in the hostelry. There were more than thirty of them altogether. How should I alone treat so many hungry and thirsty men? Not one rouble but fifteen would be scarcely enough. And every one of them came boldly to the table and took a *zakuska*. Before I had time to look there was nothing more upon the table and the bottles were empty. I rose and wanted to leave, but they held me by force and told me to buy more, for not all of them had got their glass. I excused myself saying that I had no more money. Then they wanted to search me. Finally I paid two roubles more, and only five roubles were left, for I had them concealed elsewhere, while three were in the pocket-book. Only when they saw that my pocket-book was empty they let me go, calling me "Whore's son" and so on. And what for? Only because I had no more money.

I left, very bitter, and went to walk a little. I wept, thinking that I should become like them. For what more had I to expect, since I had no money to establish my own business? I must always work as a journeyman and moreover with such companions. For how was it now? There were more than eighty men in the hostelry without work, living only from those who permitted themselves to be exploited. So I reflected much what I should do, remain or wander further. Reflecting thus, I went to sleep in the hostelry. They had given me a dirty straw mattress and nothing more, neither cover nor pillow. The next morning I got a breakfast from the "hostel-father," who occupied the other half of the house. A part of the bakers went with me; some of them paid cash, others ate on credit. The breakfast cost twenty grosz. But there were more who had nothing to pay with, and they got a good abusing from the wife of the "hostel-father," whom they called "hostel-mother." "You cholera, drunkards, dog's blood! Shall I feed you gratis? You have money for liquor, all of you, but not for eating ["*żarcie*," used only of animals].

But I won't give you any more, know this!" But some of them, more familiar, began to beg: "But you will give us, little mother, our dear mother, we will pay later!" And saying this, they kissed her dirty hand. And so it was almost every day, as long as I ate there.

I must mention what were the duties of the hostelry "father" and "mother." The "father" inscribed the bakers and sent them to work, when anybody needed a worker, either for a night or as a steady job. Moreover he had to see that the bakers did not fight and drink in the hostelry. The "mother" had to wash the hostelry linen. They received lodging and a small salary from the bakery-owners. But they did not do their duties well. They were elected by the journeymen themselves for a period of three years.

After breakfast I went to a coffee-house and wrote a letter to Paweł, asking him to come, and giving him the address of the hostelry. He had been already in apprenticeship for three years and was to be emancipated next year. I would have found him myself but I was not sure what he would say if I came into his master's shop. I sent the letter by mail and the next evening after ten — for they closed the shop at that hour — Paweł came to me. I was waiting for him on the street, and we went for a walk. On the one hand he was glad, but on the other not very much so when I told how many bakers were here without work. [Paweł is throughout very brotherly, walks with Władek and furnishes his food. Władek visits an aunt, and finds her in poor circumstances, dependent on her daughters who work in a factory and are coarse: "Dog's blood! mother, have the supper at once, for I have no time."]

Thus I lived in Łódź for three months without any work. During this time my clothes were badly worn. I had sold my overcoat and spent the money for living, my shoes scarcely hung upon my feet, and although Paweł and I both searched for work every day we could find nothing. I should perhaps have died from hunger had it not been for Paweł who helped me sometimes with money or food as much as he could; but he could not do much, for he was as naked himself as a Turkish saint [Proverb]. Although I had many relatives, I would not go to them, and I had not even clothes in which to go.

I learned during this time that there was still another baker's-

hostelry [bakers who did not belong to the corporation]. I went there with Paweł and the latter begged the keeper much to get work for me. I stayed there, and the keeper had to find work for me, for I owed him for living. I got work indeed, but worked no more than two days in a week, for which I had two roubles, enough to live, but not enough to buy any clothes. Every day my clothes looked worse, and I was in despair. I wept, I walked, I searched, but could find nothing. At last, when Paweł gave me once a few grosz I went to the near town of Zgierz and found there work as a *Werkmeister* in the bakery of Mr. Z. for sixteen roubles a month and board. I was indeed afraid to accept such a work, for I had never been a *Werkmeister*. In our specialty there are three kinds of journeymen: "*Kisior*," who makes nothing but [rye-] bread, "*Weissknetter*" who makes rolls, and the elder, "*Werkmeister*," whose duty is to watch the others and see that they work well. In Zgierz, as well as in Łódź, they baked only Vienna rolls, and I did not know this work well enough, but being in a very critical position, I accepted and began to work, informing Paweł at the same time, for whom I had been a great burden.

We were two journeymen, with an unskilled man to help us. The *Weissknetter* was also an inexperienced young man. He had worked with Mr. Z. for a long time and was very familiar with him; Mr. Z. called him by his name, Felek. Mr. Z. was a young man; he had been married for a few months and had a wife who was not pretty but very sympathetic. He liked drinking and was an awful dangler; we shall learn about it a little later. They had a maid, Andzia, a rather pretty but spoiled girl. Felek, as I noticed from the beginning, wanted to have a flirtation with her, but she did not want him. In the same house lived a student.

The work did not go badly at first, but Mr. Z. put aside every spoiled or burned roll or loaf and deducted its value from my wages. As there was rather much baking, a day never passed without it, but I bore all this for I had to do it in order to live. Even if Felek had spoiled anything Mr. Z. said nothing to him but to me. I was not a great friend of Felek; we almost never went to walk. I did not like him, for he tried always to draw words from me and then took them upstairs to Mr. Z. I got acquainted with the student, took books from him and read them. Then I read for the first time *With Fire and Sword* and many other good and interesting books. I wrote a letter to my parents and

soon received an answer. They informed me that their condition was very bad. Father had to go to work digging turf, and earned 50 copeks a day. Mother was almost always in bad health. [They hope that Stach will get a better position and take them to him. Wlodek weeps. Mr. Z.'s wife sympathizes with him.]

One evening, when Andzia brought us the supper to the bakery, Felek tried to kiss her, but she defended herself stubbornly and refused to yield. Suddenly Mr. Z. came in. Felek let her go and she fled into the kitchen. Mr. Z. was rather merry with drink, so instead of abusing, as I expected him to do, he began to laugh, calling Felek a clumsy fellow, since he was unable to seduce Andzia. At last he said: "Foolish with her as much as you please, and if she becomes pregnant, I will drive her to the devil." He gave us information how and where we could foolish, and went out.¹ Felek, made bold by Mr. Z.'s permission, set to work still more seriously, but it did not help, for she refused to yield. As to me, I was not interested in all this, although I was sure that I could have profited from Andzia much more easily than Felek, for often when I went out in the evening to play my ocarina, Andzia came and sat down near me and listened. Or again, when I read some book after dinner she came and asked me to read aloud, for she liked books also. Sometimes she tried to excite me by words or acts; she pinched or tickled me sometimes. She said that I had no blood at all. But I did not care about it, for I was not disposed at that time toward girls; I had too much trouble.² I was afraid to leave lest I should suffer hunger again. Paweł once called on me during this time and I complained to him, but although he would have been heartily glad to help me, he could do nothing. He needed help and comfort himself in

¹ Nothing could better show the dissolution of the guild traditions, with the old familial character of relations between the master and the journeymen and servants. The master of handicraft here assumes the typical attitude of masculine solidarity usual between men where sexual relations with women of a lower social level are concerned.

² We find this attitude manifested later more than once. Sexual life is treated as a luxury to be indulged only when other primary needs of existence are satisfied and the economic situation is secure; in this way it becomes a part of the hedonistic organization of life which, as we shall see (Vol. V) is partly opposed to practical organization and can occur only when the latter is sufficient to give the individual at least a provisional feeling of security. (Cf. also p. 175, note.)

order to hold out in his practice, for he complained also that he had to work heavily. He showed me his hands; they were really much worn with work. So we both wept and comforted each other. . . . But Paweł was in a different environment; he was among intelligent people and became such himself, while I lived among tramps and was growing a tramp myself. As he said, he was considered something better than a tavern-keeper's son, and never betrayed himself; he was afraid I might come to his master's shop and betray who we were, for he said this could bring him harm in the future.¹ I thought in the beginning that he was ashamed of me, but he persuaded me that it was not so. Paweł complained much about our parents, that they let themselves be fooled by Stach.

Thus my time passed not gaily in Zgierz and there were no prospects of improvement. Then came my mistress' name-day. The evening before Mr. Z. came to the bakery and told us to hurry with our work for the next day he would give us a May party [forest-party], although May was passed long ago. But we guessed that tomorrow was Mrs. Z.'s name-day, so when Mr. Z. left we began to compose wishes. I knew many name-day poems. but from books, and I wanted to compose a poem myself. Toward evening my wishes were ready. But as I repeated them often aloud, fearing I should stammer in saying them, which would be a shame, Felek learned them also and after the work repeated them to me. I asked him whether he had anything ready: "Of course I have," he answered. He finished his work a little earlier than I, for I had still a few loaves of bread in the oven, and he went the first to say his wishes. I was curious what poem he would say and listened under the door. But I was very frightened when I heard what he said, for it was precisely my own poem upon which I had worked during the whole night and hardly succeeded in putting together. "Swine," I thought, and came down and began to bake the bread, thinking what I should say. After a moment Felek came back, very well satisfied. I asked him how he succeeded. He said, "Very well." Then I said in wrath: "Such a thief must always succeed." — "And what did I steal?"

¹ Typical climbing attitude, justifiable by the prevalence of class distinctions. This severing of social bonds between the individual and the family is made possible only by the new social hierarchy based on individual instead of familial distinction. (Cf. Vol. I, *Introduction: I Class-System.*)

—“You dare to ask? Did you not say the poem upon which I worked during the whole night?” — “I don’t care; you could have learned it silently.” We could not quarrel any longer for it was time for me to go and say my wishes. I was not yet decided what to say, but when I strained my memory while washing my hands I recalled a rather long poem which I said once to my mother. So without delaying any longer I went to the room. While I was saying my wishes, Felek also listened under the door. He thought perhaps that I would say the same poem which he did, but he was mistaken, for I said a very beautiful and long one without any stammering; even Andzia, who listened in the kitchen, praised me later. Thus I excelled Felek. Mr. Z. was in the shop and heard only little of what I said, but this did not prevent him from thanking me nicely. [Breakfast for Władek and Felek in the room of the Z.’s, with gifts and brandy. In the forest Mrs. Z. said she had a gift for the one who would gather for her the nicest nosegay.] We all went at the appointed hour. I was glad that I was able to get away from the company, for, first, I was not decently dressed, and then I had always the idea of leaving Mr. Z., for I considered that he was robbing me and therefore I disliked him much. I thought that for the money which he kept out of my wages he could have made a much better May party, and if he had given it to me I should now be decently dressed and could buy better gifts than those which he gave me. Although sometimes when it was necessary I pretended to be merry, this was only superficial; if any one could have seen what was going on inside of me he would have sympathized with me. Since I came to Łódź I had been unfortunate, and anxiety about the future oppressed me. When I went for flowers I did not search for them, but sat down near the lake and began to reflect about my present situation and what profit my present work brought me. In my opinion, none, for I had worked already almost twelve weeks, and got no more than ten roubles; the rest was kept back. During this time it often happened that I was not guilty at all, but Felek had either weighed too large rolls or had made the oven too hot, and I had to pay for this also, and walk almost naked. But I did not dare to leave for I knew Łódź well enough and was sure that I should not get work there quickly. I had little profit, but on the other hand perhaps also a very great one, for I had learned another work. The baking was the same in Łódź and in Zgierz,

so this was the only profit which I got from staying with Mr. Z. I remembered Sosnowiec where my salary was smaller and I had more money. And the moments I spent there with Miss Dora! At the mere idea of it I shuddered. And then in Koło with Mr. K. I was not badly off either. And here I did not want to do anything, I did not try to get acquainted with anybody, the girls did not interest me at all and might as well not have existed for me. Why, one of them came with us today and I did not exchange a word with her. Sitting thus, I resolved to write the next day four letters, one to my parents, another to Paweł, a third to Miss Dora, a fourth to Kazia. I decided to leave this place, whatever might happen later.

With this decision I rose and began to gather flowers. I had some taste in arranging nosegays, for from the time I was a child I often saw how my sisters arranged them, and once I had received a prize in Brześć. . . . I gathered flowers and arranged them. When I came to the meeting-place I noticed that Felek had prettier flowers than I had, but not nicely arranged; Mr. Z. brought very few flowers and got wet in some ditch where he tried to get them; the driver brought the most flowers but not arranged at all, and Mrs. Z.'s sister picked nothing but forget-me-nots. After a short reflection I received the prize, but when I looked at Felek I should have preferred to have him get it, he was so angry. It was a scarf-pin worth perhaps fifty copecks, which was probably destined for me, because it was very similar to the button-set which I had received. . . . We ate, . . . bathed in the lake and went home.

A few days after this Paweł came to me. When I related to him what work I had here he told me to come back to Łódź, perhaps I should find something. "Why, you won't die from hunger, we shall try to find some way." Again we walked much and cried a little together, and he left, asking me to inform him by letter. Next Monday I went to my master's shop and told him to search for another journeyman. He asked me why I was leaving. I answered: "How can you ask why I am leaving? You know that I have worked for about four months with you and I have no money to buy trousers." — "Then I shall pay you suitably. Will you remain?" — "And why did you not pay me suitably up to the present?" — "Because I did not want you to learn to be a *Werkmeister* without paying, and upon my goods.

There are many who would like to be *Werkmeisters* under such conditions! I have taught you to work in the Vienna roll business, you have paid me and we are square. Now I will pay you the full pay. Will you remain?" At this moment Felek came to my mind and I said: "No, for Felek plays me too many tricks."¹ — "All right," answered Mr. Z. and our conversation was ended. After this, according to the law, I was still obliged to work for two weeks. I worked three before Mr. Z. found another journeyman.

I went directly to Łódź, not to the main hostelry, but to the bungler-hostelry. I wrote a letter to Paweł. I had more than twelve roubles with me, but was afraid to buy any clothes. I kept the money for living. . . . I could get no job, but earned every week enough to live, for I worked at least two days a week. Once, when I was already asleep, a telephone call came asking for a good *Werkmeister*. There was nobody in the hostelry except me, so the proprietor roused me, saying: "Get up, you shall go for a *fajerant* [Feierabend]," for so we called a single night's work. I began to excuse myself, saying that I was not a good *Werkmeister*, but this did not help. I had to dress, took a car and went to the bakery, which was upon the main street. When I arrived I looked through the window into the shop, and was very frightened, for I saw there different kinds of baker-products of which I had no idea at all. So I did not want to go in, but to walk through the night. But then I reflected that they might call again, and then it would not be good for me, for I should not get another *fajerant*. "Well, never mind what happens. They won't kill me," I thought, and rang the bell. In the courtyard I saw perhaps two hundred planks full of Vienna rolls and was frightened again, but crossed myself and went into the bakery. When I entered, saying, "Good evening," I saw that twelve journeymen were at work, among them old men in comparison with whom I looked like a child. They all turned their eyes upon me and laughed viciously. One of them asked whether I was sent as a *Werkmeister*. "Yes," I answered. Then he sent the servant to bring the master. When the latter came he put the same question, and when he got the same answer, he sat down, and I went to undress. When I came back, they told me to sit down, for it was an hour until I had to begin to put the rolls in the oven, and the *Werkmeister* in a large

¹ Cf. p. 181, note 1.

bakery does not work at the dough. I lighted a cigarette and waited full of terror. And the master did not leave, and this grieved me still more for he would look at my hands during my work. When the time came, the same man who had asked me before said: "Well, Mr. *Werkmeister*, it is time to go to the oven." I ordered the servant to clean the oven from coals and when he finished I began to prepare the oven and to put in the rolls. The master moved nearer in order to see better, and not only he but all the journeymen were curious how I would get through it. The oven was rather hot, so I had to hurry terribly in order not to spoil the rolls. I used my whole baker's skill and did not spoil them, but it was only God who granted it, for in reality I did not know the matter so well. The master, seeing that things were going on well, went to sleep. In the morning that journeyman came for whom I was substituting and went first to the master, asking him whether I had spoiled the work. Then he paid me three roubles, for the one night. This was the first time I earned so much during a single night. Then the master treated me to breakfast and a glass of vodka, saying: "Well, I see that today old people ought to learn from the young ones." Then I said goodbye and left, a foot higher.* [This incident leads to other similar work, but Władek gets no regular job until he overhears a workman saying he is leaving his present place. For three roubles the workman introduces him there and he gets the place.] I did not go out anywhere and did not spend money in vain. I soon paid my debt to Paweł, 5 rb. 50 — he did not ask more —

* Władek shows less self-conceit than usual in this story. It illustrates the influence of social organization on individual attitudes. Socially organized activity gives an objective hierarchy of values which the individual who is active in this line must recognize, and in this way his own attitudes become regulated. But when the individual is active in a line where social organization is lacking his tendencies can express themselves without being subjected to a regulating comparison. In a field where no objective standards of appreciation exist he may claim for the products of his work a value that is limited only relatively by comparison with the achievement of others. Władek never expresses any doubt about his art of arranging nosegays or his ability to seduce girls. He does express doubt about the merit of a poem included in this volume and which he knows will be judged by certain standards. This problem is different from that of the occupational interest as dependent on the amount of change permitted by the occupation. The socially organized activity may include more or less variety than the free activity, but it always demands more effort.

and bought a suit and all necessary clothing. As I have said, I had not much work and worked alone, so I began to go out more frequently, particularly to my cousins, of whom I had counted more than twenty. There were among them nice and horrid, intelligent and stupid ones. But I heard rumors that there was still another cousin, young and very pretty, with whom I had had no opportunity to get acquainted, for I could not meet her anywhere and I did not know where she lived.

Winter came, but I was not afraid of it, for I had a suit and an overcoat, and work. Next autumn Paweł was to become a salesman; even now, as an older apprentice, his condition had much improved, for he had already some commission on goods which he sold and he did not lack money as much as before. We spent every free moment together except some evenings on which he went to take music and dancing lessons, for he learned to play the violin and piano. On Sunday between four and six he went to the school. In a word, he was educating himself in all respects.¹ When there was a party in his master's home he was always invited. As he said, he was well considered by his master. But I was not only never in his master's home, but not even in the shop, for Paweł did not wish it.

Thus time passed until Christmas. Before Christmas I got letters from my former girls. Dora wrote that she had already a suitor, a glove-maker from Turek, and did not know what to do, for she did not like him much, while her parents tried to persuade her to marry him. Kazia wrote me that everything was as before, there were no changes, only Józef was taken to the army. From my parents I got also a letter full of tears and complaints about misery. Father promised to come to Łódź after Christmas, saying that he would try to find some job, but I and Paweł knew very well that it was not really a question of job,

¹ We do not know from Paweł's childhood whether originally his desire for new experience was less strong than that of Władek. There have certainly been more persistent organizing influences in his case — a settled condition, a master interested in him and associates of a higher social and intellectual level.

but of money; he hoped to get some from us, while he did not dare to ask Aleksy or Stach for help.¹ I answered the letters and wrote to Dora's parents, asking them not to compel Dora to marry if she did not wish it,² and describing how I was getting on.

For Christmas I was invited to Mr. and Mrs. Czarnocki, remote relatives of my mother, with whom I was on terms of "Sir" and "Madam." They had two grown-up sons and one daughter. I found there many young people and among them was also that cousin about whom I had heard, and her brother. Her name was Mania, and her brother's Franus. When I was introduced to her I really turned my whole attention to her for she was young, no more than seventeen, and very pretty. She was learning to be a seamstress, and Franus went to the factory and supported her. Their parents lived near Sosnowiec; they had there a few morgs of land, and paid for their daughter's apprenticeship. Mania had another sister in Łódź, a married one, named Józia. Mania was a dark brunette with large eyes which attracted like a magnet. Tall, well-shaped, those who did not know her might think her to be something much better than a peasant's daughter. She pleased me very much at first sight, and if I knew how to love, I could say that I fell in love with her. But alas! I was not created to love. How many girls I knew in my life! And always, while I was near a girl I felt bound to her and I was myself persuaded that I loved her, but I could leave every one of them without regret and forget her soon.³ And it was the same with Mania. I was spellbound by her beauty, but did I love her? We shall see.

I tried particularly to please her brother, for I thought that if I pleased him and he invited me I should meet Mania there and get better acquainted with her. And so it happened. When I was sitting near Franus he asked me why I never called upon him, although I had been in Łódź for so long a time. I tried to excuse myself, saying that I had not had his address. "But now,

¹ The children have climbed higher than the parents, the authority of the latter is gone, and we have a case typical for immigrant families in America.

² He had never defined the situation connected with Dora, and is unconscious of impertinence here. He apparently conceives his relation with Dora's parents as being of the familial type.

³ He is of course as much capable of love as his intellectual and sentimental level permit.

if you will permit me to visit you, I am ready to be even a frequent guest." — "I shall be very glad if you visit me as often as you can; then we shall talk." He wrote his address down for me and then we moistened our friendship with brandy. After this I begged his pardon, since I had already attained what I wished, and I went to Mania who was sitting without company although there were some boys present. But I did not talk long with her for the oldest son of Mr. Cz. began to play the accordeon and we danced. I danced the first piece with Mania. She danced well enough, perhaps not so well as gracefully. In a word, everything in her was pretty and graceful. I courted all the girls, but none as much as Mania. It was noticed soon, and Mr. Cz.'s daughter asked me in a whisper whether I was already much in love with Mania. I said that I only intended to be so, and thus the matter ended. . . . We left about one o'clock and Mania asked me to accompany her and her brother. "All right, cousin, if you permit it," I answered, and took her arm, while Franus went by our side. It was far, an hour's walk, and the street-cars were not running, but it was a pleasure to walk with such an agreeable little person. When we reached their lodging we were already familiar with each other. I wanted to bid them good-bye, but they invited me to come in and I did it gladly. Their home was poor — a single room under the roof, for which he paid twenty roubles yearly, and inside two beds, a table, a trunk, a few chairs, and nothing more. But everything was very clean. Mania made a fire in the little stove and prepared tea. The next day was Sunday, so we were not in a hurry to go to sleep and we sat until four talking. At four I started to leave, but my cousin said: "Where will you go now? Lie down upon my bed with me." I agreed and we did so. We removed our shoes, coats and collars and lay down, while Mania put out the light and slept in the other bed. I could not sleep at once, for my thoughts were occupied with the acquaintance I had made with my cousin. To say the truth, she was my very distant cousin, for her great-grandmother and mine were sisters, so it was the fourth degree. I was very glad, for now I should have my girl in Łódź.¹ I longed much for one, but up to the present could not meet any one who pleased me. I revolved in

¹ Familial relationship used as the basis upon which the romantic relation will be established.

my head plans of action, and I was almost sure of myself, for Mania said that she did not walk with any boy, and I was not afraid of any rival. Up to the present I had succeeded rather well with girls and none of those with whom I wanted to get acquainted had rejected me, so I had good hopes now.

I could not sleep, for Mania's bed stood not far from ours and I heard her breathing. It was already broad daylight and Mania got up to cook the breakfast before I slept a little. I must confess that when she was getting up in nothing but a night-gown, thinking that I was asleep, and dressed herself without any precautions, I don't know what I should have done but for my cousin. When the breakfast was ready, Mania roused Franus and he roused me. We rose in a very good humor. Franus brought something to drink, and this made us still more gay, for Mania drank a glass also. After breakfast, or rather dinner, for it was noon already when we finished it, Franus asked me to go with him to his other sister Józia, but Mania gave me various signs to remain. At least she said; "Go yourself, Franus, and our cousin and I will come later." — "Only come certainly," he said and left, while we both remained. Upon the table lay playing cards. I took them, and Mania asked me whether I knew how to tell fortunes. "I know." — "Then tell mine." I had some idea about telling fortunes, but no more than she had. We sat down near each other and I began to tell her fortune, but everything for my own benefit. At last, bored with this empty prattling, I threw the cards down, and began a conversation, turning it upon different subjects and I came to the conclusion that for a girl of Łódź, she was too little educated by reading and too naive, while on the other hand she was rather too capricious. But it was a trifling reason to hinder me from trying to acquire her sympathy. While we sat thus talking, evening approached. Mania said: "Do you know? We shall go to my friends the Hibners. There are a few girls there and perhaps one of them will please you." — "Why should I search for one, when you have pleased me already? If you allow me, let us spend our time together [usually]. You have told me that you had no boy, and I don't walk with any girl either and don't even know any." — "I don't believe that you don't walk with any girl. Every boy has a girl." — "And why don't you have a boy?" — "With me the matter is different. I have no time, for I am learning cutting and must draw in the evenings,

and moreover Franus won't allow anybody to come to us." — "Then perhaps he won't allow me either." — "Oh, that is different; you are our cousin, and then he has allowed you already and even invited you to come as often as possible."¹ — "I won't fail to take advantage of this." — "But let us go, for we must go later to our sister, or else Franus will be angry. . . ."

We went to the Hibners, who were Mania's relatives. Nobody was there except the family, four daughters, and almost all of them grown up. We played with nuts at pair or impair, and the girls wanted me to lose, for the loser was to buy a pound of nuts, but I used my old trick, holding in one hand an even, in the other hand an odd number, and they could never guess. I began at once to call the girls by name and they did the same.² We did not stay there long and left urgently invited by them for the New Year and asked to bring Franus with us. It was rather far to Mania's sister, so I took a two-horse cab, which cost fifty copecks. There were already some strangers present but all of them a little better people, for Józia's husband was master in a factory and earned rather well; moreover she was rather well instructed. It pleased me much there, but as far as I noticed, my cousin, although well enough educated, was awfully stingy.³ I won't relate the details of my relation with Mania, for nothing important happened except that I kissed her a few times. I went there

¹ This situation shows a different social attitude from the one found among the peasants on the one hand and the higher classes on the other. We know from the first two volumes that a peasant boy or girl should associate with more than one person of the other sex, but there is always marriage ultimately in view. Among the upper classes any particular attention paid to a girl involves immediately the expectation of marriage. Here the relation between boy and girl is a flirtation for its own sake. Władek's relation with the girl in Brześć was of this type; his relation with Dora was only partly so, for there was a vague idea of marriage and a strong romantic attitude. His relation with Kazia is totally different and essentially peasant. The attitude of flirtation is typical for the lower city classes.

² He did not do this with Mania, although the relationship is less remote, because he intended to make love to her and did not wish to classify her immediately as member of the family.

³ An attitude acquired in town; with the peasant hospitality is an absolute rule. These three children of peasants — Józia, Mania, Franus — had acquired the city attitudes very rapidly, but they had come to the city in childhood and without their parents.

whenever I had free time, we often went to the theater, and in this way the time passed.

[His father visits Łódź. Introduces him at the bakery, lodges him, goes with him to look for a job as street-car conductor, etc.] When father was leaving I treated him to a good lunch, then gave him 3 roubles and Paweł gave 1 rouble. I had almost no money left. As to Paweł, I don't know. Again time passed, one day like another, and Easter came. Before Easter I bought two big *babas* [cake used during Easter], a bottle of not very good wine, some sweetmeats, and took all this to cousin Franus, for we had agreed to spend Easter in his home. I had not seen Paweł during the whole week. On Sunday morning he came to me, and we went together to cousin Franus. I had spoken to Paweł more than once about Mania, and he wanted to know her. When we came to our cousins' home everything was ready for the lunch. We divided the egg, drank vodka and began to eat, while the young and pretty hostess served us. Mania pleased Paweł decidedly, and as he was more talkative than I and somewhat more shapely, he did not need to make much effort to get her attention. I got very jealous and angry with Paweł and with myself for having brought him there. It was late in the afternoon when we finished. Then we went to the theater, and at last to a coffee-house, where we sat until late in the night. We made arrangements about the following day and the *dyngus*, but neither Paweł nor Franus knew that Mania and I had agreed previously to go the next day to Pabianice.

Next morning I went to Mania very early, and I even brought a small bottle of perfume in order to sprinkle her.¹ But what was my astonishment when I found Paweł there already, sitting very near to Mania. I did not show that I was angry, but I was. And we had agreed to go to Pabianice at ten o'clock! After a while Mania went to the vestibule as if to brush her jacket and gave me a sign with her eyes to follow her. She told me that she would not go to Pabianice. "Why won't you go?" I asked, almost in wrath, "and where is your word of honor?" Saying this, I returned to the room without waiting for her answer. A moment later she came back, but after a while she went out again, giving me the sign to follow, and asked me; "Well, what shall

¹ It was *dyngus* day, and the perfume is a city refinement of the peasant water-throwing habit.

we do? We cannot go thus, for Franus and your brother will guess." — "Listen what I tell you. I will go first and wait at the street-car station." — "All right." I went in first, and then Mania, who said: "Franus, I am going to the church and perhaps I shan't return soon, for I must go to my friend who invited me to come today." And she began to get ready. When she was half ready she gave me the sign to leave. I said good-bye to her and Franus and asked Paweł to come with me to the church. But Paweł answered: "Wait, we shall all go together, for cousin Mania is also going." — "I cannot, for I must drop in somewhere before going to the church." I left and went straight to the station. I had waited almost an hour, and Mania was not to be seen. I was persuaded that she would not come and resolved to go home, inhumanly angry. But on leaving the station I met Paweł and Mania eye to eye. Paweł was astonished at seeing me, but guessed quickly what was the matter and said. "Aha, you have a *randka* [rendezvous]. Well, well! I will tell Franus." Mania reddened deeply and said aloud: "I won't go. Go alone, if you wish." And she turned toward home. Then I pushed Paweł slightly and looked terribly at him. Without waiting any longer, he jumped into a street-car which was passing and went home. Mania was not easily persuaded, but at last I succeeded by imploring her and promising in Paweł's name that he would not betray us in spite of his threat. When we came to Pabianice it was about two o'clock, so we walked a little about the town and then went to the hotel to dine. I asked for a separate room and ordered a dinner there, a small bottle of cognac and some cakes. In the evening we went to the theatre, and then again to the hotel. Finally Mania got quite drunk and I could not return while she was in such a state, so I resolved to stay there over night. I took a room with a single bed and with the help of the waiter I carried my Mania there, almost completely unconscious. Then I ordered a seltzer bottle, some juice and half a bottle cognac, and when it was brought I closed the door and we remained alone. I began to undress her. But it is difficult to describe what was going on in me when I came closer and closer to her warm body. At last I began to cover her with kisses. I put her into the bed and drank half a bottle of soda-water, for I had not the courage to violate a senseless girl. I promised myself to take the reward next morning when she was conscious. I leaned my head upon the table

and thus fell asleep for a few hours. In the morning Mania was not to be aroused, so I took a little water and poured it upon her face, and this had an effect. Mania opened her eyes and could not understand at once what had happened and where she was. But after a moment she began to feel ashamed and covered herself, asking me about the details, in what way she got into bed here and was undressed. I related everything, how I had to bring her here, without mentioning the waiter's help, so as not to make her still more ashamed. Then Mania began to despair terribly about what her brother and her sister would say of her spending the whole night away from home. I began to calm her, saying that I had a plan ready which would get her out of the trouble, and I sat nearer to her. But she covered herself completely with the cover. I began to tear the cover from her face in order to kiss her, and if she had allowed me, it would have ended with kisses. But as she teased me, I became wilder and wilder. At last I could not hold out, I threw myself upon her with my whole strength like a wolf upon a sheep, and although she tried to defend herself and threatened to call, it did not help.

At the end she began to complain that she had listened to me and came to Pabianice. "What shall I do now, what shall I do?" she lamented. "Nothing will happen to you." — "And if something happens?" — "Don't fear anything. It happened so that you don't need to be afraid. And now dress yourself for it is near noon and time to return home." — "All right, but you dress first and leave the room, and I will dress later." — "What? Are you ashamed of me? And yesterday I undressed you and you were not ashamed?" — "Yes, but I did not see it." After these words I kissed her again, dressed and went out to settle the account, which was rather large. If it had cost one rouble more we should have been obliged to return to Łódź afoot. When I came back Mania was already dressed. [Władek goes first to Franus, Mania comes in later and says she spent the night with a girl friend] and thus the fright ended.¹ Meanwhile Franus put out a bottle of brandy which was left from the holidays, we drank

¹ The episode lacks all the social and moral elements. It is not regulated by the traditional norms of marriage; it does not reach the level of romantic love which, even in the simple form existing between Dora and Władek, is a basis of a certain life-organization; as a mere flirtation for provoking response it goes too far. Mania had no interest in it. Władek does not try to repeat it.

one glass, then another, and ate cakes until the supper was ready. At nine I went home.

I slept till noon the next day, for I had a whole week free.¹ I wrote a few letters and busied myself with my thoughts. I was, first of all, very anxious about my work, for my master intended to rent the bakery, for he did not want to have any more trouble about it. He was rich enough; he had a big stone house, began to build a second, and he did not need the bakery. He advertised in all the local papers that he had a bakery to rent and at any time somebody might take it. And then what would become of me? I should be forced again to wander. Usually every owner has his own workmen whom he has taught himself. It is true that I did not earn much, but I felt very well off. No bakers came to me, the master did not control me much, I worked alone and was my own master. I had 24 roubles of wages due, for I had spent in Pabianice with Mania the extra money I had earned before Easter in baking [the neighbors'] Easter-cakes. While I was working I never went to a tavern. In private houses, when there was an opportunity, I drank, but never too much. I had almost no acquaintances except my various relatives. Strange girls disliked me much, for I usually told them the truth, except the one who had pleased me, and even to her I sometimes said very politely what I thought about girls. And up to the present I could not find any one whom I could truly love. All those whom I knew were only good to play with. But I did not worry much about this for I was still too young [to marry]. I was finishing my eighteenth year, but time passed and I could not make any money, although I was called parsimonious. I had not much clothing — one old suit worth very little, another which I bought when I began to work, one pair of shoes, a winter overcoat, not very fine, a little linen and 24 roubles in cash. This was my whole fortune. It is true that I had paid Paweł eleven roubles back, I gave three to my father, another three were spent when my father was here. Washing of linen cost me almost fifty copecks a week, cigarettes cost something also, and often when I had time I went to moving pictures.²

¹ Some bakeries are closed because the people have a surplus of Easter cakes, etc.

² His periodically returning moods of reflection are typically peasant (cf. Vol. I, *Introduction: Theoretic and Aesthetic Interests*). Normal life is essen-

Thus I reflected till evening came and I went to meet Paweł. We walked about the city, talking of Mania, with whom he was even more in love than I. He asked me where we had been and what we had done. Of course I did not tell him everything, only what I thought possible, and I begged him not to betray us to Franus. Suddenly Paweł asked me to promise him not to go any more to Mania. "Why?" — "Because I confess openly that I have fallen in love with this girl, while you are only playing." — "And how can you know that I am only playing? Perhaps I love her also." — "I don't see it in your behavior. And you and love are contraries. Tell me how many girls have you had whom you loved in the same way as Mania?" — "Oh, stop annoying me and don't turn my head about such things, for I am already angry with you for getting into my way. You have girls enough among your acquaintances, who are, as you boast, very intelligent and rich. Why do you need Mania? I have none except her, and leave her to me; don't get in my way." I said this almost in wrath. "I only regret that I took you there." Talking thus we came to a shooting gallery. I must add here that Paweł was very nervous and liked to boast. So it was now. He began to boast that he would hit oftener than I. So we made a bet that if he hit the mechanical tiger in the eye once in three shots I should cease to call on Mania, and if not he would not disturb me. Paweł shot ten times, and could not hit the tiger. I hit on the second shot. After this we walked a little more and Paweł left me very angry, saying that we should try our luck some other time.

Once I had not been to my cousin's for a week and longed much for Mania, so I went there on Sunday afternoon but found the door closed and both of them out. [Walks in the direction of Mania's sister's house and finds there guests and a christening.] I noticed that a rather young and very handsome man was talking

tially practical and the main subject-matter of Władek's thought is always the practical economic situation; sexual life plays a secondary rôle and we never find him during these periods thinking about any general theoretic problems. But while his intellectual level in this respect is hardly higher than that of the average peasant, he likes to show intellectual and æsthetic interests, and we have in this an intimation that even the æsthetic and intellectual life has originally a practical character — that they are connected with social expression and based on the need of social response and on the desire for new experience, ideas being substituted for experiences. This point is developed in Volume IV.

continually with Mania and she smiled at him rather amiably. This did not please me at all. I knew that the young man's name was Malicki, but I did not know at all who he was. He did not look like a workman but rather like some official [clerk]. So at the first opportunity I asked who this gentleman was. The host explained that he was a technician who was employed in the factory where Mr. Sz. worked. I was very much grieved, seeing that I had really a strong rival. So without waiting any longer I went and brutally, without begging Mr. M.'s pardon, invited Mania to dance. She did not refuse. During the dance I asked her whether she was already in love with Mr. M. But she answered that she could not get rid of him, for wherever she turned he followed her, so that she was almost ashamed. In dancing I behaved toward Mania rather freely, as with an old acquaintance, but I looked to see what he thought about it. He was probably as curious to learn who I was as I was curious to learn about him, for after a moment he arose, approached the host, and I noticed that they talked about me for their eyes turned toward us. Then I talked with Mania still more boldly and we laughed merrily. I did it intentionally in order to frighten my rival away at once and to show him that he had no chance. At last I led Mania to a seat and sat down near her. But then somebody asked her to dance, and Mr. Malicki, seeing that the chair near me was free, sat down and began to talk with me. I knew at once that I had to do with a very instructed man, such as I liked to discuss with when I had an opportunity. During the conversation the matter came to gymnastics and duelling. He told me that he had at home various apparatus for gymnastics, and also a stick in which a sword was hidden, a revolver and a rifle. "If you wish, I can show you all this, for I live here in the next house."—"All right," I answered, but I thought in my mind, "Surely he tells me all this in order to frighten me; but I am not a coward by birth either." And I measured Mr. Malicki's person. He was taller than I, but not heavier. We talked further, for, as he confessed, he belonged to the socialist party. [Visits Mr. M.'s apartment and finds that "he had not lied at all."] If my cousin had not been in the game I should have been very glad of this acquaintance with Mr. M. He had also a book-case full of books and said that he could lend me as many as I wanted. After some gymnastics Mr. M. took two bottles of beer from a closet and treated me with

it, asking how I was related to that girl with whom I danced. I answered him: "She is my cousin and my betrothed." — "Hum! Then you have a mad luck, for I should be ready to take her away from you if it were not so." — "Oh, what is the need of your doing it? You can find more suitable matches, and leave this one to me, for I am a stranger here in Łódź and it will be difficult for me to find anything suitable." — "Don't fear. If she loves you really I shan't be able to take her away even if I wish it." We talked awhile longer and went back to the christening, where the guests were already merry. We joined them, already in good relations and feeling no anger toward each other. We danced in turn with my cousin, but when Mr. M. went to dance with her he asked her whether it was true that we were engaged. She got very angry and after the dance approached me, saying: "Have you proposed to me already, my cousin, since you say that I am your betrothed?" — "Not yet, but it may happen tomorrow." — "And are you sure that I will accept you?" — "Almost sure." — "Oh, don't be so sure." And she left me quite angry. After this conversation I came to the conclusion that my cousin loved me as much as I loved her. We amused ourselves, having nothing else to choose. But I resolved not to let her go so easily and to rivalize a little with Mr. M., for nothing like this had ever happened to me [to be left by a girl]. I did not care much if I lost her. As some girls called me without a heart — well, let me be so really. For I never had the idea of marrying Mania. She was not such a girl as I wanted, and I had never yet met such a one among all the girls with whom I was acquainted. Then, I did not yet think about marrying; I had learned only from books to make love, and nothing more. For, to tell the truth, did a girl who at the first meeting allowed herself to be embraced and kissed merit a steady love? Could I be sure that she would not do tomorrow with another what she did today with me? I sought a girl to whom I should have difficult access, whom I should be obliged to conquer by all my resources. I should have respected and perhaps even loved such a girl.¹ But I had not

¹ The matter can hardly be explained, as it usually is, by rational considerations — that the girl who was easily won will be as easily won by others in the future. We cannot go into this question, but certainly Władek, with his traditional background, needs the traditional familial form of courtship, which assumes the character of a socially important process.

had such a girl and I did not care much for those whom I had had; it was nothing but a distraction. It was the same now; Mania went away angry, but why should I mind her being angry if I was not?

After these reflections I rose and went to dance with her, and she accepted. During the dance I asked her why she got so angry with me, whether only for my having said that she was my betrothed. "Yes," she answered "for I am perfectly sure that this will never happen." — "And if it happens, what then?" — "Nothing. But don't think that I am so stupid and did not know you after our excursion to Pabianice. If you loved me really would you have behaved so? Would you have allowed me to get drunk? But you wanted to amuse yourself with me, and you were interested in my drinking as much as possible. Tell me, don't I speak the truth?"¹ Instead of answering I laughed at her very just reasoning. "Yes, my cousin, you laugh, for you know very well that I speak the truth. But if you tell every boy that I am your betrothed you will frighten everybody away from me and I shall sow the rue. So please don't do it any more." — "I see, my Mania, that you are really in love with this Mr. Malicki. If you want it really we may know one another no more, as formerly, since I am a disturbance to you." — "Don't even tell me that I am in love with him! Moreover he is not for me, such a ceremonious young man. And you don't disturb me at all. I am very glad that we got acquainted and are friends, only don't talk so any more."

This happened on Sunday, and on Tuesday I went to Franus. Mania was not yet back from her work, and her drawing-book lay upon the table. I began to look it over. [Finds in it a picture post-card and puts it in his pocket. Mania returns an hour late and says she was detained by work. Wladek finds, on leaving, that the card is from Mr. Malicki, inviting Mania to walk. He imitates the card, returns to Mania's the next day, throws the imitated card under the table, picks it up in such a way as to attract Mania's attention, who seizes it and burns it. Wladek watches Mania and observes her meet Mr. M. after work and stop in a café. Conspires with Paweł to trap Mania. Paweł imitates the writing of Mr. M. cleverly and writes a note inviting Mania to meet him and have cakes in a café. They are to meet

¹ Mania realizes the abnormality of their relation. (Cf. p. 207, note.)

her instead, and Władek plans to "give her a couple of blows with a stick upon the back and drive her home, telling her the whole truth to her eyes."]¹ For a long while I continued to walk with Paweł, talking about the manner of acting in case she came to the appointed place. For Paweł did not know what we had done in Pabianice; this remained still our secret. As soon as we separated I went home, ate dinner, and walked to my cousin's. I found them both at home, but Franus went somewhere to his friends and we remained alone. Mania began to inquire why I had called so seldom during the last week and whether I was angry with her. "Angry with you? Why should I be? You gave me no reason. I was twice here but you came home very late from your work and there was no time to talk. Moreover you would not have paid much attention to me, for you would have had to hurry with the supper. But tell me, Mania, how is it you are not afraid to walk back alone from your work? When you came on Tuesday it was quite dark." — "Why should I be afraid? I don't carry any money with me and nobody will kill me. Moreover, upon Piotrkowska Street people are always walking, so I have nothing to fear." — "It is all right if you are not afraid. I said it only that you might guess my intention and ask me to accompany you home. It would be more pleasant for you and for me. Well, I don't know about you, but certainly for me, for now I have nothing to do from six to ten and thus we should spend our time together." — "Is it my place to ask you? It is you who ought to ask me to allow you to do it. Moreover during this whole week a boy accompanied me every day and even treated me with cakes." — "Who was this boy?" — "No, I won't tell you." — "You need not tell me, for it is easy enough to guess. I know that you have no boys except Mr. M. and only he could have accompanied you and offered you cakes. Now tell me, have I not guessed right?" — "Yes, you have guessed, but what does it matter for you who accompanied me?" — "In fact it does not

¹ They do not realize their meanness. The whole situation is so new (*cf.* p. 207, note 1), that they have no norms to apply to it. The norms of chivalry are almost unknown in this class, and those which traditionally control the pre-conjugal relation cannot be applied. Therefore the primary attitude of jealousy manifests itself without any restraint. Moreover, as they conceive it, Mania is cheating them, and therefore she, and not the rival, is made the object of their vengeance.

matter, only you said yourself at the christening that he did not please you, and now you walk with him and evidently he pleases you.' — "Does one walk only with persons with whom one is pleased? Why, I am not marrying him yet. And I confess sincerely that I did not want him to accompany me, but he refused to yield and asked me to allow him only to walk behind me and to look at my feet." When she said this I laughed aloud at her naiveté and this confession. "Well, why do you laugh?" she asked, "perhaps you think that I lie? I don't." And here she swore, saying: "As I love God, it is true." — "But I believe without your oath that your feet [or legs; the Polish word is the same for both] pleased him. But if he had seen them without shoes and stockings, as I did, they would have pleased him still more!" — "Oh, you are bad, my cousin. You ought not to mention it at all." — "Why nobody hears us, and we know it without mentioning. But never mind, speak on. Then you allowed him to follow you." — "No, I told him to go away and not to turn my head. I told him to go to the devil. But he would not have it and walked at my side, begging me not to be angry and to allow him to accompany me. What could I do? I thought: 'Let him go' and I said nothing to him." — "Well, and what more? Where were you to eat cakes?" — "At St. Alexander Place." — "And he always accompanied you and bought cakes?" — "No, we ate cakes only three times, and on Monday and yesterday I did not see him at all." — "I believe you, cousin, but tell me, was this letter also from him which you refused to show me and burned in the stove?" — "I don't care whether you believe me or not. I would have shown you the letter, but Franus was there. Yes, this card was also from him, why should I deny that I received a card from him? It is not bad at all." — "It is true that it is not bad, but I am a little jealous and I should prefer if you allowed me to accompany you rather than him." — "Have you ever asked me or even mentioned it? Should I have asked you myself?" — "Well, all right. Tomorrow I shall wait for you. But I must kiss you for having confessed everything." With these words I began to kiss her hard. Although she cried out that I should disturb her hair I did not care, but kissed her till I had enough and only then I let her go.¹

¹ Mania's continued preference for Władek, although the other man must have been more attractive and of a higher social position, and in spite of the

Now again my cousin had put me into trouble by her confession. I did not know what to do. Perhaps she told me all this only because I was noticed by them and she knew that I knew everything. But perhaps it was true that she told him to go to the devil, for I noticed that this was rather easy for her and I had heard those words from her more than once. But what could I do? I had to believe, even if it was not true. Nevertheless I did what I intended and I threw the post-card into the box.

The next day before six I was near the shop where Mania worked and I walked up and down. Suddenly Mr. M. came from behind me and when he joined me he stretched out his hand saying: "Well Mr. W. you promised to call on me for books and I have not seen you. Why don't you come?" — "I have not time, I am almost always occupied in the evening and during the day I should not find you at home." — "Why not? I am always at home on Saturday afternoons. But what are you doing here?" — "I am waiting for my cousin, to accompany her home." — "And do you go there?" I laughed and said: "I do, almost every day, but yesterday we agreed that I should meet her habitually, and therefore you find me here. And where are you going yourself?" — "To a companion, for we agreed to meet today." Saying this, he bade me goodbye and went away, inviting me once more to come to him for books. I waited until Mania came out, gave her my arm and we went home, without stopping for the good cakes. In this way I drove my rival away without struggle or anger.

The next day I waited again for my cousin and accompanied her home. When we came Mania found the post-card which I had sent. She showed it to me. After reading it I burned it at once and asked Mania whether she would go to the *randka*. She answered that she would not go and would not meet him at all. "And if I invite you, will you go?" — "Yes," she answered without hesitation. "Well, then, hurry and prepare the supper for Franus, and we shall go." And we went, but not for the good cakes, as she called those at the coffee-house on St. Aleksander

fact that the question of marriage was practically excluded in both cases, is a manifestation of the usual preference shown by girls for men of their own class, and this seems in turn dependent on the community of attitudes. A man of the higher classes seldom obtains any fundamental response from a proletarian girl.

Place, but to the Grand Café where, according to our agreement, Paweł was to come. When we approached this coffee-house my cousin guessed where I was leading her and at first refused to enter, saying that she did not wish to meet Mr. Malicki. Finally I persuaded her, saying: "Why do you mind Mr. M.? We shall sit at another table." We went in, I asked for two cups of chocolate and cakes. When Paweł appeared I drew a bit of paper from my pocket and wrote upon it a few words, asking Paweł not to say anything, for she had confessed. He made big eyes without knowing what to think, but did not say a word about the post-card. We amused ourselves for an hour, accompanied her home and came back. Only then I related to Paweł what Mania had told me. "So we have nothing to do, since she has confessed everything," said Paweł. "This is a proof that she does not love him, so let us leave her in peace."

The bakery was sold, so I was again without a place. But when I went to my master on the last day he told me that I could stay till Pentecost and help him. I had to go with the drivers who brought bricks and lime for the building of his new house. After five-thirty I was free until six the next morning. During these hours I mainly searched for work. I visited almost every day one or both hostelries, but both were full of bakers. My two weeks passed rapidly. On Saturday my master paid me, I bade him goodbye and thanked him. Paweł knew at what o'clock I was to leave and came to the station, bringing a big package as a gift for mother and smaller packages for the younger brothers and sisters. He asked me to tell our parents that he would not come until he was emancipated. After a kind goodbye from him I left the city of Łódź.¹ [The visit home is without incident. Spends the usual amount of time in the house of the teacher, and Mrs. D. continues to call him her "son-in-law." Stach does not get a better position and the other children help little.] I had 30 roubles with me, so once when my parents complained the most I took twenty from my pocket-book and gave them to my mother, saying, "This is for a dress for you." But mother laughed and showed me the rest of my brothers and sisters saying, "They have none either."

¹ He does not even mention his farewell to Mania; evidently the girl dropped completely out of his consciousness as soon as he ceased to see her.

Meanwhile a week passed and I began to feel bored with doing nothing. So I prepared to wander, although I had no idea in which direction I should go. Though not with joy, still I had to go, for here nothing was to be done. Finally two weeks after Pentecost, I left Bogusławice, very sad, for how could I be merry? I was already somewhat acquainted with this wandering and I knew that I must stretch my hand out like a beggar in order to save my life. Lucus accompanied me for a long way and wept when we separated; I did the same. I went first to Kłodawa and there asked all the bakers, but there was no work. I stayed over night in a bakery upon the stove, having as a bed some empty flour-sacks, but in the morning I could hardly recognize myself, I was so powdered with flour. I resolved not to sleep in bakeries any more, but always somewhere in a village, in a farmer's house. [Visits five other towns with no success and finally returns to Łódź. Goes to the "bungler-hospital," looks for work and does not show himself to Paweł or any of his acquaintances. After two months gets work for five weeks during the vacation of another workman. Saves thirty roubles, buys a new suit, etc., and is about to show himself to his friends, when his valise and new clothes are stolen.]

My despair had no bounds. I wept, I searched, I informed the police, but nothing helped; they could not find it. In the beginning I suspected my companion and he suspected me. After some days of vain searching I ceased and loafed again about Łódź, without a place to sleep, without anything to eat. Seeing that I should not find my way in Łódź, I resolved to wander away, but I was unwilling to do it alone, so I began to persuade my companion in misfortune, whose suit was stolen with mine, to wander with me. He agreed. We took our passports from the police office and two days later we were already wandering in the direction of Warsaw. But we gave our word to each other that we would wander until we both found work in the same town.

My companion's Christian name was Walek. I did not even know his family name, for everybody called him Walek. He was not much liked among his companions, for he kept company too much with *smyruses* and with maids who served in Jewish houses and fed him when he was without work. Moreover, he pretended to be very clever and boasted that he knew how to

do everything. He played the part of gentleman, which did not suit him well, for he could neither read nor write. But he carried the best papers in his pocket and whenever he came to a hostelry he asked others to read them aloud, for which he treated them, if he had money, for he liked drinking very much. I did not pour the liquor behind my collar either [never refused], but I drank otherwise, for I never lost my reason in drinking. At this time I had no money at all to drink, and I was glad if anybody treated me. More than once I had even joined the *smyruses* just to eat and drink a little,¹ for there were many days when I was hungry, and the day was good on which I could buy a loaf of bread and half a pound of blood-sausage, drinking water from the well. I could have lived better if I had shown myself to Paweł, who certainly would have helped me. But I had not the courage and was ashamed because of my torn clothes. Being in such a position, I felt well with Walek, who knew better how to find a living, was bolder in asking anybody for something, pretending always to be satisfied with his condition. He was always whistling, while I was almost always weeping.² Not once, but thousands of times I cursed my life and the day on which I went to learn to be a baker. As to the girls, they had vanished long ago from my head. I had not shown myself to any cousin, and even if any of them saw me upon the street she did not recognize me, I looked so ugly. And as the proverb says, "For trouble the best remedy is drink," so it was with me. When I got tipsy

¹ The habit of searching for work and the latent idea of respectability keep him from falling to the level of pauperism at this point.

² The difference corresponds to the difference between original lack of organization and secondary disorganization. Walek's life was never organized on any steady basis; therefore he does not measure his actual situation by any external standards of living, and feels relatively satisfied with it. This is the type of the so-called "born" vagabond, criminal, pauper. Wlodek represents the type of man whose activities were organized, at least to a certain extent, and who has dropped from his earlier level, because of an insufficient organization, under the influence of unfavorable social conditions, or through alcoholism. He preserves for a time a superior standard and is unhappy as long as the ideas and habits corresponding with an organized life are not completely forgotten. This is the so-called "socially produced" criminal, vagabond, pauper. In reality the primary attitudes may be the same, but in the one case they are partially opposed by socially acquired attitudes, in the other they are not. The distinction can therefore be reduced to that between lack of organization and actual disorganization.

I forgot for a moment about my misfortune and went to sleep somewhere upon the grass. So I was glad to have Walek's company, for more than once he brought me something to eat from some cook, but neither he nor I had a penny. I took the linen which I had, wrapped it in a blue apron, tied it with a string, Walek did the same, and one morning we left Łódź, cursing it heartily.

I won't describe all the cities and towns through which we passed, for nothing important happened there. [Arrived at Warsaw they are at a loss what to do, and ask a night-watchman where they can sleep. He directs them to the poor-asylum, but a tipsy socialist overhears and gives them supper and lodging.] When our benefactor was snoring pretty regularly I arose and said my prayer, for I never went to sleep without it, but I was ashamed to do it before our benefactor, for I knew from novels how such gentlemen look upon prayer. Even Walek laughed at me when I said my prayer, but I did not care at all for him and his laughter. After breakfast I received a necktie, for mine was not in a very good condition, and our benefactor gave me besides half a rouble, all the rolls and sausage which remained from the breakfast, and explained how to get out of Warsaw. We thanked him very warmly and left.

We could do nothing in Warsaw, for there was no hostelry and no *giszynk*, and the bakers lived in private lodgings and searched for work as every one could [individually]. But we had no money to stay in Warsaw and to take a lodging. It was late already when we crossed a bridge to Praga, on the other side of the river. There we found on the corner of a street a sign: "Petersburg Road," and thinking that it led to Russia, we resolved to go this way, having no idea where and through what towns the road led.

[At Jabłonna (frequented as a summer resort) there is work for one, and it is offered first to Władek, but he holds to his agreement not to take work singly. But the master urges him to begin work, and he feels that this can be avoided only by running away. Walek goes to the shop for their bundles while Władek waits at a certain point. Walek leaves his papers with Władek as a guarantee that he will return, but accepts the work himself, and returns with two *smyruses* and forces Władek to give up his papers.] They went back to Jabłonna but before they arrived they dropped into a tavern. Meanwhile I stood helpless, with tears in my eyes

from grief that Walek had acted so brutally toward me, and left me alone. Mr. Julian and his master had asked me first to stay, and I pitied Walek, while he could leave me without regret. But suddenly a thought quick as lightning flashed through my mind, to outdo Walek while there was still time and to stay myself for this work. Let him wander, since he is so good. And I passed from thought to act. I passed the tavern in which Walek sat with his companions without being seen by them, gave the master my papers, and he gave me half a rouble. Then I went to the bakery, undressed, took my apron and began to work. After awhile Walek came with his companions and what was his astonishment when he found me at work. [They want to beat Władek but the master sends them to jail.] The next morning they were set free and came to the bakery. I had finished my work and was lying upon the bed, but Walek approached me and began to ask my pardon, and to beg me to go wandering with him again. But I would not even listen, for I had had one lesson from him already and he had shown me that he was not a good companion. I told him this and turned to the wall. Then Walek began to weep and kissed my hand, begging me to go with him. I was unmoved, but I gave him forty grosz and a few rolls and lay down to sleep, without talking with him any more. And thus finished my wandering with Walek.

I spent my days in Jablonna merrily enough. Almost every day I made excursions either to the Vistula or to the forests of Count Potocki. I went in the evening habitually to one garden, where a student played the violin very beautifully and I liked to listen. At that time I got acquainted with a maid, a German, who served with some people from Warsaw and came with them for the summer. She was a very kind and pretty girl and she liked flirting very much. She often brought various cakes to be baked, and in this way we got acquainted, not only I, but Mr. Julian, for we became good friends and made all our trips together. Whenever we had time we went in the evening to the maid, for then she was also free and we could walk. Finally things went so far that we persuaded her to go with us after the season to Vilno, for Mr. Julian and I had decided that after the end of the season we would both wander there. Well, we persuaded her to go also and she agreed.

After eight weeks the season was over and some people began

to return to Warsaw, so I was dismissed from work, while Mr. Julian was to work still for four days. I was waiting for him in Jablonna and spent all the time with the maid. We had made an agreement that we would not foolish with her in Jablonna, but only in Vilno. We intended to take an apartment there and to go to work, while Mina — this was her name — would cook for us. In a word, we were to keep her as our common wife and she had agreed to it. But I did not like the part of the agreement that we should not foolish with her now, for I had much time and I could have used it well. But I would not break my word. During these four days I spent whole nights with her [*sic!*] We went far beyond Jablonna, there we sat down upon the grass and Mina endeavored by all means to compel me to foolish, but I resisted the best I could. She called me an old woman, a bloodless fellow and many other names, and I had to bear all this. It happened that she lay upon me herself, tickling me and bringing me thus to wrath. So it was every night during these four days, and I felt really sick, but held out. On the fourth day, when Mr. Julian was dismissed, we went to drink some beer and talked about Mina. I began to dissuade Julian from taking her with us. What should we do with her? We had not much money, and it was still a question whether we should find work in Vilno. It is true that Mina had, as she said, almost 70 roubles, but the journey would cost much, for she had a big trunk and a lot of bed clothes. Moreover I pitied her greatly, for I was sure that we should waste everything she owned and leave her finally, and she would remain alone in a strange city without anything. It was a pity to bring disaster upon such a young and silly girl. Mina was nineteen years old, but without any experience, for really she must have been very silly to agree to something like this. Mr. Julian could not decide immediately to part with Mina, and said: "What do I care? If we don't find work in Vilno we shall leave her and go further. What troubles you? She has clothing enough and bed clothes; if necessary we can sell it slowly and live upon this." But I refused to agree with him and I had to use all my eloquence to persuade him that we did not need her at all. Finally I succeeded, and Mr. Julian agreed with my proposition.¹ We decided

¹ We may accept Władek's statement of his motives, but there is a curious contrast between the way in which he feels bound in his relations of companionship with Walek and Julian and the lack of any feeling of obligation

positively not to take her but not to tell her this either, simply to run away from Jablonna. When the evening came, we went to Mina and then all three of us took a walk beyond Jablonna, Mina said that she had everything ready, her passport and her salary, and she could spend this whole night with us, for she did not serve any more and was ours. So Mr. Julian took her by one arm, I by the other, and we went out of Jablonna and sat down at the edge of the forest. The night was warm and we resolved to spend it outside. Mr. Julian proposed to eat our supper there, and we all agreed. He went to buy something to eat and to drink, for which Mina gave the money. I was glad that he went away for I intended to foolish with Mina. I was no longer bound by my word. It was not difficult to do, for she was ready long ago and at last the moment came. Julian returned with a rather large package of food, a bottle of vodka and three bottles of beer. We began to eat. Mina was quite unceremonious with us and called us by name and when she got a little tipsy, she became very merry, calling us her husbands. . . . At dawn we returned to a Jewish tea-house, which was open during the whole night. There we stayed till six in the morning, and the train was to leave at ten. Mina went to take her baggage on a cab to the station while we went to the bakery for our bundles. We decided to do thus: When Mina came we would amuse her with talking and when the second bell struck we would send her to the ticket-office to buy a ticket. Meanwhile we would hide in a car and before she found us, the train would move and she would remain. It was impossible to find any other arrangement. [This is carried out as planned.] Mina did not suppose, poor girl, that we would play her such a trick. But it was better for her to remain, for she had money

toward the girl. He simply assumes that they will exploit her and leave her as a matter of course. This might be explained on the ground that the only binding relation with a woman is the familial one of marriage or blood connection. But as the solidarity Władek manifests with regard to his companions has not its source in traditional organization there must be another reason. It probably lies in the limitation of the relation of the girl to the sexual element, so that all the attitudes that are able to give to this connection a moral character are left outside. The proportion of the feeling of obligation would then depend on the amount of social elements present in the relation with the other sex — none in a purely sexual connection like this one, relatively little in flirtation, it increases in the romantic and pre-conjugal stages, and reaches its highest form in the conjugal relation.

and could find a place at any time, while if we had taken her, what awaited her? Misery to the last degree. And we should have had only reproaches of conscience for having pushed an inexperienced girl into the mud. While she had lost only a few złoty for the supper last night and for the cab today. This was nothing in comparison with what she would have lost in going with us, and she had had one more experience. Thus ended our flirtation with a maid in Jablonna.

Julian and I came by the suburban railway to Warsaw. Julian had there a married sister, and we went to her, having together 20 roubles. We had put our money into a common fund; we were to draw from it equally and to try to see that it was never exhausted. Julian persuaded me to buy an accordeon, for he knew, as he said, how to play very well. I had nothing against it, and we bought one for five roubles, and Julian really played very well. We spent a whole week with his sister, walking about Warsaw and looking at her beauties. On Monday of the next week we started "*per pedes Apostolorum*" to Vilno.

[Three weeks wandering through small towns, living on *giszynk* and sometimes lodged by peasants, but doing very poorly.] Once when we were resting near a manor-farm and planning to enter the next village toward evening my companion drew out his accordeon and began to play. When he had played a few pieces a small boy came out from the manor-house bearing upon a plate two big pieces of bread and 40 grosz of money, which he gave us. We were very much astonished at this help for which we did not ask. Probably some merciful lady thought that we were playing before her house in order to beg in this way, and gave us the alms, for which we were very grateful to her. But suddenly a splendid idea flashed through my mind, and I shared it with Julian. "Do you know? now we shan't suffer hunger any more." — "How is that?" — "Well, if you will you can play before every one of the many houses we pass on our way, and they will give us to eat, and perhaps even a few grosz. Is not my advice good? Here nobody knows us, we have trouble, we ought to try not to die of hunger." He promised to try tomorrow, although he was very much ashamed. Meanwhile the evening came and we went to the village for shelter.

The next day we started on, looking about us for a place to play. Thus we came to the house of a railroad section-boss and I told my companion to play. And he did well, for we received

bread, milk and 20 grosz in cash. This made him bolder and he played with more confidence before the following houses. And our condition grew better at once. We were never hungry and every day almost half a rouble was added to our fund. If we saw any buildings, even farther aside from the railroad, I remained with our bundles and he went to play, and he always had some profit; at least 4 grosz and even a zloty often fell into our hands. As soon as he began to play, boys and girls gathered around and listened to the music. Finally some one of them, bolder than the others, always invited us to go to the house and play there. We did it without hesitation, and then it always went well. We got for supper bacon with eggs and a good breakfast in the morning, and we slept in the house. In this manner we came to Grodno. But it was late and we delayed our entrance into the city until the next day. We sat down near the garden of a section-boss, but it was some superior one, for the house was nicer and the garden bigger than usual. As we learned later, it was indeed a *dziesietnik* [inspector, having ten hands under him]. My companion began to play the accordeon, but only as for himself. Suddenly a young and rather handsome man appeared. When he came to the fence he leaned against it and listened. When my companion finished playing, the stranger began to talk with us. He inquired where we were going and who we were. We said that we were sculptors [stone-cutters] from Warsaw and were going to Vilno in search of work. Finally he asked us whether we would not eat something, and when we answered that we would, for when traveling it could not be despised, he told us to enter the garden and led us to a nice arbor where he invited us to sit down and asked us which milk we preferred, sweet or sour. We said sweet, so he went to the house and after awhile came back saying that his sister would bring the luncheon at once. During the conversation we learned that he was a printer and worked in Vilno. There he married and after a year his wife died and now he was staying for some time with his parents in order to forget [cease to grieve] about his wife. But evidently he had not forgotten her, for when he told us this, he cried. We tried to persuade him that there was no reason to cry now, for crying would not bring his wife back from the other world. Then his sister came, bringing bread, butter, cheese and milk. When we had eaten he brought his violin and played a little. Meanwhile the sun was

setting and we had to bid him farewell in order to search for a night-shelter. When we arose he asked us whether we were going away. "Well, we must, because we have to find a night-shelter, for night is coming." — "Please wait a little, I shall ask my father; perhaps he will let you stay over night. For I must tell you that the section-bosses are forbidden to keep strangers over night, but perhaps my father will make an exception for you when I ask him." [Remain over night.] The next day after breakfast we wanted to leave, but they refused to let us go and invited us to stay with them for a few days and to rest. We spent thus a whole week doing nothing. We angled, went shooting in the forest near by, read books, of which our friend had enough, and the week passed rapidly. They wanted to keep us longer, but we refused positively and wandered on, bidding goodbye to these good and hospitable people. They gave us a food supply for the journey, and our friend accompanied us for a long way, almost to Grodno.

In Grodno, as in so many other towns, we found no work, although we did not omit a single baker. Thence we went in the direction of Vilno, again along the railroad-line. My companion played the accordeon whenever he could, so we suffered no hunger and we had a few grosz. In one village where a shoemaker lived we had our shoes repaired. Thus, without any important adventures, we came to the neighborhood of Vilno and searched for night-shelter. We found bad people who refused to admit us into the house at all but told us at once to go to the barn, and sent us there cold potatoes and a bowl of sour milk. We did not eat the potatoes, but we began to eat the milk. But hardly had I taken the third spoonful when I found an enormous spider. I looked at my companion, whose attention at this moment was turned in another direction, and threw the spider away. Then I said that I did not want to eat any more, and my companion finished the milk. We slept very badly, and early in the morning we went to Vilno. But there again we found no work. When we finished visiting the bakeries, it was evening and we found night-shelter in a Jewish bakery, where a Polish journeyman worked. We had indeed 6 roubles, but we were afraid to spend money, for we did not know what awaited us. The next day we went to mass in the chapel of God's Mother of Ostra Brama [image reputed miraculous] and after the mass intended to go further in the direction of Riga. But we met upon the street a few bakers whom we recognized

from their clothes, powdered with flour. We approached, greeted them in our manner and asked them whether they knew anything about any work. But they were without work, like us. They asked us where we intended to go. We said that we were going to Riga, and there we should see what to do later. But they began to dissuade us strongly from going in this direction, for there we should find no work, and the winter was near. "Go rather in the direction of Kowno, there you may profit better." We agreed that they were right and started to Kowno, but only the next day. We spent this night again in the Jewish bakery upon the oven. I was really tired of this wandering and I should have been glad to work anywhere, at least for a few weeks. But since we had left Warsaw we had found absolutely no work. Our feet ached badly from continual walking, for although we never made more than fifteen wiorsta a day and sometimes even less, still we had blisters upon our feet, and we soaked them in water wherever we found it. So I did not want to leave Vilno, but I had to.

When we went out of the town we met three girls who were going in the same direction. We began to talk with them, and we learned that they were going to Kalwarya, to a festival. Each girl carried a rather large basket with *zakąski*, so when we reached a small forest, we sat down to rest, the girls took out their food and treated us, and my companion played the accordeon in return. We parted in Kalwarya. There were two bakers here, but they needed no journeymen. We started on, but now it began to get worse. It rained hard, we got quite wet, and thus we came to a village rather late and could find no shelter. The people did not understand Polish, and we knew no Lithuanian. We went from house to house, but nobody wanted to admit us, and we left the village quite wet and cold. Happily, beyond the village was a single farm, and there we were admitted. But there was no fire in the stove, and so we went without supper to the barn, in which there was not much straw either, but at least it did not rain upon our heads. We slept, closely pressed to each other. The next day it rained again and we could not go far, for we tried to shelter ourselves from the rain. We were hungry as dogs, for in the rain my companion could not play, and even if he could there was nobody for whom to play. We met nothing but poor villages, and whenever my companion took out his accordeon before a house he was at once driven away without being given anything.

They said something in Lithuanian, which we could not understand. And so we wandered for some ten or fifteen days, not along the railroad, but along a highway. Our fund began again to be exhausted, and misery looked into our eyes. Moreover it was autumn and it rained almost every day. And more than once I cried bitterly.

Once it began to rain hard about noon. We could not travel, so we sat down under a barn, waiting for the rain to pass, but we waited in vain. An old Lithuanian came out of a cabin which stood behind the barn and noticed us sitting under the barn, and completely wet. He approached and began to talk Lithuanian, but we did not answer, for we understood nothing. Then he began to talk Russian, and I knew this language well. He asked us why we were sitting here instead of going into his house. I answered that we were waiting for the rain to stop and we did not enter the house for we were not sure of being admitted. Then he inquired whence we came and where we were going. We lied as much as we could in order to dispose him favorably. Finally he invited us to his house.

In the house, O my God! dirt, darkness! The smoke pricked our eyes, for there was no chimney at all and the smoke which came from the clay stove filled the room and got outside through the windows and doors. The walls in the room were as black as soot. There was no bed, only a double wooden shelf; upon the higher shelf the parents slept, upon the lower the children. When it got dark they did not light any lamp, for they had none, only if some light was needed the housewife drew a piece of burning wood from the stove, and the sharp smoke pricked our eyes. We exchanged not a word with anybody except the host, for nobody understood either Russian or Polish. And the host himself was not very talkative. So we sat upon a bench, my companion and I, from time to time going outside to breathe some fresh air. When the supper was ready, a bench was drawn to the middle of the room and soup was poured into a single big bowl. We were invited to eat with them and given wooden spoons and a big piece of bread each. The bread was baked of flour ground at home in a stone mill and black like the holy earth. The soup was something like a cucumber soup, for bits of raw and unpeeled cucumber swam in it, but my companion and I, we could not eat it although we were very hungry. First, it tasted very bad, and then there

were some snivelling and dirty children who ate very indecently. A cat rubbed herself against our legs, and the children beat her with their spoons and afterwards dipped these spoons back into the bowl. Such was the order in our hospitable host's house! But even thus we were thankful to him, for we could dry ourselves a little and we ate a big piece of bread each, and this meant something also.

The second week was nearing its end since we had left Vilno. We had only one rouble altogether, and it was still far to Kowno and the walking hard, for the road was muddy. On Sunday afternoon we came to a large and rather nice village at the beginning of which was a big manor-house surrounded with a beautiful garden. I began to persuade my companion to play, for he had lately lost all wish to play, because everywhere he was driven away. Now I succeeded in persuading him, but with difficulty; the hunger which we both suffered helped my persuasion. He went, and I reminded him to ask rather for food than for money, for there was no place to buy any food. I soon heard him begin to play, and sat down waiting for the result. When he had played two pieces there was silence. I thought that he was driven away again and expected him to come, but for a long time he was not to be seen. I was curious and rose to go and see what had happened, and to help him if he needed help. But then I saw a butler in livery coming in my direction. He asked me: "Are you the companion of the man who played the accordeon?" — "Yes." — "Then come with me." I followed him. He led me to the kitchen where my companion was already sitting at a table upon which there was enough of everything — boiled meat, roasted meat, a good soup. Toward the end of the dinner a girl brought two glasses of beer which we had to drink with pauses, they were so big. When we had finished eating the girls asked us to play, and began to dance. More and more girls came and all of them danced. There was also the farm-manager and the farm-clerk, the butler, the chambermaid, some young drivers and manor-maids, and they all danced as much as they could. Finally the proprietor himself came with his wife and two girls, one fifteen and the other thirteen years old. When he came in all the dancers stopped and rushed into the corners, but he told them not to interrupt their dancing, and approached me, for my companion was playing. He was in the uniform of a Russian officer, but I

could not yet recognize what rank he held. I arose in order to show my respect, but he told me to sit down and began to inquire who we were and why we were traveling. I was afraid to lie for he could have asked me to show our papers, so I told the truth and related to him about our journey and its aim. He sympathized much with us, but could not help us. Finally he asked whether I knew how to dance. I answered that I did not, for how could I think about dancing in my present condition? Moreover my shoes hardly hung upon my feet. But my companion said that I could dance, and the proprietor, without listening to my explanations ordered me to dance the oberek which I danced well enough. So in order to satisfy him I went to dance with his older daughter who danced willingly and not badly. After the oberek I danced a waltz with the younger daughter. The proprietor applauded, and then went with his family into the garden, while I sat down again. Thus, amusing ourselves rather merrily for wanderers, we did not even notice how the evening approached and it was time to think about night-shelter. Perhaps this lord would have allowed us to sleep somewhere, but we did not dare to ask him and prepared to leave. They gave us again a supper before starting and wrapped many various meats into paper and gave us these with half a loaf of bread for our journey. The proprietor sent us, through his younger daughter, money wrapped in paper, separately for each of us. We thanked the little lady nicely, bade goodbye to the chambermaid and butler and started, for the sun was already very low.

We did not ask for shelter in the same village, for there were some buildings to be seen not far away. When we drew nearer we saw that it was not a village but a single cottage with garden and farm-buildings, a so-called "*hutor*." Usually it was I who went to ask for shelter, for I knew how to speak Russian and I imitated the long Lithuanian accent. Here I went also to ask, but I did not need to go inside, for a young girl stood upon the threshold. I approached, drawing my hat off while I was still a few steps away. Although she was a country girl, she did not run away as others did, but listened to my request, and then said, with a marked Lithuanian accent: "All right, wait a little. I will go and ask my father." After awhile an aged but powerfully built Lithuanian, with a big pipe between his teeth, came out and asked me whether I wanted night-shelter. When I said yes, he

said: "Please call your companion and come in, for when the guest comes into the house God comes into the house" [old Polish proverb]. I called my companion, and the Lithuanian led us into a room beautifully furnished, not in the Lithuanian way. He asked us to sit upon a sofa, sat down with us, offered us tobacco to make cigarettes and we talked of the news in the world, where we had been, what we had seen — in a word, we found a very talkative and good Lithuanian to whom I wish long health for his goodness and hospitality. After awhile his wife and daughter came, for he had no other children, and I saw that he loved his only daughter deeply. His wife and daughter were not worse than their husband and father. The daughter's name was Marya, and she was a very pretty little Lithuanian, talkative and sympathetic. When we had talked enough about various matters, Marya asked my companion to play the accordeon. He did it immediately and played several pieces. And before we had the time to look many young people came into the room. And I don't know whence they came, for as far as we noticed there was neither village nor cottage near. They began to talk among themselves of dancing a little, but nobody dared to begin. From this it can be concluded that the old Lithuanian enjoyed consideration and respect in the neighborhood. Finally some bolder boy, probably the son of a farmer, approached the old Lithuanian and kissed his hand, asking him for permission to dance a little. The old man laughed and gave the permission, and the dance began. I also made a few turns with Marya, for she pleased me much, but soon she disappeared and I did not dance any more. I asked the old man where she was gone. He answered that she went to help her mother.

The old man continually treated me with tobacco and led the conversation. I inquired also about Lithuanian customs and he related to me in detail about them, and I learned from him many various things. Thus we amused ourselves for almost three hours. Then the old man whispered me to tell my friend to stop playing and to come to supper. I told him this. He put the accordeon upon the sofa and we followed the old man through two rooms, also nicely furnished, into the third, which was a kitchen, large and clean. In the middle stood a table, covered with a clean table-cloth woven with various designs, and covered with plates. There were eggs fried upon bacon, freshly baked *pierogi* [cake filled

with meat, cabbage, mushrooms, etc.), *bliny* [flat fried cakes of buckwheat, oats or potatoes], fruit, bread, dry sausage — in a word, nothing was lacking. For a long, a very long time I have not seen a table so dressed. Our old man said: "Please sit down and eat what God gave, for, 'What the house is rich in, it is glad [to offer].'" When we sat down, the old man crossed himself, we did the same and began to eat. But all that stood upon the table did not decrease much, for there was too much, and we were not very hungry, for we had filled our stomachs pretty well in the lord's house, thinking that we should go to sleep without supper, as often happened. After supper we returned into the first room, where the dancers were still waiting for us, and soon dancing began again, but it did not last very long, for at ten o'clock the old man drove all the people away. He led us to a separate and very decent room in which we were to sleep, but not both in one bed. I slept upon a sofa and my companion upon a bed. There were many pillows upon both of them, and feather covers. The bed linen was fresh and white. The old man asked us whether it would suit us to sleep here and said: "If you lack anything, please say so." But what could we lack? We answered that we were well satisfied. He shook hands with us and went out. When we were left alone, we began to inspect our beds, which seemed too clean for us. To tell the truth, we did not dare to lie down for we were not sure whether we had not some little "Egyptian rams" [lice]. During our wandering about the world they might easily have been bred, and we did not want to bring any to a house of such a good and hospitable host. So without hesitation we unbound our bundles and took fresh linen which we had washed ourselves. It was not washed very properly, for in cold water and without soap, but at least there were no lice. We changed our linen and lay down. We slept like kings. I could not remember when I had slept so well, nor could my companion. We said our prayers and fell immediately asleep. When we awoke we found a wash-bowl, a pitcher of water, a towel, and even a comb. We regretted leaving such a comfortable bed, for we did not know how long we should have to wait for another like it. As soon as we had dressed and washed the old man came to say good morning and asked us how we had slept. Instead of answering, we began to thank him very much for so comfortable a lodging. He asked us whether we were ready for breakfast, and told us to follow him.

We wanted to take our bundles, but he did not allow us, saying: "Let them remain, you may take them later." The breakfast was no less copious than the supper. After breakfast we wanted to bid the hospitable old man goodbye, but he would not listen and said that he had bread enough to treat us for a few days. He asked us to rest a little in his house. In the beginning we hesitated a little, but in our souls we were very glad to get some relief, and finally we stayed four days more with the old man. He led us about his whole farm and showed us his riches, saying that he would give all this to his future son-in-law. Here I thought that it was a pity that I did not live nearer, for it would have been worth while courting both the well-educated Marya and her dowry. Alas! "The sausage is not for the dog," and the daughter of the old and rich Lithuanian was not for me.

In the evenings the old man related to us about Lithuania, and I told him stories from the books which I had read. Sometimes I began to tell him something which he had also read and then we discussed the questions of this book we praised or blamed its heroes, etc. And thus four days passed pleasantly and rapidly. We regretted to leave such good people, but alas! we could not remain there always. On Thursday we left the house of the old Lithuanian, with stores of food and our pockets full of fruit.

Hardly did we come outside of this hospitable neighborhood when we met the farm-manager of that good lord who had treated us. The manager was riding and paid no attention to us. Nevertheless, my companion took his hat off and saluted him almost to the earth. But the manager pretended not to see it and rode further. I began to abuse my companion for greeting such a brutal man, who did not even deign to return the greeting. We quarreled and did not talk to each other. In such a state, a few days later, we approached Kowno. He remained in the country and I went to the town, and since then we have never met again in our life. It is difficult to judge who was right. The cause of our separation was that manager, who appeared upon our way like an evil spirit. My companion tried to prove that he did not notice his greeting, while I said that he would not return the greeting to such tramps as we were. And thus we had quarreled for four days. But near Kowno we divided the food which was left, he took the accordeon and I the money, of which there was almost three roubles. We shook hands and parted,

as I said above. And we were both such fools that neither would propose a reconciliation.

In Kowno I spent the night in a Turkish bakery, but I found no work and wandered in the direction of Suwałki. Tears were my steady companionship. And there was reason enough to cry, for almost from every door I was driven away. I traveled through a country where most of the villages were inhabited by the peasant nobility, those who had the proverb in old times: "A cottage nobleman is equal to a *wojewoda*." But I shall never speak well of them. Instead of "nobles" it would be better if they called themselves "brutals." When I happened to get into a village where such a nobility lived — God forbid! It never happened that any one of them would keep me over night; they always said: "This is a village of nobility; it is forbidden to stay over night." If any one of them had given me at least a bit of bread! It was fortunate for me that there were also not nobles, and these gave me something. Else I should have had to die from hunger among the peasant nobility.¹ But I held out through all this and arrived at Suwałki. [In Grajewo finds work at 2 roubles a week and begins to think of clothes and girls. Goes with another young baker] and he showed me where every girl lived. Finally I bought an overcoat and shoes, and agreed with my companion to go to the girls, but in the following way. He was to go first, and I was to follow him after an hour, pretending to seek him. Then he was to introduce me. He went first, and I walked a little around the market-place and then entered the house. A woman asked me what I wanted, but I had no time to answer her when my companion, recognizing me by my voice, came into the vestibule. We pretended that we had not seen each other on this day, talked for a while in the vestibule

¹ The peasant nobility had the same political rights as the other nobility, but socially its position was little above that of the free peasants. It consequently tries by all means to isolate and differentiate itself from the other peasants. As there is little or no difference of fortune, instruction, etc., this is the only means of keeping its alleged superiority, since the political privileges have disappeared. There may be a political reason also, since the peasant nobility of Lithuania had participated in all the uprisings against Russia and was afraid of spies.

and then he led me into the room, turned to two girls who sat sewing at the table, saying loudly: "I introduce," and then sat down, while I remained at the door, for I never had seen or heard such an introduction. My companion, knowing so well how to behave [irony], made a fool of me, for really I looked like a fool standing there near the door and not knowing how to act. Finally I understood the situation, approached the girls, and extended my hand to them. I did not stay long, I did not even sit down, and I left saying that I had no time to stay longer today. The girls must have known already about my visit for they tried to keep me longer and knew who I was. But I could not stay for I was awfully ashamed that I let my companion make such a monkey of me, so I left promising to stay longer another time. But this was my first and last visit.¹

Once my master was helping me in my work. It was late at night and his son had not yet come home. The master closed all the doors so that his son could not get in otherwise than through the bakery. About one o'clock the good son returned. His father began to scold him. As long as his face was turned toward his son, the latter stood humble, but as soon as his father turned away the boy made various gestures which were very insulting to his father. I could not look at it without aversion, and when it was repeated a few times I gave the master to understand that he should turn rapidly around. He did it and saw with his own eyes what his son was doing. Then he gave him a good beating, during which he said that it was I who told him to look around. As soon as his father let him go, the boy threatened me with his fist, saying: "Wait, cholera, I won't forgive you this." It is true that I did not fear him very much, but I never liked to have enemies near me,² and I reproached my master for having told it.

¹ Exhibition of the importance of social formalism, particularly among the lower classes. The awkward behavior of his friend deprives Wladek of the only form of beginning social relations with which he is acquainted. Thus the importance and rigidity of social forms are proportionate to their poverty and definiteness. The aristocracy is reputed to be the most formal class, but there the forms are so numerous and flexible that one well acquainted with them finds a socially sanctioned form in every situation. The awkwardness of the parvenu results from his adhesion to some particular forms.

² An expression of the desire for social response in its negative form. Not the consideration of the danger of having enemies but the unpleasantness of meeting hostile attitudes is the main factor of harmony in a primary group.

"Well, it slipped unintentionally. But I think you are not afraid of him." — "I am not afraid, but nevertheless it is not nice of you to have told it and I regret that I advised you to turn around, for now he will try to avenge himself. Well, it is done."

About this time my master's cousin came — Mr. Aleksander, whose parents lived also in Grajewo. He came very often to the bakery and we became friends, for he was not at all older than I, but very serious. He was preparing himself to be an officer. When I finished my work, I went usually to his room and we learned together, that is, he learned [aloud] and I listened, putting various questions, which he explained to me. And I learned much from him in matters of astronomy, geometry, arithmetic and geography. He tried also to explain to me some physics, but I could not grasp it.¹ Once we talked about girls, of whom he knew many in Warsaw. So we resolved to write letters, each to his girl, and to see which of us would get an answer sooner. I wrote a letter to Lubotyń, to Kazia, and he to Warsaw. In my letter I wrote that even if the hell's gates should divide us, I would tear them open and get her.² Here I must mention that since I left Bogusławice, I had written no letters to my parents and had had no news from them. Only from Suwałki I wrote a letter to my brother Aleksy asking him to send me a passport, for the yearly period of the one which I had was ended. Aleksy sent me the passport and wrote a short letter in which he abused me much, calling me a tramp, a scamp, etc. But what could I do? I did not wander for my pleasure; may God guard my worst enemy from such a pleasure! I was obliged to tramp for the sake of bread. And how many tears it cost me when I thought that all my brothers sat in warm rooms and had enough to eat and where to sleep, while I was beaten by wind and rain, hungry, driven by strangers from house to house in search of a night-

¹ This kind of unsystematic knowledge has certainly helped to develop Władek's self-conceit. In general the excessive pride of self-taught men, which we shall find typically in Vol. IV, is due to two causes. — the difficulty they had in acquiring knowledge makes them appreciate it highly subjectively, and the lack of systematization allows them to notice only what they know without being aware of the whole region of science beyond their knowledge; for only when science is assimilated in the form of a system or plurality of systems the vastness of its field can be realized.

² This outburst is probably imitated from the extravagant novels to which he subscribes in parts, and is a device to produce a quick response.

shelter. Could this be called a pleasure? So I preferred not to write to anybody, lest I should hear the same as from Aleksy. I soon received Kazia's answer, even sooner than Mr. Aleksander received his. The letter was as sentimental as mine. Kazia wrote that the school was burned and a new building was built of burned brick and much larger [etc.].

Meanwhile our apprentice became more and more sleepy every day, and when he worked with me he nodded from the beginning of the work like a Jew at prayer. But as soon as the work was over he ran out to loaf, either to coast or to throw snowballs at the passengers. And so it was every day. I did not want to beat him lest he should run away again. Moreover, I was indulgent, for when I was a boy myself I liked to loaf, but I was not sleepy. And misery would beat him enough later on and was beating him even now, for there was an awful misery in his parents' home. His mother refused to accept any money from me for washing in order that I might better teach her son, but I did not permit it and always left her dues upon the table. I threatened Stefan, I begged him, I promised him finally to give him a good licking, but this did not help much. I gave him even to understand that he should leave the baker's work and learn something else. I related my wanderings and lack of work, I showed him those old and ragged bakers who sometimes wandered through Grajewo and some of them stayed over night in our bakery. But it made no impression upon him. Moreover he knew neither how to write nor read; I even begged him to learn and gave him once twenty grosz to buy a primer. He bought it, it is true, but he did not learn. How often Mr. Aleksander tried to persuade him to learn! But even this helped nothing. Finally I lost patience with him and went to complain to his mother. The mother told me to beat him if he deserved it, only to make a man of him. I advised his mother also to apprentice him to something else, but she did not want to take the trouble, and so things remained. Now, if Stefan nodded at night during the work, I often gave him a fillip. Then again I gave him a slight stroke with the dough, and so it went on. For if he had only nodded — well, never mind. But when he was sleepy, he spoiled my work. When he had to put the rolls upon a board, he put them in a single heap, and I was forced to make them over.¹

¹ All this is evidently said in justification of his subsequent behavior.

Thus things went on until there was a fair in Grajewo. Four weeks were left until Christmas. We had very much work, so the master came to help us. I warned Stefan not to sleep, at least in the master's presence, and not to spoil the dough, for it was a shame for me to allow him to do it. We shall see how he listened. When we began to make the rolls, there was no help from Stefan at all. As usual, he put them into a heap and spoiled them, and the master laughed at me for allowing the boy to do it. The master stood at the right and I at the left of the boy. Finally, after a few fillips and strokes with the dough — and when this did not help — I got very angry, stepped back and struck Stefan upon the face with all my strength, with the palm of my hand. The stroke was so unfortunate that I drew air into his ear [*sic!*]. Stefan, although he was sixteen years old, fell down upon the master, who said: "Well, you have given him too much." I took water and poured it on Stefan's face, for I felt a great pity for him, but the harm was done. When he arose blood began to drop from his nose and water from his ear. He sat down and began to cry, without doing anything, but I did not care for his help. I hastened to do my work and his, being in a great fright, for water did not cease to trickle from his ear. When morning came, Stefan went to his mother and with her to a surgeon-assistant, who came with them both to my master in order to write a report and to sue me before a court. For, as the surgeon said, the membrane was broken in Stefan's ear and it would cost much to cure him, and I was to pay for it. But all this was done secretly, that I might know nothing, for Stefan even came back to the bakery, as if nothing had happened. [Advised by the master to run away.] I was very angry with Stefan and with myself — with him for having brought me to this, that I was obliged to strike him. Of course I did not mean to strike him so hard, and then, could I have expected such results? And then I was angry with myself, for why did I strike him? Would it not have been better to leave him in peace? Then I could have worked as long as I wanted, while now? Cold, snow, and I must wander and

The boy was somewhat subnormal, at least physically, as the result of under-feeding, and Władek's impatience grows as he compares him with himself as he was during his apprenticeship. This measuring others by the standard of one's own personality is a source of self-righteousness, particularly in view of the tendency to idealize one's own personality.

tramp from town to town until I find work again. And shall I find it? This was still a big question, for if in the summer there was none, what about the winter, when everybody tries to keep his work as best he can? But what could I do, poor fellow? Remain and sit in prison? This did not please me, for I had never been in prison. No, this was not good either; I preferred to wander. And again I began to curse this dear baker's work. For what shall I come to? I thought. Perhaps I should be obliged to tramp thus about the world during my whole life. Really, if I had had a bottle of vodka at this moment, I would have drunk like a sw[ine] in order to forget at least for a moment my situation. I was not a drunkard and I had had no [strong] liquor in my mouth since we had drunk with the maid in Jablonna. But tomorrow I promised to treat myself.

[Hires a sleigh and runs away, to the neighboring Szczuczyn. Wanders to Łomża, then to Płock. Half frozen, full of self pity, thinks of home, and wanders thither to his parents. The trip takes about two weeks and leads through a number of towns. Reaches Bogusławice on Christmas eve.] When I approached Lubotyń, it was rather dark and I could pass without attracting the attention of my acquaintances. But passing near the house of my brother-in-law, I looked through the windows and the sight made me cry. I saw a Christmas tree nicely dressed, a table covered with white cloth, and plates put upon it. Then I knocked loudly at the window and went away, crying. When I passed near the school I noticed that my brother Stach and the brother of my brother-in-law came out from Mr. D.'s house. But I did not let them recognize me. I only felt still more grieved, and crying, with downcast head, I went to Bogusławice. For really, I had reason enough to cry, thinking about myself and my family. No one of my family even thought how much I had suffered since Pentecost, how much hunger and cold I had borne, while they were sitting in warm rooms and well fed. But what do they care, even relatives, if their own brother suffers there, in the far world, hunger and misery, provided they don't feel it themselves? Toward my mother I was bolder, and thus now, leaving my sister aside, I hastened to my mother, in order to weep before her and to complain about my misery.¹

¹ The whole attitude toward his family — desire to show himself only in a decent state, expectation of being treated as a tramp, etc., — shows a com-

I knew well the custom of my parents, that there was always one cover too many on Christmas eve, so I would take it.¹ I was also sure that before the first star they would not begin to eat. Soon I stood under the window of my parents' home. When I looked in I saw them sitting already at supper. I looked up and saw not one, but thousands of stars. "So I am late," I thought, but I did not care to knock at once. Standing there under the window, I heard mother say rather loudly: "Where does our Władek eat supper today?" I did not hear anything more, for I cried aloud, and then I fell upon the earth and lost consciousness, either from all these thoughts which pressed themselves into my head, or perhaps from exhaustion, for I had had nothing in my mouth since morning. I don't know how long I lay there, and it would have been better for me not to rise any more. But I rose and looked again into the window. Nothing was changed; evidently, occupied with themselves, they did not hear me behind the window. My head ached terribly. I must have struck it in falling down. I did not look any longer, but knocked at the window, which roused everybody. . . . When the inquiries were over and I had washed myself, mother began to prepare the supper for me, saying: "It is a pity that you did not come a little earlier, we should have sat down to supper together." — "Never mind, I saw you eating and did not want to disturb you." — "And where were you?" asked father. — "Behind the

plete change in the character of the family. The latter has really become an equivalent of the community. The individual attitude to which it corresponds is the desire for recognition, not the desire for response — vanity rather than sentiment. This is one of the manifestations of the degeneration of the traditional forms of social life. We have seen (Vol. I, *Introduction: Economic Attitudes*) how economic attitudes that at first correspond to the communal life are later, with the growth of individualization, applied to familial life; the community becomes identified with the outside world and the attitudes which formerly found their expression in the individual's relation to all the members of the large family are limited to one or two (sometimes arbitrarily selected) members. Exactly the same decadence is observable in Władek's case; in the absence of a permanent community, the old and rich system of steady social relations is reduced to the family as milieu of recognition and to the individual members (the mother, Paweł) as objects of sentimental attitudes.

¹ The cover is for "the guest beyond the mountains," and the meaning is half social, half mystical. The guest may be a wanderer, or originally a religious being.

window," I answered, "and only when mother said my name, I swooned and my head pains me still from having struck a clod." Then again all the voices arose, for one heard a stroke, another a tap, mother again heard as if somebody were crying. . . . First we divided the wafer and I drank a glass of brandy, which I have not had in my mouth for a long time, for I had no money to buy it. After the supper we sat until late in the night and I related my adventures during the travel. Then we sang a few *kolendas* [Christmas songs] and went to sleep. I slept with father in his bed, but first I washed myself entirely and changed linen; I had none of my own and mother gave me father's. In this way ended my wandering of almost a year. Next morning I rose early, for I went to the pastoral mass, and called on my brother-in-law to divide wafer with them. They wanted to keep me for the whole day, but I would not even listen to it, for if I stayed I should be obliged to take my overcoat off, and then I should show my impossibly worn-out suit. I promised to come to vespers. On that day I was not in Lubotyń at all, only the next day I went to vespers, after which I stayed long into the night in my brother-in-law's house. Kazia and Pelagia came also and stayed for supper. Then everybody began to laugh at us, that is at me and Kazia, about that letter which I had written her from Grajewo. Kazia always carried that letter on her breast, but once she forgot it and it got into the hands of Miss Pelagia who carried it to my sister, and the latter told everybody about it, and only those did not know who did not want to know [everybody knew]. My brother Stach and my brother-in-law's brother Kazimierz knew it also. After supper we amused ourselves with conversation. Kazia sat in front of me, Stach and Kazimierz aside. Suddenly they took each other by the hands across the table, so that they divided us, and Stach said: "Well, Władek, you promised to throw hell's gates open and to get Miss Kazimiera, now try whether you will tear our hands asunder." I did not move from my place, but Kazia reddened like a cherry, arose from her place and said, very angrily: "What do you think, Mr. Stanisław? Am I an object of your jokes? Did I come here to have you laugh at me? It is not nice to behave so, Mr. S." Saying this, she left the room without bidding goodbye to anybody. All of us asked her not to leave, and her sister, who was then talking with my sister, even caught her by the hand, but she tore herself away and left us.

After this I became the object of the jesting and scorning of Stach and Kazimierz, and my brother-in-law helped them. I answered, but weakly, for I did not want to make any one of them angry with me. I was small [humble] and I had not the courage to pay them as they merited, for I thought that, if not today, then tomorrow or in a month I might need them. So I preferred to be silent, although in my mind I called them great fools. They took their caps, drew them off, and asked one another for *giszynk*. Then again they made a bundle, took it under the arm and a stick into the hand and walked about the room, crooked, in imitation of me. I looked with tears in my eyes while they laughed at my misery. There would have been no end of it if my sister had not scolded them. About eleven I left Lubotyń with a grudge against those who dared to scorn at my misery. Since these Christmas holidays my relations with my brother-in-law grew quite changed. I lost my sympathy with him, and with Stach also. For it was well for my brother Stach that our parents had given him instruction, although they got poor through it. In my opinion he should have thanked God that he was not obliged to wander and to try this pleasure. But at this moment I could do nothing, only I decided that I must earn enough money to start my own business, and then I would repay them. I resolved to leave as soon as possible in order to find some work quickly. With such ideas I came home and lay down to sleep without supper.

Two days later I called on Mr. and Mrs. D. Mrs. D. reproached me for allowing Kazia to be insulted in my presence. But I excused myself at once saying: "Is it my fault if the whole community knows about the letter? I wrote only to Miss Kazia and here I see that everybody knows about it. Why did Miss Kazia show the letter? If nobody had known there would have been no laughing." Then Kazia cried out in wrath: "It is this swine who stole it!" and she pointed with her finger at her sister. And they began to quarrel, until the entrance of Mr. D. interrupted the conversation about the letter. . . .

The next day my brother-in-law, my sister and Stach came to Bogusławice and we played cards. I sat down to play, to tell the truth, not for pleasure but for profit, for I hoped to win a few copecks for my wandering. I borrowed 10 copecks from Lucas, for I had not a grosz of my own. Fortune favored me, for at the

end of the play I had 60 copecks in my pocket. I gave Lucus 10 copecks back and 50 were left for the journey.

Meanwhile I began to prepare for the wandering. But at the mere idea of it my skin shrank, and I feared it like fire, for I did not know myself which way to go, and the winter was severe. I resolved to start on Monday, so on Sunday I went to Lubotyń to bid farewell, first at Mr. D.'s then at my brother-in-law's, but I did not stay long, for I was not disposed to talk. Before I left Stach told me that if I passed near Mokrsko I should call on him. The next day I started, although my parents wanted me to stay at home for a week more, "For you might freeze to death somewhere," said mother. But I left in spite of her words, having 1 rouble in my pocket, 50 copecks which I won at cards and 50 which my mother gave me. My shoes were repaired at my father's expense, my trousers patched and my linen washed.

I did not know myself where to go, and I walked thus for a few wiorsta. If somebody had asked me where I was going I should not have known what to answer. Only on the way I resolved to go through Tomaszów, Piotrków, Radom, Lublin. My wandering would not be so bad, for I met many towns on my way and I usually visited two in a day, but the awful cold and snowstorms oppressed me. I came to Tomaszów after two weeks, without finding any work even for a single night. Beyond Tomaszów governmental forests spread out, in which the tsar had a shooting every year; in these forests is the tsar's castle called Spala. In order to get to Piotrków, I had to pass through these forests. In the forest it was warm enough, for the wind did not reach there. I had only 12 grosz with me, but I did not fear hunger, for in the forest were big heaps of carrots, turnips, parsnips and around them whole herds of deer, boars and wild rabbits. I often approached such a heap and took whatever I wanted, and the good beasts said nothing and even were not much afraid of me. And thus I walked till evening, meeting no house, and I began to be anxious. Suddenly I heard a rattling behind and hope entered into me that perhaps this man would take me to some village where I could find shelter for the night. But I was

greatly mistaken, for when the cart came near me he struck me with his whip over the head so that the end cut the skin on my neck, then he whipped his horses and drove away. Really, if I had had a revolver with me, I would have killed this beast like a dog, for he was not worth more. But I was powerless, and he was far away, so I sat down and wiped the blood away, washing my neck with snow.¹ Meanwhile it began to get dark in the forest and I had no shelter for the night. But I went forward, hoping to meet finally some village or hut. I kept along the telegraph poles in order not to lose my way, but I did not know that these poles went in various directions about the forest, connecting the foresters and game-keepers. [Almost freezes; taken in by a game-keeper. Wanders further through many towns, with no success and after ten weeks finds himself in the neighborhood of Mokrsko, where Stach is teaching. Resolves to go there. There is a fair in Wieluń, and he visits the taverns in the hope of finding some one who will give him a ride to Mokrsko. Some rich peasants to whom he addresses himself recognize his resemblance to Stach, who is teaching their children. This makes everything easy and Wladek is feasted enormously, driven to the neighborhood of Mokrsko, and kept over night in the house of one of the party, the under-mayor of the commune.]² But I could not sleep, worried as I was with thinking how would Stach receive me. And even if he received me well I could not stay always with him. I had been ten weeks on the journey without finding any work, and I had no idea how long I should still be obliged to tramp about the world, and where was the end toward which I was going. A moment came when I wanted to rise, to

¹ The contempt, suspicion and hate of the peasant for the vagabond have their source in (1) the attitude of the settled member of a permanent community whose whole situation is socially known, whose life is socially determined, who feels behind him the sanction of the group and knows himself to be in perfect accordance with the authority of tradition, and (2) the undetermined, insecure, socially non-sanctioned status represented by the vagabond, and in general by any person who has either no permanent social milieu or whose milieu is not known. The wandering musician and the country beggar have functions to perform (the latter, so to speak, peddles blessings) and the peasant has a place for them in his system.

² As a brother of the teacher he is treated as a member of the community. It is notable also that Wladek is always well treated by the German immigrants, who have a place in their system for the wandering journeyman.

take my stick and to go where my eyes would carry me in order not to see any men, whom I envied everything. For example, today such a peasant as the under-mayor had allowed himself to spend almost ten roubles on drink, and he knew that his own house and warm food awaited him. And who awaited me, who looked out for me? Nobody. "Brr!" I muttered, rose from the bed and began to walk up and down in the room. I heard a dog barking and I envied even him, for he had his kennel and received food from his landlady and his landlord cared for it that nobody should steal him or kill him, for he would lose his watch and shepherd. And to whom was I necessary and what for?¹ I could give no answer to myself, and again I approached the bottle and drank, in order to deafen those painful thoughts. Again I lay down upon the bed with my legs hanging, and wanted to sleep at least for a while, but I did not succeed.

[Driven the next morning to Mokrsko, he does not stop at the school but goes immediately to Stach's lodging.] I undressed myself completely and put on my brother's suit and shoes. There was water, so I washed myself. Hardly had I finished when a woman came in, greeted me by lowering her hand almost to the floor, and began to clean the room. But I did not allow her to take my clothes; I gathered them and hung them myself and threw my shoes behind the stove, for I was ashamed to show her my old clothes. I lighted a cigarette and went on the porch,

¹ The vagabond lacks a steady social background, a group of a determined composition and a permanent set of practical conditions. This social background makes certain demands and imposes certain obligations, but it gives also a feeling of security which the individual cannot obtain outside of a steady social system. Now the problem of choosing the vagabond life or the normal life depends upon how far the individual appreciates the security or fears the obligations, and this depends on his original attitudes and previous training. Evidently Władek, with his strong desire for response and recognition, has the appreciation of security very strongly developed. And thus his periodical passages from vagabondage to settled life is explained. Between the two, steady life-organization or change, he evidently leans toward change, but between liberty from obligations and social security the latter is more important for him. His action depends therefore upon which side of the general problem is in the foreground — the question of change as against regulation, or the question of liberty from obligations as against social security. And it is natural that a long stay in the same conditions, not satisfying his desire for change, causes him to forget the question of security and to wander, while a long wandering arouses the desire for security.

waiting for Stach. Before I finished smoking he came and we greeted each other in a brotherly way. Stach did not recognize at the first moment that I was dressed in his clothes and said: "Well, but you look well and decent enough for such a wanderer." — "Yes, decent enough, but look close and see whose clothes these are." Stach came near and laughed sincerely, saying: "See here, how rapidly he managed to dress himself in my clothes! Well, but you did all right, for yours probably look deplorable." — "What do you expect? You saw them in Bogusławice, and since then I have not worked for a single hour." — "For the sake of God, Władek, what are you doing? What will become of you? Almost three months have passed since Christmas and you have tramped during this whole time! Where have you been? But wait, you will tell me later, for I must now go to the school and tell the children to learn." He went and came back after a quarter of an hour, saying: "But probably you have not breakfasted yet, and I forgot to ask you." And without waiting for my answer he sat down, wrote a note, called a boy from the school, gave him the note and told him to go to the shop. Then he called the woman who lived also in the school-building, to whom he paid eighteen roubles a year, and who cleaned his room, cooked his food and washed his linen. He told her to prepare tea and to put water upon the fire to boil the sausage which the boy would bring. "Why did you send for sausage? I have mine which I received from the under-mayor's wife." — "From what under-mayor's wife? I don't understand. Speak more clearly." Here I began to relate how I had wandered and what had happened to me, and how I met the under-mayor, how he treated me and sent me to Mokrsko. I did not forget to tell him to look well after Franek, as the under-mayor had asked me to do. Stach sometimes laughed at my adventures and sometimes gave advice, such as, "Could you not have thrown a stone at that *Ham* who struck you with the whip?" or, "could you not have been more attentive? Then you would not have lost your way in the forest," and so on. While I related this, the boy had come long ago from the shop. Among the things which he brought was a bottle of alcohol which Stach mixed with berry-juice. The tea stood upon the table, and also warm sausage, so we drank a glass each and Stach told me to eat, while he went to the school. At noon the woman brought a rather good dinner. After dinner there was singing

in the school, and my brother played the violin. At four, when the children began to leave the school, Stach called Franek and told him to thank his father nicely: "Tell him that I will do what he asked me." Stach told the woman to bring tea, and we ate some of the sausage which I brought. During the tea Stach asked me whether I knew how to play preference? "I know," I answered. "And have you money?" he asked me, laughing. "I have one zloty." — "Oh, that is not enough, for we play more expensively." He lighted the lamp, and so we sat and talked until seven. Then Stach gave me 3 roubles, saying: "Take this for card-playing, but try not to lose the money." — "And where shall we go?" — "Not far away, to the commune-secretary. I go there almost every day." Here he began to teach me how to talk and how to behave.¹

It was not far to the commune-office. Stach introduced me to the secretary, his wife and his daughter, Miss Ewa. We did not play at once, for we waited for the farm-manager. Usually the fourth place was occupied by the secretary's wife, who played very well. At nine she interrupted our playing, and gave a rather fine supper, during which the subject of conversation was my wandering, for Stach said, laughing, that I was continually tramping about the world. Numerous questions began at once, where I was, what I saw. I related only things which I considered suitable and I acquitted myself well, for everybody laughed much and Stach was satisfied with me, for later, when we left, he said: "Where have you learned to talk so, you wild man? I thought that I should be ashamed of you, but I was mistaken."

After supper we began to play again and played until one o'clock. The secretary's wife and daughter kept company with us, for in this game one player in turn is always free, and the ladies could talk with everybody. After the party the manager began to calculate points, but the secretary said: "Gentlemen, I don't know who has lost and who has won, but I propose to consider our play of today a mere amusement and not to pay

¹ We see that Stach is not so egotistic and devoid of familial feeling as Wladek has represented, and that Wladek's envy is not motivated by the behavior of the members of his family. The real background of the situation is the failure of the familial system under the new conditions, not the dissolution of the familial feelings in the individual. Wladek does not appreciate this, and his bitterness is against the individuals, not the system.

money, for it would not be suitable since we have a guest, and he talked more than he played. Do you agree?" — "All right we agree," we all said almost simultaneously. But the manager was curious to know who had won and who had lost, and calculated to the end. The result was that I had won 75 copecks, the secretary 35, my brother 28, and the manager would have had to pay everybody. I did not know so well how to play, to tell the truth, but Stach in giving me the money told me not to lose it, so I never went high, unless the cards were good and the winning sure. I regretted that there was not any paying, for I should have had a few copecks for my journey, but it was done. Before we left, the secretary's wife asked Stach and me to come tomorrow to dinner, and Stach promised certainly. The manager also promised to come. So I amused myself on the first evening in Mokrsko.¹

When we came home Stach asked me how I liked the secretary and his wife, and particularly their daughter: "For you see people here want to match me with her and I play politics as

¹ The party was typical for the lower-middle class, and also to some extent for the classes from which it is imitated. The general basis upon which people meet and enjoy each other's company depends of course upon the common interests they have. In the primary peasant community there is no need of creating any particular basis of entertainment, for all the main interests of life are common because of the similarity of the occupations and the identity of the social milieu, which is an object of a permanent interest to all of its members. In the meetings of young people the community of interest is present in the form of a background of sexual attitudes, considerations of eventual marriages, etc. *Æsthetic* interests (dancing, music, dress) are frequently added, and this, with the satisfactions of vanity involved, is sufficient to make the meeting interesting. On a higher level of culture the community of general intellectual interests is usually a sufficient basis of social entertainment. But with the dissolution of the permanent primary group and its whole community of interests there arises a new problem — how to create a basis of entertainment for persons who have not similar occupations, who have not a sufficient circle of common acquaintances to fill their time with gossip, whose intellectual and *æsthetic* interests are meagre, and who are past the time of love-making. Card playing appears here as an easy solution, and therefore we see it developed to an exceptional degree in the new lower-middle class, and in the higher-middle class of provincial towns. It increases also in the old classes of nobility and peasantry along with the dissolution of the communal life, and before a new sphere of common interests is developed with the progress of social reorganization. It marks here a transitory period while it assumes a character of permanence in the moveable and unorganized lower-middle class.

well as I can, and therefore I am very well off.”—“All right,” I said, “a rather fine girl. Has she much money?”—“Eh, she has a fig [nothing], not money.”—“Well, and do you intend to marry her?”—“I don’t even think about it. I have other duties which I must fulfil first. [Similar gathering again on the following evening.] On the way home I told Stach that he seemed to lead a merry life. “Oh, wait, I will show you something better; when we go to the mayor you will see how he will treat us. He has also a pretty daughter. Try to please her, perhaps she will fall in love with you.”—“Listen, Stach, do you go thus every evening somewhere, as since I came?”—“Almost every evening, unless I don’t want to.”—“In that case living costs you nothing?”—“As you see.”

[Stach is betrothed already on a romantic basis to a girl in Chocz, and complains that the parents and Aleksy are annoying him and urging him to get a better place. His plan is to do this as soon as possible and to keep his parents five years (until his marriage) but not longer. He has a standing invitation to dine with the mayor, and he takes Wladek there. The entertainment is very elaborate. The daughter is pretty and well disposed toward Stach.] Thus days passed and I should have been very glad of my visit to Stach had it not been for the thought of my wandering. If I had been going immediately to work from Mokrsko I should certainly have fallen in love with some girl, but the thought that I must tramp again about the world destroyed my wish for anything.¹ Moreover I wanted to leave as soon as possible, for I could not look with dry eyes on how he wallowed in everything and had whatever he wanted. Everybody respected and appreciated him; everywhere doors were open for him, and he prized lightly everything he had, for he had never experienced any evil or misery. For if I had only one half of what he owned, how grateful I should be to God for his goodness. And tears flowed from my eyes when I compared his lot with mine. Fortune, how unjust you are! You drive one man

¹ A very plain expression of the dependence of hedonistic attitudes upon the feeling of practical security. For Wladek love means nothing but pleasure, and the organization of life in view of pleasure is originally possible only if the essential practical problems are already solved, or if the attitude of complete negligence of them is developed, as in the accomplished pauper or vagabond.

about the world and you have no pity on him though he is whipped with wind and snow and cold stops his breath. People treat him worse than a dog and drive him away from their doors, without asking: "Have you eaten? have you a place to sleep?" And when he asks for anything they are ready to beat him, like that peasant who struck me with the whip. And what for? Perhaps this mayor would have acted likewise if he had met me somewhere on my journey, and today he sets tables for this same tramp.

What a difference between us! Why we have the same parents, the same name! And perhaps he is better considered because he is better instructed than I? In my opinion, not even for that. Or perhaps because he is nobler and handsomer? No, not for that. He merits consideration only because he has a secure existence, because he has bread. Let him wander into an unknown country; would he be better considered than I? No, a thousand times No. So if I want to merit consideration and respect, I ought first to win this [secure] existence. And how shall I win it and where? Shall I find it in tramping about the world? No, I must work, put money together and establish my own bakery. Then I can say boldly that I have [a secure existence] and even a better one than a teacher.¹

For in what respect is a handworker worse than an employee?² In my opinion, only in this, that the first lives among paupers,

¹ This is probably the moment when the idea of having a bakery of his own, which remains Władek's dream and keeps him from complete pauperization, is established as a definite practical aim, while formerly it was rather an indefinite expectation of something to come in an undetermined future. The desire for recognition is the main basis of this aim; even comfort and security are secondary. The attitude was established by the humiliations of his wanderings and the crisis is constituted by the comparison of his own situation with that of Stach, which makes him understand the strong position given the individual by conformity with social regulation.

² The current classification of the occupations is: (1) manor-owner, (2) manor official, (3) manor workman, (4) farmer (peasant), (5) citizen (house owner), (6) industrial entrepreneur, (7) merchant, (8) free professional (doctor, lawyer, literateur, scientist, artist, etc.), (9) employee or official, that is, one employed in government or private business and who does not do physical work, (10) handworker, that is, skilled workman, whether in a factory, in his own shop or as a journeyman, (11) unskilled factory-worker, (12) certain classes outside of this enumeration (clergy, army) having a special character. The classes do not correspond with the social hierarchy.

smyruses and in general brutal people, while the second from childhood is among intelligent people, and a well-known proverb says: "With whom you keep company, so you become."¹ And whose fault is it? Whose, if not the parents' who allow their sons to loaf about the street until their fifteenth or sixteenth year and then give them into apprenticeship. If it were at least real apprenticeship! But in fact they give them as *parobeks* to the master, who is not more intelligent than his own apprentice, for he knows often neither how to write nor to read and does not know how to appreciate his apprentice even if he wanted to do it. And he inculcates into them such principles as he has himself, *i. e.*, he teaches them drinking, brutality, fornication and some even teach their apprentices to steal. As the time passes, out of this apprentice grows again a journeyman and then a master. And if among them a man with better ideas is found, he gradually gets accustomed to this mob. And what do the parents say to it? They are glad that they got rid of their child and that is the end of it. Does a father ever ask his son whether the master tells him to go to church or to drink liquor, whether he gives him good advice, good books to read? No, the father never asks about this, for he does not care. But whether the master will buy him, the boy, shoes, shirts, etc.—oh, about this he does ask for he fears he may have to buy them himself.²

In such an environment I lived habitually. Well, how could I in these conditions get to a better existence? Let your com-

¹ He does not realize that the selection of the social milieu depends largely on himself, as it has done throughout his career. He rejected an opportunity at Łódź to associate himself with the intellectuals, in connection with Mr. Malicki.

² His criticism is in general correct, and this represents again the misadaptation of the old system to the new conditions. Under the old familial system the child was a value, particularly in the country; it represented an increase of the family and thereby contributed to its social importance; economically it was a burden in the beginning, but even in the sixth or seventh year it began to be useful and was an increasing family capital. When the familial system is dissolved the increase of the family ceases to mean anything socially, and the individual, particularly in the city, is only a burden, for there is no possibility of using him at an early age, and when he becomes productive it is usually on his own behalf. Therefore the attitudes of familial solidarity and pride that were sufficient to make the parents care for their children under the old system are no longer sufficient, and a new set of attitudes of personal affection and obligation must develop.

panions only know that you have some copecks, and they will take them away, even by force, and perhaps beat you into the bargain. How can you think about putting money aside for your own bakery among such companions? There is an answer, it is true — get rid of them. But is it possible? Why, you work with them, you spend with them your whole time. One time, ten times you will drive them away, but the eleventh time they will tempt you. And now I have visited scores of towns, and what did I get? A dozen lice behind my collar. And I don't know when I shall find any work, and finally perhaps they will allow me to earn enough for new shoes somewhere, and again I shall go further. Oh, really it would be better if I had not been born, or, if I knew neither how to write nor to read; then perhaps it would be easier to bear everything! I leaned my head against the table and began to cry. I resolved to leave next Tuesday, for I could not bear my misery, which appeared to me still more terrible in comparison with Stach. The entrance of Stach interrupted my reflections. Seeing that I was crying he asked the cause of it. Instead of answering, I waved my hand, for I lacked the words to express what I felt at this moment. But he did not feel it, only laughed, drew nearer and said: "Oh, I know why you are crying. Certainly you are very much in love with the mayor's daughter." I could not refrain from laughing, but then I said seriously: "Don't jest, you can guess why I am crying. You know that I have wandered for so long a time and again the same awaits me." But Stach did not let me talk about it. He turned the conversation to another subject, for I knew well that it was not pleasant for him either that I was tramping thus. He said: "Do you know, Władek, against sorrow drink is the best." He poured brandy into glasses and we drank. Soon the woman brought tea. Stach did not allow me to talk about my misery; he played the violin and the flute, and said: "After storm and lightning the sun must shine." [Stach invites Władek to stay "until it is warmer," but when he continues bent on going arranges to send him as far as Wieluń with the shop-keeper who is going there to a fair.] On Wednesday we rose earlier. I put on my old suit and shoes and drew from my pocket those three roubles which Stach gave me for cards, but he refused to accept them, saying that I could pay them back when I earned some more money. I thanked him. I took also the rest of the sausage

and a part of the hare. Stach bade me goodbye in a brotherly way and asked me to write to him. I promised this solemnly, and we drove away. When we came to the town the shop-keeper invited me to the tavern to take, as he said, one glass to warm ourselves. We drank not one, but three glasses each, and separated. I went to the bakeries, and after this bought new pants for seventy-five copecks, went to a privy, changed, and left my old pants. I went to Złoczew, Sieradz, Dobra, but there was nowhere work. [More wandering.] Finally I came to Kutno and there I stayed, for I found work as *Weissknetter* at 2 rb. 50 a week. My master's name was Krasowski. He was still young, thirty-two, and his wife was ten years younger. I must mention that she was the most beautiful woman in Kutno. Mr. K. kept two journeymen and a *parobek* and besides these a cook and a nurse for his two children. In a word, things looked rich in Mr. K.'s house. Mrs. K. was the daughter of a pensioned post-official and had two sisters in the same town who were still girls, and lived with their parents. But they spent more time in my master's house than in their own. My master's father-in-law, Mr. D. was a very old man. He wore whiskers half a foot long and white as milk. His whole work was going to church in the morning and reading papers in the afternoon. His wife was also very old, but weakly. Mr. K. had his bakery on the market-place, under the name "Warsaw Bakery," for he was a Warsawian himself. They had one good horse, a cart and a small coach. The house in which they lived had three floors, but the rest of the apartments were occupied by Jews, each of whom kept a Polish cook. The bakery was on the first floor in a back-wing of the house. Counting my master's servants, there were seven maid-servants in the house. They could often be met all together in the courtyard, in a very animated conversation. In such an environment, among so many girls, I began to work.

The bakery was rather nice and clean. As *Werkmeister* there was also a decent man, serious enough, about thirty-six years old, very sympathetic and intelligent. We soon became friends. The *parobek* was a young man, Stefan. When I got there it was near

Easter. I went nowhere, for I had no clothes, so I preferred to sit in the bakery. The lodging for the bakers was upstairs, above the bakery. The *Werkmeister* whom I shall call Mr. M. did not go out often either, though we sometimes went to the church. Mr. M. advised me not to keep company with the cooks, for the master disliked it awfully and had no consideration for such a journeyman. "Your predecessor was dismissed precisely for this." Mr. M. did not need to warn me very much, for I did not like it myself. The meals were very copious and good. I did not need to take money for cigarettes from my master, for every evening the cook brought us, with the supper, twelve grosz for sausage and I spent this money on cigarettes and washing, and whatever I earned remained with the master. I did not need to buy brandy either, for we got a glass each at lunch every day. So we never went to a tavern. Sometimes Mr. M. sent the *parobek* for two bottles of beer, sometimes I did it, and in this way I needed no money and left it with the master, that I might buy myself whatever I needed. In a word, I tried to be a decent man and soon I had the good favor of Mr. and Mrs. K. From them Mr. and Mrs. D. and the girls learned it, so whenever they met me standing before the bakery they always said something to me or laughed. But I did not try to get into a nearer acquaintance with them. Mrs. K. was also very kind to me whenever I went into the kitchen, and I had to go there every day. First I went only to the kitchen, but then I grew bolder and went straight into the room. There I often met Mrs. K.'s sisters. The older one's name was Józia, the younger one's Wikcia. They were not very pretty, but very well educated. Each of them had finished a school in Warsaw, and it was very pleasant to talk with them, particularly with the younger one. So whenever I met them we always talked for awhile in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. K. Mr. K. boasted before other bakers that he had such decent workmen, and we tried to merit this praise. We knew whatever Mr. K. said about us, for the cook and nurse informed us about everything.

Thus without any incidents, we had worked for ten weeks. Easter passed and Pentecost was near. [Mr. M. overheats the oven, resents the reproof of Mr. K. and leaves. Mr. K. gets another journeyman who is "a true baker." He drinks and has escapades with the servant girls and spoils the work. Meanwhile the behavior of Władek remains exemplary. He leaves his

salary with Mr. K. for three months and hardly leaves the bakery. Mr. K. urges him to go out and shows him a garden in which he can walk. Finally he buys clothes and shoes.] I walked now often, usually alone, sometimes with Mr. D., who liked me much, although I had not yet been in his house. But today I was no longer the old tramp; everything was fresh and clean upon me. But rumors reached me that the bakers intended to beat me, because I kept no company with them and because I fawned too much upon Mr. K.¹ But I did not care for it, for I never went to the tavern. I had always my existence in mind, that is, I always thought about establishing my own bakery and this was the only end of my life, for the wandering stood always before my eyes. Therefore I put money aside and I had enough to dress myself. The other journeymen envied me, for they saw me very often going either with my master, or with Mr. D. or with his daughters, while they never had anybody except Jewish maid-servants for company. On Sunday I more than once spent the whole afternoon in my master's apartment, and sometimes when Mrs. K.'s sisters took a drive in the coach, I accompanied them. The other bakers saw all this, and what they did not see, the *Werkmeister* told them.

Now I received very often letters from my family and acquaintances, particularly from Kazia, who in every letter gave me to understand that I could marry her. But I was not thinking about it. No changes had happened in my family. Paweł was already a salesman and earned 35 roubles a month. Stach expected to be transferred very soon, sister Marya returned to our parents, for her lady was going far away, to Wołyń, and she did not want to go with them. Father complained about want in his letters. I wrote also to Mr. and Mrs. R. in Sosnowiec asking them how Miss Dora was getting on, and soon I received an answer. In a word, I corresponded on all sides and was satisfied with my existence.²

. . . Thus came Pentecost. Mrs. K. sent us good brandy in a bottle and various meats and cakes. After breakfast I dressed myself and went to church for the main service. I returned home with the intention of eating dinner and then sleeping, but the

¹ In connection with this fawning tendency, cf. p. 90, note.

² The beginning of a settled life brings again a revival of all the social relations.

cook came and asked me to go to the room to dinner. I was astonished and asked the cook what it meant that such an honor was bestowed upon me today. The cook answered that she did not know, only mentioned that Mrs. K.'s parents with their daughters would be at dinner also. . . . I greeted both families only with a bow, for I must add that I had never yet shaken hands with the girls. Mr. K. indicated to me a chair and I sat down. Mrs. K. began to inquire why I was always so sad and not like the other bakers. I told her who I was, who were my brothers and that they disdained me because I was a baker. "Then they are silly," answered Mrs. K. But I did not allow her to say anything against my brothers and explained why they disdained me and laughed at me. Here I related in short that I had to wander and tramp, ragged, often hungry, and therefore when I came to them in such a condition they laughed at me, for they would have liked to see me always decent and nicely dressed. And I was thoughtful because I was thinking how to get money as soon as possible for my own bakery. All the listeners agreed that I was right. And Mr. K. said: "Why do you grieve? Are you the only man who wanders? Why I was also a journeyman, then served in the army, and now I have my own bakery." — "And where did you earn the money for the bakery?" — "I will tell you some other time. And now let us take a drink and that is the end." When dinner was over I wanted to leave, in order not to disturb the family, but Mrs. K. did not allow me to go, saying: "What is your hurry? Are you badly off with us?" — "No, but —" — "No, 'but,' please sit down, that's all." And I stayed and became bolder and merrier at every moment. Mr. K. asked me to sing the song which I usually sang in the bakery, and indicated the melody. When I finished everybody was pleased and they asked me to sing something more. I did not let myself be begged, and sang a few more songs, while the girls accompanied me a little. In this way we spent the time till four, when Mr. K. told Stefan to put the horse to the cart, saying that we would go to his *kums* in the country, three *wiorsta* away. [Description of the trip, without interest.] We younger people returned afoot. Mr. K. told me to accompany the girls to their house, and for the first time I was in the girls' home, and stayed there more than an hour.¹

¹ The meaning of this whole party for Wlodek is not so much the practical

[*Werkmeister* discharged for burning rolls and leaving his work to run after girls] and for a few days Mr. K. and I worked together. It was very pleasant to work with the master, for he had much to relate about Warsaw and about the army. He told me the following story of how he got his bakery:

"When I went to the army I had nothing except a few roubles, and when I returned to Warsaw I could not find any work. Then I remembered my uncle, who had at that time a bakery in Kutno. I wrote him a letter asking him to accept me as a *Weissknetter*, and in a short time I received an answer saying that there would always be work for me. I worked for three years with my uncle and put aside more than 100 roubles. At the same time I got acquainted with my wife, but I did not dare to marry her, for I had not money enough to establish my own bakery. I heard that my betrothed was to receive some hundreds of roubles as dowry, but I was not sure and did not dare to ask.

"Once my uncle began to persuade me to marry and to take the bakery from him, for he intended to leave Kutno and to establish a bakery elsewhere. 'How so?' I asked, 'for what shall I take your bakery? Why, I have no money.'—'I won't take much from you. You will give me 300 roubles for the whole business.'—

significance of being on good terms with the master as the social significance of being for the first time since he left Sosnowiec and Dora's house in a social circle superior to his own. The very fact that he remembers all the details shows the importance it had for him. And in all his conversations with the editors the happenings of this kind stood forth as the prominent facts of his life. His self-respect is almost exclusively based upon them. And this is the typical feature of all members of a society with a strong feeling of social hierarchy, combined with a climbing tendency. The value of the individual in his own eyes is determined by the attitudes toward him of the highest social class with which he comes into social contact, and only when these attitudes are distinctly deprecatory he resigns himself to accepting the appreciation of his own class as the basis of self-esteem, and when this is refused looks for recognition still lower. Of course the position of the class and the position of the individual within his class combine in determining self-appreciation, but so long as the climbing tendency is not developed the latter is fundamental, while with the growth of this tendency the most insignificant marks of favor from a few members of a superior class outweigh any respect and consideration he may have within his own class. The result is a curious social instability of the individual, who has no deep roots anywhere, and this is frequently as harmful to a normal organization of life as the unregulated tendency to change as expressed in vagabondage.

'All right,' I answered, 'but where shall I get so much money?' — 'I will give you credit, and when you marry you will give me the money back. Don't worry about money, everything can be done, only tell me whether you want to marry and to take the bakery?' — 'I do,' I answered without hesitation. I did not know that my uncle had already talked with my present father-in-law. Soon after this conversation I proposed and a few weeks later was my wedding. I received 800 roubles of dowry, paid 300 to my uncle, and 500 were left. In the beginning I worked myself and had one journeyman to help me, and now, as you see, I am almost rich and don't need to work myself. So don't worry, the same luck may happen to you." — "Yes, I believe you, but only if I had such an uncle as you." — "Eh, what do you say! Sometimes strangers can help still better than your own people."

[Mr. K. goes to Warsaw and leaves Władek in charge, promising to bring him a nice gift if everything is in order on his return.] Eight days passed, and when Mr. K. came back from his journey he praised me but did not give me any gift, as he had promised. But when the cook brought us the supper she said: "Mr. *Weissknetter*, what a nice gift the master brought you!" — "What then?" I asked, curious. "What will you give me if I tell you?" — "What can I give you unless a nice kiss?" and I pretended as if I wanted really to do it. She ran about the bakery, calling: "I will tell, I will tell!" — "Then tell me." And she said: "Well, Mr. K. brought his sister Miss Helena, very pretty and young, perhaps seventeen, only very black." — "How is that? You say she is black. I don't understand. Tell me properly." — "Well, I will tell you. She is very pretty only her hair is deep black and above the eyes also." ¹ — "And this is to be a gift for me?" — "I heard Mr. and Mrs. K. laughing and saying in the presence of the miss that when you come Mr. K. will show you the gift." I tried hard to guess what this could mean — whether he was only playing a joke or really looking for a girl for me. So I resolved to be very careful and also to try to learn from the cook what Mr. and Mrs. K. said about me. Today I did not go for the paper, but sent Stefan and told him to observe Miss Helena.² When he came back he said that she was very pretty and so plump. I did not go to the shop this evening, but next day I had to go and to ask

¹ The peasant ideal of beauty is fair.

² He shows here the suspicion and caution of the peasant.

for orders before beginning work. I talked with Mr. K. and at the same time looked through the door of the bed-room in which shone a pair of black eyes. A few times during the conversation with Mr. K. those eyes met mine and I noticed that they were very frolicsome. On passing through the dining-room I noticed that a bed had been placed there and I guessed that it was the bed of Miss Helena. On that day again I did not go for the paper, but Stefan brought it. The following day again I saw only her eyes, and again sent Stefan for the paper. But he returned with nothing, saying that Miss H. was alone in the dining-room and reading the paper. "When she saw me, she asked what I wanted. I said that I came for the paper. 'Do you read the paper, since you come for it?' she asked. 'I don't want it for myself but for Mr. *Weissknetter*,' I said. 'Then tell Mr. *Weissknetter* that if he wants to read let him come himself,' she said, and told me to go away."

I had still two hours of time till the dough grew, so I mustered all my courage and went. The door to the dining-room was closed, so I knocked and when I heard, "Come in," I entered and closed the door behind me. I said: "I beg your pardon, but may I beg you for the paper? I sent Stefan, but you did not deign to give it to him." — "I did not give it to him because I had not finished reading, but I am finishing it and I will give it to you presently. Please wait awhile." While she read, I could observe her well and I noticed that she was a dark brunette with black eyes and a somewhat dark complexion. She wore a red dress and a black apron and had nothing of particular in comparison with other school girls whom I saw in Łódź, only her movements betrayed that she was very nimble and her eyes that she liked to flirt and to laugh at boys. She was a true type of Warsaw girl. While I observed her thus she finished reading, folded the paper and stretched it toward me. I approached to take it but she withdrew it rapidly and put it upon the table, pressing it with her hand and saying: "Are you in such a hurry that you want to leave already?" — "Oh, no, I am not in a hurry at all, for I have more than an hour before I begin my work." — "In that case sit down for awhile, we shall talk." — "All right, but what about? I don't know anything with which I could interest you. You may know something, for in such a big city as Warsaw there is always something new, so tell me something, for I know little of Warsaw."

But neither she nor I could find any subject of conversation, so we talked about trifles. Miss Helena made no great impression upon me; I had already seen prettier girls. As I noticed later, she liked to talk about balls, romances [romantic novels] and the like, while I wanted a friend to whom I could pour out all my thoughts. Nevertheless I went every day to Miss Helena for the paper.

While this was going on in Kutno, I received a letter from my parents informing me that they were going to Stach, who had received a place in Strazkowice, five wiorsta from Koło. Stach wrote me that he would pass through Kutno in order to visit me, and I was very glad of this promise. And again days passed monotonously. I spent the evenings with Miss Helena, and we became friends and rather intimate. It happened that she was half undressed and sat thus in her bed, and I sat near her and flirted. Sometimes at night I helped Stefan to carry out the rolls, in order to look at Miss Helena as she slept, and often I found her uncovered and her nightgown drawn higher. So I stood and looked at her body, and then various ideas came to my mind, either to kiss her, or to lie down near her. But I had not courage enough for I was not sure how she would accept it. When the evening came I told her how I had seen her at night, and she laughed heartily. In the day time she often went to the garden and always passed through the courtyard, and I waited for her and talked for awhile. On returning, she brought me some flower every day. Once she held some yellow flower in her hand and gave it to me to smell. When I did it, she painted my whole face with this flower, laughing at me. And then — I don't know how I could dare to do it — I embraced her, pressed her against me and kissed her. When I let her go she was awfully powdered with flour from my clothes. She looked at herself, laughed and ran to the apartment. I was very frightened, for I thought that she would tell it to Mr. K. and he would scold me. But my fear was groundless; she mentioned it to nobody, only ordered the cook to brush her dress, and said that I had powdered her with flour. And when I had dared to do it once it was easier, and I got a kiss almost every evening.

Once I resolved to bring her flowers also, and with this intention started outside of the town to a certain garden to buy a few roses. But I met a few bakers, among them our former

Werkmeister, who held me up and began to inquire what was the news in the bakery of Mr. K. Finally they began to demand that I should treat them. I refused for a long time, but finally I yielded and went with them into a tavern. I ordered a bottle of vodka and *zakąski* and sat down with them at the table. When the bottle was dry our former *Werkmeister* began to make reproaches, saying that he had left through me, that I was holding too much to the master's side, and so on. And before I could have expected it, he struck me rather strongly on the face and swung his arm to strike me a second time. But he did not succeed, for I struck him with my stick on the head and ran out into the street. Of course I went rapidly to the bakery and told Mr. K. everything. He said: "It is all right for you. I told you more than once never to go with them into the tavern." [Two days later buys a bouquet of roses, but Helena refuses to accept it. He implores and threatens to tear it to pieces. She relents.] I breathed freely for I began to feel hot from shame at the thought that perhaps she really would not accept the nosegay and I should be obliged either to throw it upon the floor or, with my head hung down and the nosegay in my hand, and with a very long nose, to leave the shop. And Mr. and Mrs. K. stood behind the door and observed us till the last moment, and this took my courage away still more. I thanked her for accepting it and went from the shop into the street with a strongly beating heart.¹ In the evening when the cook brought the supper she said that Miss Helena kissed and embraced this nosegay and had changed the water more than once. Mr. K. scolded her for letting me beg so long, but she said that she pitied me, for I must have spent much money on this nosegay, and that if I had gathered the flowers myself she would have accepted them at once.

[Visited for a few hours by Stach and Lucus. War with Japan imminent and Mr. K. who belongs to the reserves] was going for the second time to Warsaw and Miss Helena intended to go with him. I had not gone any further in my romance. I went every

¹ His excitement is heightened (1) by the fact that she is spoiling the effect which he had long and carefully prepared, and the presence of Mr. and Mrs. K. made the failure worse, and (2) not to accept a gift is considered among peasants, and in general wherever the same attitudes of social solidarity are found, a serious offense, since (as we have seen in Vol. I) the gift is intended to establish symbolically a familial relation.

evening to her, I kissed her often enough, but I made no plans for the future. Whenever Miss Helena wanted to talk about it, I always turned the conversation to some other subject. When she told me that she was going away I accepted this news with my usual indifference, for as the reader knows already, I did not know how to love. One must have been blind not to notice that this bringing of Mr. K.'s sister to Kutno was not without intention, for not only Mr. K. did not try to hinder our private conversations, but on the contrary, he tried to let us meet as often as possible. I don't know what to judge, whether Mr. K. wanted me to marry his sister or he and everybody else only made a fool of me. But this latter supposition is improbable, for in that case would Miss H. have allowed herself to sit with me half undressed, as happened more than once? I had to use my will in order not to violate her. Sometimes I left the room in order not to be tempted, for if I had foolishly with her I should have been obliged to marry her, and she was not a suitable wife for me. If she had been a little wiser and more serious, I should have perhaps acted otherwise.

Just while I was occupied with the thoughts of how to act toward Miss H., I received a letter from Mr. and Mrs. R., who informed me that Miss Dora had married a glovemaker from Turek. They sent her address and wrote that they did not force her to this marriage. In the beginning Dora showed an aversion to it but later she agreed and they were living in good concord and loved each other well enough. When I read this letter I felt a deep regret for my Dora, who was now lost to me once and forever. Shall I ever meet another such Dora in my life? I had spent with her the most pleasant moments of my life. Without waiting I sat down and wrote a hearty and long farewell letter in which I scolded her a little for not having invited me to her wedding, and sent it on the same day.

Meanwhile Mr. K. went to Warsaw and took his sister, to whom I bade goodbye as usually every evening. And again I was the master in his absence, and I behaved well, so that he had nothing to reproach me for when he returned. But after his return our relations became strained. He did not show me the same regard as before and talked to me more brutally. I broke my head thinking what could be the reason of this coldness of Mr. K. and I could not understand it. Only later, when the *Werkmeister* left again because he had kept the cook too long in

the bakery, and we were working together, I reminded him of that gift which he had promised to bring me from Warsaw. Then Mr. K. laughed ironically, saying: "How is that? Did I not bring you my sister? It is not my fault if you are a gaper." — "Well, how could I guess that it was destined for me, this gift in the person of Miss Helena?" — "It is a pity," said Mr. K., "perhaps I should have brought her to the bakery or to your room?" I answered nothing, for I did not want to talk any more about it, because I saw that the master was very angry. And now I could guess easily what was the reason of his changed behavior.¹ Slowly I lost also my old sympathy with him; I never went any more for the paper, for the orders I went to the kitchen only, and there Mr. K. met me.

[A new *Werkmeister* is engaged. He is a dangler after women and in his society Władek "foolishes" with cooks. The reservists are now being gathered in Kutno.] Every day more and more people flowed in, and we could not make enough bread. Our hands fainted from rolling of dough and our legs from standing. For we stood without any rest twenty-two or twenty-three hours every day. These two or three hours we were obliged to rest, for the dough had to grow. Nevertheless, Mr. K. did not improve at all, but became more and more brutal toward me and manifested his superiority, while it was not so formerly. So I resolved to change my place. I would have done it before if I had not feared the wandering. Winter was approaching so I stayed and bore patiently everything, believing that it would change. But there was no change, on the contrary, every day it got worse. So I resolved really to leave—I only waited for a good opportunity. And so days passed.²

¹ There could hardly have been a greater offense to Mr. M. than Władek's implicit refusal to accept his sister as wife. Moreover Władek had professed to be anxious to advance in life; this is normally effected by marriage and dower, and Mr. K. had offered him a career. It seems incredible that Władek did not grasp the whole situation at once, but we know how serious a mental effort is necessary at this stage of development to reflect, and to understand any new and relatively complicated situation. Władek does not speak of having thought it over, and as he usually remembers and quotes at length his reflections, he evidently did not have one of his periods of thinking. During the period of Helena's stay nothing sufficiently definite and important had happened to arouse his reflective tendency.

² He had been treated as a member of the family, while now he is treated

[Letters from home and from Kazia, of no interest, and from Dora] who wrote that she was succeeding very well but that she was not very happy. She wrote that she regretted [longed for] the past days in her parent's garden in Sosnowiec. She asked me not to omit her if I ever came to Turek, for she would be very angry with me if she learned that I did it. In reading this letter, I reddened to the top of my ears in remembering those days about which Dora wrote and I was very glad in my soul that she remembered me and did not forget our friendship. I resolved to visit her on the first opportunity, and meanwhile I answered her, thanked her for her remembrance of me and promised that on the first occasion I would visit her and would pay those ten roubles back. I answered Kazia also and my family, warning them not to write me, for the letters might not find me. And I wrote the truth, for three weeks later I was no longer in Kutno.

[Both workmen oversleep and Mr. K. finds the bread unbaked.] Then Mr. K. began to abuse me for not watching over the work. He said that he did not need people to sleep, but to work. "I am paying," he said, "so I need everything to be done on time." Moreover he swore rather strongly. I did not answer in the beginning at all, for I felt that I was guilty. Moreover I was not bold and not foul-mouthed. As to swearing, I was almost unable to express it. Nobody of my acquaintance or family had ever heard from me the word "*psiakrew*" [dog's blood]. My only oath was "*psiakość słoniowa*" [dog's bone of an elephant (parody of the first)]. In the worst wrath I sometimes expressed myself, "*A co do pioruna*" [what is this? Let the thunder strike it], and this was the end of it.¹

So now I let Mr. K. talk, for I thought: "He will scold and then he will stop." But I was mistaken, for Mr. K. did not cease to abuse me and to swear. Finally I was weary of listening, and I said: "It is easy for you to scold, when you have slept as much as you wanted. You know that we have not slept almost at all for a few weeks, so it is not strange that we have slept a little, for we could not stand the sleepiness." — "It is the devil's business,

as a mere workman, and this is probably what he means when he says that Mr. K. "manifested his superiority." The change has meant much for him, in view of his strong desire for social response.

¹ His strong desire for social response leads him to avoid anything which might provoke an unfavorable reaction.

not mine, if you want to sleep. I need to have the bread in time and pay for it, not for sleeping." — "How is that, the devil's business? It is your duty to give the workman what he needs and only then to require from him exact work. Moreover, I have enough of this *katorga* [Siberian penitentiary]. Instead of being grateful that your workmen are working to exhaustion, you swear. So from tomorrow look for another workman, and I will wander further." And I said not a word more, but approached the table and began to work, telling Mr. Józef to hurry. Mr. K. scolded a little more and went into the shop.

The next day my week ended, so I began to prepare for the journey. Up to the present nobody believed that I would really leave, but when they saw that I was getting ready they began to dissuade me. I would not listen to anybody, although really I regretted to leave, but I did not want to beg Mr. K.'s pardon, for I was more than sure that in a few days the same thing would repeat itself, while Mr. K. was too proud to beg me to remain with him.¹ When I was ready to leave I went to the shop for my money and found there Mr. and Mrs. K. When Mrs. K. saw me, she asked why I was leaving, whether I was badly off there, whether I wanted to wander again as I did before. She told me to stay, the passage of reservists would end soon and then it would be easier. But I was deaf to her entreaties, only answered that such work was too hard for me, and moreover Mr. K. treated me brutally, although during the whole time I had tried as much as I could. So I could not remain, for I did not like if anybody did not know how or did not want to respect my work. Saying this, I asked Mr. K. for money, for he was present during our conversation, without taking any part in it. So he began to calculate how much money I had taken and how many weeks I had worked. I had it written down also, and soon the calculation was ready and Mr. K. paid me 17 rb. 50. He gave me my papers and said that if I didn't find work I could return to him at any time.

¹ His unwillingness to stay after he has thought of leaving is characteristic (cf. p. 181, note, and 201, note). In view of the awakened desire for new experience actual conditions appear as undesirable, even independently of their objective value.

[Leaves well provided with clothing. Has a watch worth eighteen roubles. Plans to spend a few days with Stach and makes the start in a vehicle. But in Krośniewice he goes for *giszynk*, and in the second bakery is offered temporary work and accepts it.] I very soon got acquainted with the cook, for whenever she brought me something to eat or came to clean up she sat down and began to talk with me. We became bolder and more familiar every day, and as I had got acquainted already with cooks in Kutno, I behaved more boldly and began to persuade her to foolish. I promised her always that I would come to her to the kitchen at night, for I had free entrance, because I carried the glowing coals from the oven and put them into the kitchen stove. I always put my hand under the cover in passing and pinched her, for which she was not very angry. When I became more and more insistent, she told me to come at night, and I went, without caring that Mr. and Mrs. H. slept across the hall. I had a small room upstairs in which I slept after the work. I was always roused for dinner and afternoon luncheon. Sometimes Miss Wanda or her sister did it, but they only knocked at the door and when I answered told me to come to dinner. But when the cook was rousing me she entered my room boldly and pinched or tickled me. It was the same today. I pretended to sleep fast, but very slowly drew to the edge, rapidly seized her and threw her over myself upon the bed on the side of the wall. She defended herself hardly at all, only told me to hurry lest somebody should find us. Later I went every night to the kitchen and foolish, and nobody ever disturbed us. But finally I ceased to go to the kitchen, for I began to loathe her, but even then from time to time we foolish, but in my room, for when she came to rouse me I could not get rid of her. She pinched and tickled me until I gathered again the wish to foolish. But I ceased positively to go to the kitchen, and I even thought about putting a lock on the door of my room, but had no time to do it.¹

¹ This case probably gives the key to Władek's behavior in sexual relations. Disgust here follows spontaneously a period of probable sexual excess. The same process seems to have occurred in all other cases, except that in the relation with Dora the reaction did not go so far and was limited to a feeling of satiety. Thus there seems to be a certain periodicity in his sexual impulses, alternations of periods of interest and periods of indifference. These periods are, however, not absolutely fixed as to duration and rate of succession, and thus psychological factors, such as the desire for change, the romantic attitude, practical troubles, can always shorten or lengthen a period.

In this way I lived until Christmas. About this time I got acquainted with a girl, Miss Zofia. She was rich enough, very pretty, instructed and still young. I went to her house often enough. She lived alone with her mother, for she had no longer a father and her only brother, also a baker, worked at that time in Częstochowa. But Miss Zofia was very proud and inaccessible. I could never get a kiss from her, although I tried hard. If I made a *randka* she never came. One might say that she did not care for me at all, but on the other hand she tried always to meet me and invited me to her. In her mother's house we spent the time cheerfully, but seriously. We mostly read books, and rather moral ones, and discussed them later. Up to this time I had always succeeded in profiting from every girl I knew, so I resolved to get a kiss from her, but in such a way that she would not get angry.¹ I told her that I must kiss her, and she answered: "If you succeed it will be your luck." I might have stolen a kiss, but I did not consider such a kiss, a kiss, for it is not difficult to kiss somebody who does not expect it. I wanted it differently, I wanted her to allow herself to be kissed willingly. And thus days passed and I could invent nothing. [In the last days of carnival he disguises himself as a girl and enters the house of Zofia.] I inquired whether the mother of Mr. K. who was a baker in Częstochowa lived there. "Yes," answered Miss Zofia's mother, "I am his mother, and this is his sister." — "I am very glad to make your acquaintance," I said, and I began to greet them in the feminine way. I kissed Miss Zofia straight on the lips, her mother on the hand, and as soon as I did it, I began to laugh at Miss Z. for kissing me. Miss Z. was a little ashamed, but called me a cheater and a thief. In this way I reached my aim with Miss Zofia and got a kiss from her.

¹ He develops the Don Juan attitude, "profiting" from every girl he meets. Vanity plays as important a rôle as the sexual impulse, since, in the present case, "getting a kiss" becomes a point of honor. Success of this kind becomes an easy substitute for a career, and it is probable that if Władek had lived in a city, affording much opportunity of change, and if he had had a secure position, his life would have limited itself to this sphere. It is characteristic that the Don Juan attitude is developed either among the leisure class, whose position is already secure, among employees, whose position is secure, but affords little opportunity to rise, or among artists, whose ambition is never satisfied.

Two weeks later I wandered to Koło with a smaller sum of money than from Kutno. For in Krośniewice I kept company with the sons of Mr. B. and spent money, playing with them the rôle of a gentleman. I not only spent everything I earned but I touched even those 17 roubles which I brought from Kutno, and had less than 14 roubles after having worked for more than ten weeks. I quarreled with the cook on the day of leaving, for she had done much slandering. I almost struck her with my stick, only Mr. B. hindered me. Such thanks she had from me. I did not regret that I left Krośniewice, for I should have become dissolute.

During my stay at Krośniewice I wrote no letters anywhere and received no letters from anybody. Now I resolved to stay until Easter in Straszkowo and to rest, and after the holidays to wander further into the world. With this plan I was in Straszkowo two days later. I was received at first very kindly, but when Stach learned that I intended to spend five weeks he began to grumble, saying that he had enough persons to feed and could hardly earn enough for them, and here I came also to eat his food. For really there was misery in his house, and mother was in a very bad condition. Although father sent home his salary and sister Marya earned a little also, all this was not enough. For of course Stach did not give his whole salary to mother, but kept more than half for himself, and his salary was 21 roubles a month. More than once they had to eat dry bread with coffee, for there was no money to buy butter. When I got acquainted with the situation I decided to leave as soon as possible and went on the next day to Lubotyń, to my brother-in-law. There I intended to spend a few days, return to Straszkowo, take my clothes and start wherever my eyes would carry me. Today it was twice as bad for me as formerly. Formerly I had at least a home where I could rest after the labors of the journey, and today even this was lost to me; I had no home any longer and I had no right to say that I was going to my brother. I felt very pained that my parents, through their own carelessness, must be now a charge and divided. This was not good for the children, for they had no place to tend and no shelter of their own. Although my brother was not bad he was only a brother, not parents.¹ But I had no way out of it.

¹ The last function of the family is to give a "home," a refuge to the mem-

Reflecting thus, I went to Lubotyń. The road was good, for spring came early. Often I met farmers plowing their beds in the fields and heard their merry calls. Those calls were accompanied by voices of larks somewhere on high. It was pleasant to journey at such a time, but not for me, who went thinking profoundly, with tears in my eyes. I did not care for the beauties of nature.¹ I was not a child any longer. "Next year I shall be called to draw the lot for military service and certainly I shall go, for who will intercede in my favor? Perhaps it will be even better for me if they take me," I thought, "for when I come back I shall perhaps get some governmental place and I shan't need then to tramp so much. Perhaps I shall even take my parents to me? Well, it will be what God gives."² I raised my head and went somewhat more rapidly, for evening was near.

In Lubotyń I went almost every day to Mr. and Mrs. D. for tea. Kazia was very friendly toward me, but she did not try to persuade me to marry this time. Mrs. D. never called me otherwise than "my son-in-law," and seriously promised me to give me her Kazia as wife after the drawing of the lots, if I was not taken to the army. Now no boy called on the D.'s and they spent their time sadly. On the fifth day I left Lubotyń and I did not know that I was leaving Kazia for years; neither she nor I supposed it.

Without incidents I came to Strazskowo and prepared to leave. But I did not know myself where to go. I left with Stach everything I had. I gave him those shoes of shining leather, and the next day I was ready to start. I had no money either. I gave mother a few roubles, I gave a little to my younger brothers

ber who, even after the dissolution or rejection of the stable milieu, needs a point of permanence to which he may return after his wandering. It is interesting that the traditional heaven, with God the father, expresses a primary group need. The sinner is merely a heavenly tramp of whom the hope is cherished that "if goodness lead him not, yet weariness may toss him" back to the heavenly home. We no longer have homesickness and a poetry of the home because wandering has assumed the character of normality.

¹ His complete absorption by practical problems hinders his enjoyment of nature as it hindered him in romance and sexual pleasure.

² He is at this point content to resign an actively regulated career and accept a passively regulated stability.

and sisters, and finally no more than 1 rouble was left in my pocket. Meanwhile father came on a visit. He brought a small bottle which we emptied, mother, father and I, for Stach was gone to Koło to his betrothed. During this evening father said clearly to me: "Do you know, Władek, although you are the poorest, I love you the most." These words of my father astonished me much, for it was the first time that I heard from him anything like this. He told me to write more often than I had up to the present. I started in the direction of Konin. I had never yet been in this direction, so I resolved to try my luck there. . . . Having found no work in Konin, I started the next day toward Słupca. But I had hardly gone a few wiorsta when I overtook a man with a crooked leg. I went along with him and tried to start a conversation. "Where are you going?" — "To Prussia," answered the peasant. "Tell me how is it in this Prussia, better than in our Poland?" — "It is not better, but one can earn more. There I earn easily 50 roubles during a summer, and sometimes more." — "And have you been going to Prussia for a long time?" — "For some years. What I earn during the summer I spend during the winter." — "Are you not married?" — "No, I live with my brother. When I come from Prussia, I give him the money and he gives me to eat during the winter. For even if I wanted to marry, where is the girl who would take such a crooked man?" — "And you give all your money to your brother?" — "Oh no, I always keep a little for myself, I have already 200 roubles lent to a farmer at interest." — "And it won't be lost?" — "No, I have a note." — "And tell me, could I get through the frontier?" — "Why not, if you have a passport?" — "I know it, but I have precisely no passport." — "Hum! Then you must go during the night. If you succeed it's all right." — "And if I don't succeed?" — "Then they will lead you to your communal office by *étapes* [from prison to prison], you will sit a little in prison, and that is all." — "And could you not sell me your passport? You can get another." — "Why not? I can sell it." [Gets the passport for 3 roubles, selling his watch to a Jew for 9 rb. 50, and takes the name of the crippled peasant, Jan Jacek. At the frontier there are hundreds of others.] About an hour after I gave my passport up another window opened and a second official began to call the names. When my turn came he called: "Jan Jacek." — "He is here," I answered. — "How old? From what com-

mune?" When I answered correctly he gave me the passport, which I received with joy. Perhaps a hundred steps away from the control-building was the frontier. When I approached an official inspected the passport and when he saw that everything was in order, he dropped the chain and I passed the frontier. Only now I began to walk upright, for up to the present I had pretended to be crippled.

In Strzałkowo, the first Prussian town, there were people like ants. Some of them had already waited days for their "*Vorsch-nitter*" [who makes the contracts and takes them to work]. There were even those who had waited for a week or two, and they were in an awful misery, for all their provisions were exhausted and they had nothing to eat. For sleeping, barracks were established three stories high, and straw was laid as if for cattle. I went through all the floors in search of any familiar face, but I did not succeed. So I took my coat off and sat upon it, for there was no question of sleeping; the crying of children, the playing of accordeons did not allow it. From darker corners came laughing, puling and heavy puffing, and all this proved that the people there were not lazy, but profited of the opportunity to foolish. In a word, these barracks could be called a house of revelry, and the whole of Strzałkowo, with these barracks and taverns, an ante-chamber of hell. The temptation came to me to throw myself into this maddened throng and to share with them this inhuman revelry. I tried to get acquainted with some boys, but I did not succeed; whenever I asked one about anything he answered, looked at me and went away. They despised [neglected] me, and I did not know why; perhaps because I was too decently dressed in their opinion. In the morning I noticed a woman crying. This woman held on her arm a child less than two years old. Pity took me and I approached, asking her why she was crying. She answered that she had been there for some days with her husband, they had spent all their money and now had nothing to live on. "Yesterday I did not eat during the whole day, nor the child either, and we cry because we are hungry." [Buys herrings for her and puts half a mark in the hand of the child.] After this I listened during

the whole day to the peasants coming to an agreement with the *Vorschnitter*. Some of these *Vorschnitters* took 200 or more people each, and I never heard them sending away less than fifty. They left with these people, and in their place new ones came, while in the place of the workmen who went away twice as many flowed in. In this way more and more were crowded into this antechamber of hell. So I began to reflect whether to return to my country or to go further into Prussia. I did not know the German language, I had no idea whether the bakers here gave *giszynk* or not, and on the money which I had I could not go far. For when I entered Strzałkowo I had 6 roubles, and now only half of this was left. So if I stayed here three days longer I should be left without a grosz. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" I broke my head thinking. Perhaps I should also hire myself to some *Vorschnitter* as farm-laborer, get acquainted with the Prussian customs, and then — whatever God gives. . . . Only on the fourth day I decided positively to hire myself on a farm, and with this aim I began to turn still more about the *Vorschnitter* and to pay attention to them. One of them pleased me, and as soon as he settled the matter with some peasants I approached and said: "Mr. *Vorschnitter*, perhaps you will take me also to work." He looked at me attentively and asked who I was. Evidently I had to lie, for I was sure that he would not take a baker to work. So I said: "I am the son of a poor farmer. My father has three morks of land, so it is difficult to live on it, and I resolved to go to work. You have pleased me, and I beg you to take me with you." This *Vorschnitter* took a pinch of snuff-tobacco and said: "All right, I can take you, but why do you lie? Tell the truth, who you are, then I will take you. But why should we talk here? Come to the tavern, there you will tell me the truth." And we went. My *Vorschnitter* drank a glass of vodka to me [inviting him to drink] and told me to sit at the table and eat some sausage. I did all this and at the same time reflected how to lie better, that he might believe me. And when he asked me for the second time who I was, my answer was ready. I said: "You must be not a stupid man since you recognized at once that I had lied." — "What do you think? Did I eat bread from a single oven? I know people at once." — "Well, you see, *Vorschnitter*, I was a farm-clerk in my country, I quarreled with the manager and fled abroad. Now, if you wish, believe me; if you don't wish, don't believe it,

but I have told the whole truth." — "Well, now it is different and not difficult to believe, for you look like such a scribbler. And I need such a man, for I have 150 people and I don't know how to write Polish rapidly, or how to count, for I learned in a German school, and you will be useful. You will get one mark a day now, and in the summer one and a half. Do you agree?" — "If you pay everybody as much why should I ask more?" — "Well, then, give your passport." But as it was written in Russian he could not read it. Only the name, province and commune were written in German also, but not the age and not that I was crippled. The *Vorschnitter* treated me to a dinner, a few glasses of vodka and beer, and led me to the barracks where those 150 people were separated from the rest, and he said: "I bring you one more, he will be your clerk."

I sat aside and began to observe my companions. There were forty girls, about sixty boys, and the rest grown-up men and ten women. They all sat in groups, drinking vodka and eating herrings. One of them played the accordeon. I sat for a long while aside, but as I was very tired with loneliness during these last days, I arose, approached a peasant with big whiskers and began to talk to him. "Do you know," I asked, "how long we shall travel to this farm?" — "I don't know how long, but it is rather far, in Pomerania." And I put some more questions, so that the man became talkative, and finally he invited me to his bottle and treated with vodka and herring. Meanwhile a few boys approached, and the acquaintance was made. Those boys took me among them and began to treat me. I did not want to accept it at first, for I knew this proverb: "Peter, Paul, whatever is your name, you drank other people's, give yours," and I could not give mine, for I had less than 2 marks in my pocket and I must keep it for my journey. The most sympathetic of the boys was Franek, who knew how to play the accordeon. He took me by the arm and led me into the tavern, and after us came two other boys and they did not spare pfennigs for liquor. I became nicely tipsy in their company, for although I did not give mine, still I did not want to refuse theirs, for I wanted now to have as many friends as possible. This proverb also was not strange to me: "Whoever goes among crows, let him croak like them," so I wanted to be like my companions. We returned to the main company where some were playing cards. Soon I had a mark in

my pocket and ceased to play, for the boys called me to them. Enough that I succeeded in gaining sympathy and everybody knew me and called me "Jacek." Although some of them began to call me "sir," I did not allow them, saying, "I am just such a 'sir' as you. Call me Jacek." And thus I remained Jacek. Two girls pleased me rather well and I sat down near them, telling them various anecdotes. Finally the whole throng surrounded us, listening to what I was relating. In this way time passed till one o'clock at night, when the *Vorschnitter* came and took us to the station. The *Vorschnitter's* name was Moraski, and so I will call him. Well, Moraski showed us the cars in which to mount, and the mounting began. I wanted to go where most of the boys were gathered, for I calculated that it would be merrier with them, but I got accidentally alone with three girls, for the divisions were such that no more than five persons could sit in one. If they had been at least a little prettier! But I got just among the least attractive ones.

We traveled long, two nights and a day. In the beginning I felt somewhat constrained but gradually I became bolder and behaved as at home. I took off my coat and collar and began to joke with the girls, who were very eager for this. To say the truth, they were also somewhat ceremonious in the beginning, but soon grew tractable. I sat near the window, drew out my inseparable ocarina and began to play a little, but they did not allow it, and began to jest madly, and moreover to pronounce various ugly words which I won't repeat here, for although I am a man I am simply ashamed to repeat them. So I made no ceremonies with them either and behaved very brutally, as they merited. They were not old, for the oldest was no more than nineteen, but they were already well driven through Prussia, every one knew what a man was and had foolishled more than once. I would have foolishled also, but I was ashamed to do it in the presence of other girls, for if I had foolishled with one, two more would have looked at it. Why, I was a man, not a beast! But they tried to persuade me, and told me not to be ashamed, for they said themselves that they knew it already. And they raised their petticoats and exhibited their ———, wanting to give me thus more appetite, but instead of appetite I got more and more aversion. I should have preferred to find myself among beasts rather than among these, as I may call them, she-devils. I felt toward

them an awful aversion and could not look at them without disgust. Why, I was no longer an innocent child, but I had no idea of such shamelessness. I prayed to God that we might come to our destination as soon as possible. When I was tired and wanted to sleep I leaned my head against my arm in order to doze a little, but they did not allow me to do it. I was already in an extreme wrath, when the train stopped, and I jumped out in order to find another place, but I had no time. The next night two of them lay down upon the floor and slept fast, and one, as if intentionally sent by Satan, began to tempt me to foolish with her. She put her hand saucily into the slit and took me by the member. I did not want to beat her, for I was afraid of the consequences, so in order to get rid of her I satisfied her desire, and only then she calmed herself a little and slept. I followed her example, but when I awoke I could not recognize myself, for I had neither trousers nor drawers, and stood only in my shirt and vest. Moreover, they did not want to give them back at once, but concealed them. And thus I had to sit naked. I was finally obliged to humiliate myself by begging them to give me the trousers and drawers back. They did it, but I had to give them my word that I would foolish with the two others [which he does]. I shall never forget what I lived through during these thirty hours, so profoundly these three companions were driven into my memory.¹

The town in which we stopped was called Anklam, and thence we had still nine kilometers to travel. Big carts spread over with straw were waiting for us. We drove rapidly and soon we saw the village, but before the village two carts turned to the right and drove to another farm. Fifty persons went to this other farm, and I noticed that among them were my three companions. I was very glad that I should not have these disgusting girls before my eyes, for whenever I remembered them my skin shivered.

We arrived soon in this village, Stolp, as I learned later, was

¹ There is a certain number of girls of this kind among the season workers (just as there is a certain number of drunkards among boys) and some of them become prostitutes in German cities. It is not, as in the case of servant and factory girls, a mere dropping of the familial attitude towards sexual matters, which leaves still a certain degree of modesty and moderation and brings with it simply an a-moral standpoint, excluding the idea of evil, but excluding cynicism as well. This explains why Władek, who had had so many relations without the romantic attitude, still feels so disgusted in this case.

its name, and drove before a big two-story barracks of brick. [Describes the sleeping-conditions and food, sour milk, potatoes, black coffee, with no sugar, bread and grease.] In the morning we went into the farmyard and there Moraski gave a new pitchfork to each one of those who had none, but everybody had to pay for them, for everybody was obliged to have his own. So for the first time in my life I was the owner of a pitchfork. After half an hour we came upon a meadow and had to scatter earth about, so we began to carry it about, some with shovels, some with pitchforks. . . . The rain did not stop, but, on the contrary, increased every moment. Water poured from everybody, but it was more easy for them to bear, for they were used to it. For me it was a real torture. I shook from cold, my teeth chattered, as in fever, tears came to my eyes, rolled down my cheeks and fell upon the German meadow. Again my whole life stood before my eyes, and I could not keep from crying. Moraski stood, leaned against a short pitchfork, covered with a rubber overcoat, water poured from his hat, the wind flapped his overcoat, but he stood immobile, as if carved in stone. And in general everybody looked rather bad, even the boys stopped laughing and joking, which seldom happened. But certainly nobody of them felt as pained as I, and nobody had such ideas as I on this cold, windy, rainy March morning. I intended already to ask Moraski to permit me to go home, for I was unable to hold out any longer, when suddenly a whistle was heard and the voice of Moraski: "*Frühstück.*" At this word everybody left his tool and squatted wherever he could in order to eat a piece of bread, wet with rain. I followed their example and put my hand into the pocket of my overcoat, but instead of bread I drew dough. When I drew it and held it in my hand, I looked strangely upon it and suddenly it got dark before my eyes and I swooned. When I awoke two boys held me under the arms and Moraski stood before me and asked what had happened to me. "I don't know," I answered and looked around, not yet quite conscious. They all stood around me and observed me. After a while I recovered consciousness, thanked the boys and asked Moraski to permit me to go home. He permitted me, I took my pitchfork under my arm and left the meadow. Wet, ashamed, I dragged myself home, crying aloud the whole way. Such was my first morning's work in Prussia.'

[Buys rubber boots and continues to work. Cannot eat the

food and buys at the tavern on credit up to 10 marks.] Soon sowing began in the field, and every day some boys went to the granary to pour grain [into sacks]. I went also, when my turn came. In the granary the men were inspected by the clerk, a young man, about twenty-eight. At the first look he began to sympathize with me, and after that I never went into the field, but worked in the farm-yard, either in the granary, or in the butter-shop. I was, indeed, for a few days in the field during harvest and during the plowing also. For I had to go behind the plow. But the plowers were inspected by a field-steward, a German, an old man, but good and patient, for he spent more than an hour in teaching me how to plow. Later he walked with me and related about the Franco-Prussian war, in which he had taken part. I did not understand everything, it is true, but he explained until I understood. In this way we spent many days, while I plowed, and I learned many curious things from him. Soon I liked him greatly, and he liked me also. He even treated me with his chewing tobacco. Of course I did not use this, but I accepted in order not to offend him and put it into my mouth, but when I noticed that he was not looking I spit out this pig's stuff.

But I come back to this clerk. He knew no Polish, so in the beginning it was difficult to understand each other. On the first day he began to inquire who I was, what I did in my country, and why I came to Prussia to work. I told him the whole truth. The clerk listened to my story and told me to come again the next day to the granary. But I told him that we were going there in turn. He wrote a few words to Moraski, and I went there every day. There were many days when I went to the granary when there was no work at all. On such days we sat down together and he taught me how various things were called. When his duties called him elsewhere he closed the granary and told me to lie down on the grain sacks. [The clerk invites him to his house, sends to Berlin for a German-Polish language book, and teaches him German somewhat systematically.]

When the sowing was finished and I had really nothing to do at the granary, the clerk sent me to the stable where some hundreds of cows stood. My whole occupation was to drive the milk to the dairy. But when they went into the pasture I loafed about the yard. I got acquainted with a few German girls who worked in

the dairy and with a rather pretty maid who served in the inspector's house. For the proprietor of this estate was dead long ago, his wife lived in some big city, and the only master on both farms was the inspector, a widower. The maid was of Polish origin, from Posen, but she did not know any Polish. Her name was Ludwika. I profited much from this Ludwika, for she often brought me a piece of hare or duck, sometimes a bottle of beer under her apron, and whatever she could. She invited me to come to her room; I promised, but did not go, for I feared the inspector, and thus days passed with promises. But I resolved to go to her as soon as I learned better German, and so it happened.

Meanwhile Easter came. We celebrated only one holiday, but we celebrated it merrily. Some boys and girls went to the inspector asking him for permission to dance. Moraski himself sold at such times beer in bottles, for he had a little profit on it. When the feast had begun Moraski whistled, and when the music stopped, he said: "Let everybody take a bottle of beer on my account." Then the men ordered brandy and began to drink, Moraski with them. When he was pretty tipsy, he called: "Jacek! Where is Jacek? Call him, let him come to me!" They did not need to call me, for I stood quite near and heard it. I approached and asked him what he wanted. He answered nothing, but poured about half a beer-glass of *Schnaps*. But I said: "What are you doing? I cannot drink so much at once, for I should get drunk." — "What does it matter, Jacek, if you get drunk? It is a holiday, and moreover you are my clerk and must drink." What a clerk I was! Besides having read the passports I did absolutely nothing in his office. But what could be done? Let it be! So I took this brandy and drank it to the bottom, and it "roared" in my head, and I began to sing Polish songs. Before this I had drunk some beers and brandies, but not for my own money, for there had been no payment yet, only many people treated me. From almost every boy something was due to me; for one I wrote a letter, for another I copied a song, for a third I wrote wishes; another treated me so that I would tell him some nice story the next day, another still in order only to drink with Jacek. So I was everywhere the first, and when I became somewhat tipsy I forgot who and where I was and the old gaiety came back to me, for all these people behaved delicately toward me

and I tried also to get into nobody's way, and so I was well off.¹

When the cows went to the pasture hundreds of hens, cocks, turkeys came to scrape in the troughs and my duty was to drive them away that they might not make dirt in the troughs. Once I threw a stick so unhappily that I killed a big cock. I was awfully frightened and looked rapidly about, whether anybody had noticed; but happily there was nobody near. I took the cock quickly and threw him before the stable, reflecting about the accident, and afraid somebody would guess that it was I who killed him. I kept my eye upon him and waited for what would happen. After a short time the inspector passed near the stable, swore, kicked the cock, and seeing me through the door, called me and told me to throw him away lest the other poultry become infected. I took him and concealed him, and in the evening I cleaned him, bought grease and roasted him and began to eat him. Everybody laughed at me for eating a carrion cock, but I did not get disgusted, only gnawed the bones. And I took such a taste to this cock that I killed a fowl almost every day. I threw them in a different place every time, so that nobody would have any suspicion that they were killed intentionally. So I did not need now to buy any bacon or sausage.² The cook lent me a pot and sometimes roasted the fowl herself, but ate none of it, for she was disgusted that it died from sickness. Everybody thought the

¹ Nothing could show better the importance of social recognition than this period of Władek's life. Away from his family and country, in a work strange to him, with no romantic interests and without the slightest possibility of a career, the satisfaction that his desire for recognition obtains from this crowd of people who recognize his superiority is enough to offset all this.

² "Taking things to eat" is not a serious matter, and Władek does not feel that he is violating a moral norm but simply overstepping a practical prescription. The two types of regulation are easily distinguishable. Authority can be the source of only the second type of attitude, for which we may use the term, "feeling of legality," while the "feeling of morality" is produced only by social opinion. This distinction is shown by the whole peasant life. Centuries of influence of state and church have not succeeded in provoking anything more than the feeling of legality with regard to actions that have no sanction in the interior life of the community, while even the seemingly most trifling actions enjoying this sanction are the object of the moral attitudes of the individual. Of course an action prescribed by authority may acquire with time the sanction of social opinion and then provoke a moral attitude, as in the case of the Chinese cue; but there must be some factors added to this evolution.

same, and I tried to make them still more certain of it. If there had been only one clever person among them he would have guessed my trick, but there were no such persons among my companions, so I did not need to fear too much anything or anybody.

[Urged often by Ludwika to go to her room, "but I could not decide, for 'fear has big eyes,' and I feared the inspector." In the absence of the inspector, goes, but "I took letter paper and an envelope, for if any one found me in the room I would say that I came to get her to write me a letter in German." Ludwika serves brandy and food.] I talked, and reflected in my mind how to act with her, whether to begin to foolish or not. For on the one hand if I tried perhaps she would make a noise and I could find myself in an unpleasant situation, but on the other hand, I thought, why did she invite me to her; she was not a child any longer not to know what a man was, and still she feared nothing. Moreover she closed all the doors and windows. I looked at the window on the back side of the manor-house and thought that in case she began to clamor loudly I would jump out of this window, and I settled the whole plan of activity and prepared myself for everything possible. [Persuades her easily.] But on the way home I had enough to think about, for Ludwika did not allow me to foolish with her before I told her that I would stay here through the winter and marry her. A nice career — to marry a maid-servant, and a nice and enviable job — to become a driver on a Prussian farm! And the stupid girl believed me! But I was probably not the first who had promised her this and I shan't be the last. I laughed at the naive and silly girl, for I did not lose anything by it; on the contrary, I had profit, for I could eat and drink well, and this cost me nothing, and I had a girl for my need, which means something also, and not everybody succeeds thus.¹ So I went three times a week to Ludwika, who gave me meat enough, and therefore I did not need to kill fowls so often.

I wrote letters to my family and I received answers to them to

¹ His standards of sexual life sink lower and lower. In the beginning they were more or less romantic, mixed with social interests; then gradually dissociated from other interests as pure physiological pleasure; finally no longer sufficient in themselves but demanding to be supplemented by the additional pleasures of food and drink. One further step and we should reach the level of the "cadet."

my assumed name. They were greatly astonished that I was working on a farm, but what could they do? I did not write anywhere to my acquaintances, for I did not want them to know that I was in Prussia, for I was awfully ashamed that I had to work as a *parobek*. Meanwhile I received a second letter from brother Stanisław, who informed me about very important things which were happening in the Kingdom — that the constitution was proclaimed in the country, that people organized meetings, spoiled Russian inscriptions and tore Russian eagles down. And on the side of the government innumerable arrests and banishments to Siberia. “It is well that you left the country,” he wrote, “for I don’t know what could have happened to you here. There were constables to take me, but happily I succeeded in hiding myself. I don’t teach the children any more, for people want their children to be taught only in Polish. I wrote to the direction about it and they told me to close the school for some time. There is no Russian eagle before the school any more, for the peasants have destroyed it with stones. I had to conceal the picture of the tsar, for the same lot would have befallen it. I stay now seldom at home over night, fearing a raid of the constables. Mr. and Mrs. D. don’t live in Lubotyń any longer, for the peasants have driven them away. It happened thus. When the constitution was proclaimed the peasants persuaded their children to talk Polish in the school. So when the children gathered in the school and Mr. D. said the prayer with them, he said in Russian: ‘Take Russian books and hefts.’ Then Genia Z., a twelve-year-old daughter of the game-keeper, said: ‘Children, take the Polish books and hefts.’ And all the children listened to her. Mr. D. repeated his order for the second and third times, but Genia repeated the same in Polish as many times. Then Mr. D. got angry and led Genia out of the school. She went and related it to her father, he gathered some dozen peasants, they broke everything in the school, threw the teacher with his family and all the furniture upon the street, and nailed the doors and windows of the school. Mr. D. had to spend the whole night upon the street, only the next day he was taken to the commune-office where his family lived for some days. He went to the direction and got another place in Domaniewo. I pitied Mr. and Mrs. D. much, for they were like my second parents.” “Poor people,” I thought, “why did they let things come to this, that they were driven away from their house and

had to spend the night upon the street. Shall I ever see them again?"¹

[Some of the workmen find nets set in canals, and persuade "Jacek" to lead an expedition to steal the fish. He writes boastfully, but he managed it stupidly, going in a boat instead of afoot. Pursued, but escaped with enough fish for everybody. Make four expeditions in all, and also steal a net, to fish in the manorial pond.]² And again days flowed monotonously. I was calling every day upon the clerk, who taught me well enough how to read and to write. Both the clerk and Ludwika were sure that I would not return to my country. Only the clerk persuaded me to go to Berlin, and Ludwika to stay in Stolp and to marry her. I promised the clerk and Ludwika alike, but I did not know positively myself what I would do. I knew only that I would not stay in Stolp and still less marry Ludwika, but I did not betray myself to her. For among our girls there were also some who would marry me willingly and, as they said, they were rich enough at home, had a few morgs of land and would get some dowry. One of them thought seriously about it and I must agree that she was a decent girl and I never noticed her anywhere with boys. Her name was Józia, and she was here with her brother Franek. Her brother was twenty-two and she was nineteen years old. I was in friendly relations with Franek, for he wanted, as he said, to learn songs from me. He knew neither how to write nor to read. He ordered his sister to wash my linen and she had done it for some time; whenever she washed hers she came to me for mine to wash. Soon people "took us upon their tongues" and called us engaged, but neither she nor I cared anything for it. For my part, I took nothing from the brother or the sister for writing letters or anything else of this kind. Józia knew a little how to read written characters, so I copied for her a few songs which she learned during the dancing.

I danced mostly with Józia. For I must mention that almost

¹ This is a particularly inspiring moment in Polish history, but neither here nor elsewhere does Wladek show more than a perfunctory interest in social or national problems. He is exclusively occupied with his own personality and finds nothing interesting for himself in the letter of Stach except the news about the D. family, and his sympathy is here with them and not with the patriotically inspired peasants.

² Cf. p. 281, note 2.

every girl had her adorer with whom it was possible to meet her in any corner suited to foolishing. But I did not try to do this, for I had enough, up to my ears, from Ludwika, and here I only observed the others and came to the conclusion that it was impossible to live more dissolutely than these Polish young people did who came to Prussia for work.¹ And this work did not bring much profit to them, for the girls wasted their heavily earned money on dresses, while the boys spent more than a half of it on drinking. And if they had only drunk themselves! But they poured it into others' throats. Here they enjoyed the world, nobody guarded them, there was neither father nor mother nor priest, nobody to fear, for everybody was the master of his own person, listened to nobody, feared nobody. And sometimes it was possible to hear the exclamation of some boy at such a dancing-party: "Revel, soul, there is no hell!" And more than one of them did not know that he was sitting already in the hell up to his ears [was damned]. There were exceptions, it is true, but it would be necessary to burn a dozen candles to find them.

To tell the truth, I was not much better than the others, for I poured into my throat also, and not behind my collar, and I ran after girls as others did. But I did all this with reflection, for if I had not jumped like them [allusion to proverb: "Who gets among goats must jump like them"], I could not have been and worked with them.² But please, dear reader, ask some companion of my work, man or girl, how many moral lectures I gave them every day, how many instructive stories, how many examples and anecdotes not less instructive. And they sighed during my narration, more than one girl wiped a tear secretly, the boys decided to be different, but all this lasted only as long as I talked, and when we broke up it was the same as before. It happened that those who did not go to the church on Sunday went upon the meadow, and sat down, I among them, and I made efforts to tell them something exemplary. And I did it not worse than the priest in Anklam, for I knew the gospel for almost every Sunday, and I

¹ We must remember that most of these sexual relations are preliminary to marriage.

² Again the unconscious selection of the side of things favorable to the subject's self-appreciation. He does not realize that with his egotism, calculation and hypocrisy he is more immoral than they, with their naive enjoyment of life.

lectured to my companions. But they profited no more than if I threw peas against a wall. More than once Mr. and Mrs. Moraski were present, and the shoemaker and his wife. At these times Moraski said: "Jacek talks well," and the shoemaker confirmed it. Such talks lasted for a few hours. Józia and her brother omitted none of these discussions, and they both listened with attention and tried to act accordingly.¹

Once I was at the clerk's house when an elegant young man came to arrange for a dancing party on Sunday. I was introduced, and after a few glasses of good brandy he invited me to come the next day to the dancing-room. "All right, but they won't admit me, for I have no sign that I am invited." Instead of answering he took a small colored bow from his pocket-book and gave it to me, telling me to fasten it at the left buttonhole of my coat on entering the room. I accepted, thanked him and promised to come, for I was very curious to see also the better German society. The clerk was also to be at this party, with his wife, and told me to come certainly.

When I returned to our house I did not fail to boast that I was invited to a ball, which astonished even Moraski, who said: "You, Jacek, screw yourself everywhere. This ball has been

¹ The development of the self-righteous attitude of the moral preacher can be followed here. Its basis is the desire for social recognition. In view of the general, willing or unwilling, acceptance of moral standards, and the seriousness with which moral problems are treated, the man who seeks recognition by emphasizing these standards occupies a particularly strong position. His recognition becomes in a way compulsory, for any refusal to recognize him personally is usually taken as a refusal to recognize the things for which he stands. Of course this compulsory character of the recognition makes him more or less of a bore, and therefore this means of getting social recognition is usually selected by men who lack the necessary gifts to get credit, not for the things they stand for, but for the things they do. And this also makes pharisaism so frequent a fact among moral preachers; when no recognition can be claimed on account of deeds, words have to secure it. And the method is easy with an uncritical crowd like Władek's hearers; an intellectual effort is needed to analyze the preacher's actions, while his words can be passively received, and find a ready response in the pre-existing traditional attitudes.

here in Stolp every year and they never invited a Pole. Only do your best and don't throw shame upon us all." Suddenly one of the peasants, named Żelazny, said: "What does Moraski talk! I have not this ribbon and I will go to the ball as well as Jacek and will also dance." — "You are stupid, Żelazny, you won't be admitted there at all." — "What do you say? If you don't believe me let us bet." — "All right," answered Moraski, "put 5 marks on the table." Then two camps arose; some took the side of Moraski, others of Żelazny, who considered himself very clever and always disputed with me in every conversation. Today he wanted also to show that he was not worse than Jacek and would go to the ball. So the parties began to call: "I bet for Żelazny!" "I bet for Moraski!" and each of them added 1 mark to the 10 marks which lay upon the table. Soon 18 marks lay upon the table on each side.¹ So Moraski told the shoemaker to take charge of these 36 marks, and the money of the side which lost was to be spent on drink next Sunday afternoon. I belonged to no party. I guarded my sign so that Żelazny or somebody of his party might not steal it. The shoemaker and the musician were appointed as witnesses of this whole business.

On Sunday, when the boat landed, the party came off to the sound of music. At one look it was possible to recognize that all of them belonged to the better society, for their movements and dress betrayed it.² There were perhaps fifty persons, more ladies than gentlemen. When the whole party disappeared behind the door of the tavern, Moraski said: "Well, Żelazny, which one pleased you. With whom will you dance." — "Don't laugh, for you will see that you have lost."

[The clerk passes with his wife and sends a man to call Jacek.] I went down and slowly made my way to the dancing-room. I was dressed poorly but properly. I had my light Sunday suit, without a vest, and a rather beautiful silk shirt which cost me 3 marks. I carried no collars in Prussia, for there was nobody to iron them. The shirt was bound about the neck with silk bows

¹ The fact that Żelazny had partisans indicates that he was not the only one who took a critical attitude toward Władek. Thus the popularity of the latter was certainly not so general as he seems to claim. Here again he does not notice details unfavorable to his vanity.

² They were people of the petty bourgeoisie, which explains Władek's easy adaptation.

which were added to it. I had a nice and broad canvas belt with pretty clasps. The shoes were not new, the same in which I came, but now they looked nice, for I had cleaned them pretty well. Upon my head I had a white hat of rice-straw, and the cane which I had in my hand completed my dress. Thus clothed I looked not the worst at the first sight.¹

I did not go straight to the dancing-room from our house, for upon the threshold stood a few ladies and gentlemen and observed the Polish girls who stood near. I went around the house without being seen and reached the road in the village. Thence I turned back toward the dancing-room.² I greeted the ladies who stood at the entrance and went in. Near the door sat the manager in a paper scarf; he cut a bit of my bow with small scissors. At this moment my new acquaintance approached, led me further and introduced me without omitting anybody. He told everybody that I was a Pole and did not talk German very well. This function took much time, and when it was over I felt a little bolder. My acquaintance left me and I went to the clerk who sat with a few gentlemen. I joined the conversation, and secretly I looked toward the door to see what Żelazny was doing. He stood very near the door and sent a curious look inside. The dancing had not yet begun. The men were drinking beer and smoking cigars; one of them treated me. The beer was free and stood in kegs in a corner of the room; there was also a table, and upon it brandy, various glasses, a box of cigars, some oranges and candies. The gentlemen approached from time to time and drank whatever they wanted, but all this went on very decently and nobody lingered at the table longer than was necessary to drink a glass of beer or brandy. As to the ladies, they were very elegantly dressed and had enormous décolletés. After an hour

¹ This dance marks the culminating point of Władek's vanity, and at the same time falls in the period of his life when his intrinsic value is the lowest — when he has no determined position, no ideals, and his self-appreciation depends exclusively upon his appreciation by others. He must have been received by this society as more or less of a curiosity, or at least very indulgently, but the most insignificant detail assumes in his eyes a tremendous importance and gives food for self-conceit. All the conditions co-operate in the creation of a permanent background which constitutes at the present moment one of the main features of his character.

² He was ashamed to let it be known that he came from the barracks.

one of the men called, "Music! Music!" Rapidly eight musicians appeared and played a nice waltz. I noticed that they danced in the same way as in our towns, only when the dancer led his lady to her seat she courtseyed to him, and he, still holding her hand in his, raised both hands and kissed hers. So I was a little afraid that I should not be able to perform this with such ease, and I observed closely. When I was somewhat sure of myself, I invited the clerk's wife, for I reflected that even if I did not do something quite right she would forgive me. I acted exactly like the others. It went on quite well. I would not have believed it myself, but the clerk approached and told me this. His praise gave me more courage, and without reflection I went with the lady who sat near the clerk's wife. Now I did not observe so long but went to dance at once, not with a single lady, but changing them often. With one only I danced somewhat longer, for she wished it. This lady's name was M., for I asked her about it during the dance. She was tall and rather stout, in eyeglasses, with a very large décolleté. In dancing she pressed herself very close to the dancer, but she danced splendidly. Moreover she was very talkative, and when I wanted to seat her she said, "*Noch! Noch!*" She was the first with whom I talked a little longer. The clerk instructed me to tell everybody who asked me who I was that I was practising to be a farm manager. Mrs. M. was very curious and asked me what I was doing here. I told her that I was practising to be a farm manager. When I seated her she made a place for me near her and we talked. During the conversation I learned that she was the widow of an official and childless. Now I felt no longer bored at this ball for Mrs. M. did not let me go away from her. In her company I got better acquainted with other ladies; we walked about the room and at once Mrs. M. made another man of me. They played also the polka-trotteuse and I went first with Mrs. M. She pressed herself against her dancer still more in the trotteuse, for this dance requires it. I embraced her also more strongly with my arm and during the dance smelled the sweat of her body, which struck from her décolleté, straight into my nose, and her breasts jumped like two balls. Not everybody danced the polka-trotteuse, for probably not everybody knew it, so there was room enough. The clerk with some other gentlemen stood and applauded, and I noticed that up to the present he had been satisfied with me. I had scarcely finished

dancing with one lady when I took another, and they went willingly, for there were few men and they wanted to dance.¹

During this time I had gathered a dozen cigars which hindered me in dancing, and I was not a lover of cigars. So I resolved to give them to my companions, and with this intention I went out of the room. But my lady, Mrs. M., followed me and caught me by the arm, asking where I was going. I explained to her my intention and she appreciated it, so I began to draw the cigars from my pocket and to give them to the men who stood nearer. The nearest one was Żelazny, but he would not accept the cigar; he was angry, for up to the present he had not succeeded in doing anything. But besides him enough were found who were willing and soon I lacked cigars. But Mrs. M. did not think long about it; she went into the room, brought the box of cigars which stood upon the table and treated those who had not received any. The gentlemen, curious to know to whom Mrs. M. was giving cigars, and seeing what she did, would not be outdone by her. One of the officers ordered the tavern-keeper to give everybody a bottle of beer, another a glass of brandy, a third a cigar, and all this was very rapidly done. When the tavern-keeper had finished we returned to dance. I thanked Mrs. M. for having shown so much goodness to my fellow-countrymen and kissed her hand. This tickled her pleasantly.²

[Intermission at five o'clock. Walks with Mrs. M.] We went near the *Stube* and whoever was there came out in order to look at me. Moraski was sitting before the house, and when I looked at him he twinkled me to approach. I begged my lady's pardon and went to ask him what he wanted. But he asked me only whether Żelazny had danced. I answered that up to that time he had not. Moraski said: "You are getting on pretty well, Jacek; this pleases me." My companion tried to make me

¹ He was a good dancer and this explains to a large extent his success, since at European dancing parties little more is required. The best dancers have a social importance during carnival in curious contrast with their insignificance the rest of the time.

² He puts himself for the moment in the middle class and in a way participates in the attitude of benevolent superiority assumed by the dancers. That this was the significance of his behavior is shown by the reaction of Żelazny, who does not accept the cigar and thus implicitly denies Władek's implicit claim, while others by accepting consciously recognize their social inferiority.

bolder, but she succeeded only in part, for I was ashamed that I could not talk suitably. She asked me whether I ever went to Anklam. "I am there often enough, for I go there to the church." — "So perhaps you will call on me sometimes? I live not far from the Polish church." She took a pencil and a bit of paper and wrote her address. I promised to come some day, took the address and kissed her hand for the second time. I felt very constrained with such a lady at my side and thinking about myself, who I was at that moment and with whom I was walking. Certainly Mrs. M. would push me away from her if she knew that I worked at this farm as a "*Bursch*." But perhaps she would not? For I felt that at every moment she was pressing my arm, and this made me very embarrassed, for she was not a young girl, but a lady of about thirty. If I had been with a girl I should have acted more boldly and instead of kissing her hand I should perhaps have kissed her cheek. Mrs. M. told me that they were to leave only at two o'clock and supper was about ten. She told me to come and take her and we would eat it together, and then she joined the other ladies who were already in the room. I went to the *Stube* to wash myself and to shine my shoes. In the *Stube* they all surrounded me and praised me. Żelazny and the witnesses were also in the room, and Moraski laughed much at Żelazny, but the latter still said that he would win, only a little later. I returned into the garden and searched for the clerk. I found him looking at a group playing cards. He was very glad to see me and asked where I had been and how I amused myself. I said that I had walked with Mrs. M. and amused myself very gaily. "O, Jacek! Jacek! I did not expect that you would amuse yourself so nicely." At this moment one of the players left the game and the others proposed to me to play. I sat down and the clerk was behind me. I don't know how this game was called, but we played exactly like "*kiks*" in our country. One hand cost 10 pfennigs. To tell the truth this was too big a game for me, but I wanted to try my luck. I had in my pocket my whole fortune, about 10 marks, and I always had some luck in cards. Well, and even if I lose some 3 marks what does it matter? With such gentlemen it is not a pity. I must add that these gentlemen not only played cards but rapidly emptied bottles of cordial and beer. I helped them pretty well, but I had only begun, while they had played long enough, so vapor rose from their heads

and they played without any attention. Meanwhile I played very attentively. Soon I felt my pockets swell with pfennigs; but there were not only ten-pfennig pieces but also fifty-pfennig pieces, and even marks and thalers showed themselves upon the table. The clerk stood during the whole time behind my chair and looked at the game. I don't know how long this game would have lasted, but the darkness hindered us. From the dancing-room tones of music had reached us long ago, but I did not dare to interrupt the game, for I was winning. Finally an officer threw the cards upon the table and rose from his seat. We shook hands and the game was finished. When the players left, the clerk shook my hand and said, "Jacek *du kluk men* [kluger Mann]." ¹ We went in the direction of the room. Mrs. M. began to scold us for walking while there was nobody to dance. On the way I had divided my coins, a little into each pocket, for in one pocket they were too heavy and clinked. Before the door of the dancing-room stood most of the Poles, and in front Żelazny. Up to the present he either had not wished or had not dared to enter, although his partisans pushed him to go in. He was probably afraid of that manager with the paper scarf, who sat there continually. [Dances "without omitting a single girl."] When I had an opportunity, I carried a cigar to Franek, Józia's brother, and asked him why Żelazny did not come to dance. "Tell him that supper will be soon and they will stop dancing, for I want him to win." [Supper in the garden with Mrs. M.] She began to complain that she felt very hot, so I took the fan from her hand and began to fan her strongly enough, but I did not forget about myself either, for I fanned her twice and myself once. This joke amused her, so she took her fan back, took me with one hand under the chin and fanned me with the other. During this she advanced her face nearer and nearer to mine, so that I felt her hot breath and finally her hair got into my eyes. I could not hold out, rapidly advanced my head and, against my will, kissed her lips. She did not withdraw, only

¹ Władek seems unable to lose self-control in new and extraordinary circumstances. The preservation of poise in the face of new circumstances (aside from temperamental differences in the subject) may be the result of one of two contradictory pre-existing attitudes — the feeling that one's position is so secure that his behavior at the actual moment can in no way endanger it, and the feeling that it is so insecure that he must be on the *qui vive* to preserve it. Władek's poise is the product of his habitual feeling of insecurity.

raised her eyes and turned around to see whether anybody had seen it.

When we returned to the room some louder movement in the room caused me to look around. I saw that the manager was holding Żelazny by the hand. Żelazny was already in the room, and both talked energetically. But soon the manager let Żelazny go, and the latter rather ran than walked to the lady who sat the nearest and saluted her, although rather clumsily. Alas! he did not meet a pitiful one who would have helped him to win his bet. She made a denying gesture with her fan and said, "*Nein.*" And he could not try his luck with other ladies, for a gentleman took him by the arm and led him out of the room. The lady whom Żelazny had saluted reddened deeply, but I don't know why; perhaps from shame, for everybody looked at her. But one of the gentlemen approached and asked her to dance. I went near the door to see what Żelazny was doing. He still stood there, with the real patience of the Polish peasant. He evidently wanted to try his luck again. But I was certain that he would not succeed, for he had not begun it right, and now the manager watched better. I could not warrant that if he had got into the dancing-room, some of the ladies would not have danced with him, at least for the sake of a joke. If he had entered, stood for awhile and tried to choose whom to invite, it would have been better for him. But he ran in like a fool and acted like a fool, so he was acted with in the same way.

[Many gentlemen reel from drink. "I had had so many impressions during the evening that I could not get drunk so easily." When the steamboat blows Mrs. M. places a note in his hand. Goes with her to the boat.] I went from the boat with the clerk and his wife as far as their house, and wanted to leave them, but the clerk drew me inside for some warm coffee. The clerk and his wife knew no limits in their praise of me. He asked me also how much I had won in the garden at cards. "I don't know how much, but we shall see at once." And I began to put money upon the table, a little from each pocket. I had won 17 marks, 30 pfennings. The clerk shook his head and said the same as in the garden: "Jacek, you are a clever man." His wife asked me what the peasant wanted who came into the dancing-room. I told about this bet, and they both laughed heartily. I said that on Sunday afternoon we would drink for this money. "Then I

will also come and laugh at Żelazny," said the clerk. He explained to me about different persons who were at the ball, and also about Mrs. M., for I inquired most about her. But I did not learn any more than from herself.

Next morning I and a few other boys went to the stable for horses and I gave myself up to thinking while I rode into the field to rake the rye. And I had much to think about after the ball of yesterday, for really a strange concurrence of circumstances had led me there. And all this through the clerk. I could not explain to myself his goodness to me. He taught me to read and write German, he invited me constantly to his house and tried to give me the easiest work. He made me pass for a practising agricultural manager, and through his protection I was at the ball. I must add that he had me photographed, and I had sent already two of these photographs to my family. And for whom did he do all this? For a *Bursch*, a *parobek*. Why, I was not different at all from Wojtek, Franek, or other men and boys who were here, and he made the only exception of me.¹

Then I transported myself in thought to this lady whom I had the pleasure of kissing a score of times. I owed it also to the clerk, for if it had not been for him I should not have known her. Here I was reminded of that note she gave me on bidding me good-bye. I put my hand into my pocket; but I had left it in the other

¹ His growing success with these foreigners is a practical proof of the efficiency of the methods he has developed in the course of his life. Those methods were particularly methods of adaptation to people in a higher social position — the methods of a climber. Compare the insufficient adaptability of Władek's peasant companions whose methods are suitable to let them live within a community of equals, and are much more limited in their application, the required behavior being more automatized and requiring few new efforts. The distinction between active adaptation, profiting from the given conditions to enlarge the sphere of control, and passive adaptation, limiting the subjective claims to the given conditions, is probably due in a large measure to this difference of training. But there are, of course, many methods of active adaptation, and the one displayed by Władek represents the lowest type, because its success depends, not upon the individual's efficiency in any particular line of activity, but upon his ability to turn other people's activity to his own benefit, to attract their benevolent attitudes to himself as object.

suit. "But what sort of a woman is she," I thought, "to fall so rapidly in love with me? And those eyes! She has really bewitched me with them." And now, at the remembrance of them, a shudder passed through me. And she was so pleasant, so plump, that it was difficult to keep from kissing her. There, on the meadow where we were sitting, with what warmth she kissed me, with what caresses, with what interruptions between one kiss and another, as if she were teasing me and giving me slowly this candy to lick instead of putting it at once into my mouth. Things would have gone perhaps even further if I had known better how to talk German. And I felt pleased at the thought of this woman and that moment when I mustered courage enough to kiss her breasts. Brr! I shook off this musing and raised my head. But it was still far to the field, and the horse went slowly, a real farm-horse, who was not in a hurry to work. Above my head larks sang their morning prayer to their Lord and Creator for having created them and given them life and caring for the lot of such a small birdie. And it behooved me also to offer thanksgiving to the Lord God for his mercy and for having allowed me to meet good people here, in a foreign country. So I crossed myself and said, "When the morning-dawn arises" [Kochanowski's psalm]. After this prayer I felt lighter and more blissful, and the morning seemed still more beautiful to me.¹

Soon I came to the appointed place, put the horse to an iron rake, sat down upon it and began to drive monotonously up and down, raising the rake from time to time. And again I loosened the reins of my thoughts, and they floated from Stolp to Berlin and back to Stolp, to the inspector's maid, and further to my country, to my family, to Kazia and finally stopped in Turek, in the fine house which belonged to Dora. For how could I ever forget her and her black eyes and those pleasant evenings? No, it could not be so easily forgotten.² But what is the difference?

¹ He is absolutely happy because he lacks any serious criteria of personal value and any ideal by which the present situation could be judged, and is consequently absolutely dependent on actual social recognition in whatever form and on whatever ground it is manifested.

² The remembrance of Dora returns always only at moments of social success or in general whenever his mood is above the normal level. In this way the image of Dora is always associated with the most interesting and subjectively the highest experiences and is progressively idealized.

Fate divided us. I was a whelp and she was a grown-up girl. I was a beggar and she was rich, and moreover I was a Pole and she was a German. Such impediments and obstacles divided us, so we separated, and now I am a *parobek* in a manor, while she is a great lady in Turek. Shall we ever meet again in life? Will she grant me one evening, as formerly, will she allow me to kiss her? Oh, no! She is now a lady and married, and this word forbids me even to think about it. And now, after four years, I meet another such woman, and we are divided by the same obstacles. She is a lady, she has her own house and I am a *parobek*. She is a German and I am a Pole. If she were even five times as rich and beautiful I would never give myself up to her forever. She invited me to her, but what for? The answer is clear; in order to amuse herself with me as with a not very wise child. For certainly not with the intention of marrying me, for opinion would never permit her to do this. She wants only to play, as I have played with girls. I have gone then my own way, and she will go her way, after having amused herself. Shall I go there? Yes, why not? But only once, to have more experience, to see what such a lady can do.

Thoughts like these crossed my mind. Dinner-time approached and in the *Stube* my first thought was to read the sheet. I found it in my pocket. I read the following words: "Mr. Jacek, come for the whole night. Write when you will come, and tell nobody." There were some more words below, but I was not able to understand them. I tore them away, without the two letters with which they were signed, to give them to the shoemaker to read. I learned from him that they were: "Tear this sheet lest somebody should get it." I tore it up in the eyes of all, but only this part; I had the rest in my pocket.¹ Then I went to the tavern, drank a bottle of beer and took half a pound of sausage with me to the field; I could indulge a little since I had won a few marks. And again some days passed without any incidents. I was occupied with composing a letter to Mrs. M. and in a few days I had it ready. It was composed of only a few words: "In two weeks

¹ Neither a gentleman nor a peasant will show a letter from a lady, but with the former discretion is the manifestation of respect for the woman, while with the latter it is the result of the same caution which makes him keep all his personal matters secret. And the peasant will keep the letter as an eventual weapon.

from next Saturday I will come by the steamboat." I told nobody about this and nobody knew about my *randka*. I was very much interested to know what would happen and I kept the note from her in order to have a proof in case she meant to play a joke.

[On Sunday all drink for Żelazny's money. He adds more, and each drinks on his own account also.] Everything would have gone all right if the married women had not got drunk, for they spoiled our whole amusement. They hindered us even in singing by their shrill squalling and puling. Moraski was awfully angry, for he liked singing, and I had already taught Wojtek and Franek a few songs and they helped me. Moraski bought us beer after beer and invited us to drink. He ordered one woman carried upstairs and shut up, that she might not hinder us by her singing. I must quote here at least one of her songs:

"I have a hole in my shoe,"
I cannot dance.
Play for me, little musician,
I will raise my leg.

I will raise one,
I will raise both,
We shall arrange it
Slowly for ourselves."

This is the prettiest one of her songs; there were many worse.¹ Only when this woman had been taken upstairs, we could sing suitably.

I went to sleep with the others but toward dawn I wanted to go outside, and so I went as I was and barefooted. When returning I suddenly saw what looked like flames coming from the roof of a house. My eyes had not deceived me, for the fire grew bigger every moment. I returned rapidly to the room and cried, "Fire!" At this call the peasants began to raise their heads, and as rapidly as possible I put on my trousers and boots, and ran in the direction of the village. Upon the roof there was already a broad flame. I had to run by the manorial farm-yard, at the entry of which hung a bell for calling people to work. With-

¹ The source of his aversion to obscenity is not so much sexual idealism as the same attitude manifested in his unwillingness to swear, and in general in his efforts to keep external respectability. Cf. p. 266.

out any reflection, I began to pull the rope. Then without waiting for anybody to come, I ran toward the church bells. There were two of them, but I rang only one. And then I ran toward the fire. At the alarm of the bells noise and movement arose in the village, and from the *Stube* some men were running already. When I was passing the house of the clerk, I saw light in his windows, so I did not need to rouse him. When I approached the burning house there was nobody there besides the owner, who was running around the buildings and lamenting, "*Mein Gott! Mein Gott!*" I did not try at all to talk with him, but entered the house, where the family of the German was running here and there, carrying nothing out, only repeating, like the old man: "My God! My God!" I began to throw out whatever fell under my hand; the bed, clothes from the closet, and other objects. Following my example, the family began also to carry things out and Franek and some of the men came. As soon as I had finished carrying out the furniture, I ran behind the house where there was a sty or stable. The proprietor followed and begged us to save his hog. I called for an ax, but as they gave me none I broke the lock with a stone. The hog was fat and big and did not want to leave the sty, and I had nobody to help me. Again I had to call for help and at my call this time the clerk and the mayor appeared and began to urge the men to work. The clerk crept into the sty, but even two of us could not draw the hog out; only when two more came we got it out. And it was high time for the roof was ready to fall in. Hardly had we thrown the hog out when I returned and began to catch hens. I had carried a dozen of them out and intended to go in again, but somebody held me back. I looked around and saw an unknown German. But I tore myself away and carried three more hens out. There was nothing more to save, and even if there had been anything it was too late, for the roof was falling in. The owner approached the crowd and began to beg them to save the bacon which was in the cellar under the living-rooms. As soon as I heard it I began to break the window which led to the cellar with my heel, and I lay down on the earth in order to creep down into the cellar. When my head was already inside somebody drew me back by my legs, and when I arose I saw the same German who had hindered me once already. I called in German: "Why do you hinder me? Go away!" But he barred the way with his person, and as he was very big and

stout, I feared to begin a fight with him and only swore in German and went aside. He looked at me for awhile and went away also.

At breakfast Moraski came into the room and said: "Jacek, you won't go to work today, and at ten you will go to the clerk. But who ordered you to ring the bell at the gate and the church bell, eh?" — "Nobody ordered me," I said, "but it was my duty to call for help." — "Well, wait, the *Landrat* will show you. Only don't forget to go." I slept until nine, and went to the clerk. There I met that German who had withheld me twice at the fire, and as I learned later, he was the *Landrat*, or mayor. When I came in the clerk asked me to sit down and seated himself at the table, ready to write. The mayor began to inquire how I saw the fire, etc., and when he could not understand me the clerk explained, for we understood each other better. The clerk wrote down my whole narration. Finally the mayor asked why I rang the bells and who ordered me to do it. "Nobody ordered me, but I know myself how to call for help. For if I went from window to window and called people it would take too much time, and everything would be burned before our arrival." — "And do they also ring the bells in your country when there is fire?" — "They do it also," I answered. At last the inquest was finished and the mayor drew a thaler from his pocket and gave it to me, saying, "Brave boy." Then we drank a bottle of beer each, the mayor drove off, the clerk went to work, and I to the tavern for lunch, for I merited it. On the way I found in my book the word with which the mayor gratified me, and only then I learned that he called me "brave." In the tavern I asked for half a pound of sausage, a glass of brandy and a bottle of beer. After lunch I went upon the meadow, lay down and learned German. I did not even go to the *Stube* to dinner, but in the evening Moraski asked me what the *Landrat* said to me. I related our conversation and boasted that he gave me a thaler.

Days passed again, one like another, and the time of the meeting with Mrs. M. approached. I went to Ludwika two or three times every week, but I did not always foolish for I got tired of her, and if it had not been for the eating, I would not have gone

at all. I always promised her that I would not go to my country but would stay in Stolp for the winter, and the silly girl believed me.¹ [The clerk arranges to have him released from work on Saturday at three.] I dressed myself as well and as cleanly as possible, and before six I was in Anklam. First I went to the address, in order to find the house where Mrs. M. lived. It was a nice house, two stories high. And when I was sure that I should find it later without questioning I went away and dropped in to take a drink for boldness. For I must confess that an awful terror began to overcome me, some fright that perhaps I should fall into an ambush. So I found that note from her and put it into my pocket-book, in order to have it ready in case I had to excuse myself. I could not sit in the tavern, but ran about the streets like a fool, driven by some frightful thoughts. More than once I stood before the house of Mrs. M. but I had not the courage to enter, and I was ready to go back to Stolp, but I reflected: "Why, they won't kill me. And if I see that she is not glad to see me I will stay for a quarter of an hour and return to Stolp; it is not far." Thirst burned me more and more, and I drank at short intervals five bottles of beer. Finally when it became dusky, I mustered my courage, crossed myself mentally and pressed the latch on the front door.² I knew that Mrs. M. occupied the second floor. Upon the door there was a white tablet with the name of my lady. So I knocked at the door, it opened and I saw a rather young girl. I said, "Good evening," and asked whether Mrs. M. lived there. Instead of answering, this girl asked me whether I was the cousin of her mistress. I did not know at first what to answer, but soon I understood the situation and said yes. "Then please wait a little here and I will tell my lady." I asked myself why I had admitted the cousinship. Perhaps she was really waiting for a

¹ It is an interesting character of this autobiography that the author does not occupy any consistent standpoint in writing it, but enters unconsciously into the spirit of every period of his life as he describes it, and occupies again all the standpoints that he had successively occupied. Thus he does not even try to justify this behavior toward Ludwika, and he would certainly have tried to do this if it had happened three or four years before, when he still felt the binding character of such promises as he makes and considered this kind of relationship below his standards.

² The problem of "existence" is always weighing heavily on his soul, and his fear-thought assumes here almost the character of a true phobia, manifesting itself in the absurd thought of an ambush, etc.

cousin; he might come at any moment and we should meet eye to eye, and what then? But I had not much time to reflect for at this moment Mrs. M. came and this girl behind her. She embraced me as if she were really my aunt, and kissed me on both cheeks, saying, "Cousin Johann! Cousin Johann!" After this sentimental greeting, I kissed her hand, and all this in the presence of the maid.

[Spends the night. Sleeps with Mrs. M. "But I put my trousers on a chair near the door, for I was mistrustful."] The breakfast was copious, moistened with much cordial and lasted very long. Mrs. M. asked me when I would come to her again and urged me to come as soon as possible. I promised to come and to inform her by letter. She wrote my address down, and after a dozen kisses and as many glasses of cordial I left the kind hostess and at half-past one was already in Stolp.

Moraski was very glad when he saw me, for he thought that I had run away. Up to this time I could not gather my thoughts after the night and I could not believe myself what had happened to me. For I should never have dreamed that anything like this could ever happen to me. I thought that Mrs. M. had invited me to her in order to play with me as with a naive child, but I did not regret it, for I also amused myself enough, even too much, for I felt still feeble and sleepy.

After pay day there was usually drinking, and once I went with three boys to the tavern and we drank there until late in the night. We were well tipsy and finally wanted girls. So we planned to go to our girls, and to foolish upon their beds. I must mention that every one of my three companions had his own girl and had foolish with her more than once, but of course not upon his bed, only in different corners adapted to this. I had no girl to whom I could venture to go, but at the instigation of my companions I selected Józia. I knew the place where she slept, and her brother Franek was one of us, and he persuaded me himself to go to his sister.¹ So we took off our clothes and remained only in our shirts. It was dark in our sleeping-room and in that of the women. My three companions went in and lay down near their girls. I followed but could not find Józia at once in the dark. I knew that two very young girls slept by her, so I put my hand under the cover to ascertain which were the young girls and which

¹ Franek probably hoped that this would lead to marriage.

was Józia. I felt the first, then the second, and found out easily that they were still very young girls. The third was evidently Józia. At this moment a woman at the other end of the room called out: "Michał! Light a lamp, for I feel bad," and in a moment Michał lighted the lamp. Those young girls whom I had felt were evidently not asleep and knew what was going on, but gave no sign of it. Now made bold by the light they began to call: "Pawlak! Come here, for somebody is here, and put his hand under our pillows." I felt cold and hot, for Pawlak was coming in my direction with the lamp. Without reflecting, I caught the shoe of some girl and threw it with all my strength and broke the lamp to pieces. [He escapes, but the other boys are caught and "belted." It becomes known from the talk of the other boys that Władek was also of the number, and they have to pay 2 marks each for drink.]

[The season is approaching its end. The clerk advises him to go to Berlin, and gives him letters of introduction. Mrs. M. writes, and again asks him to destroy the note. "But I concealed it with the first, for I regretted to part with such proofs." Makes two more visits to her.] On the day before leaving I went to the clerk to bid him farewell, and from him to Ludwika, with whom I ate a good supper and foolishly before the journey. Ludwika was certain that I would remain in Stolp for the winter, and I kept her in this belief. Next morning carts drove up and we left Stolp to the sound of music and singing. Soon we were in Anklam. A few hours still remained, as I had to go only at eleven o'clock at night. It was only three o'clock so I went for a walk about Anklam, but there was nothing to see, so I soon got bored with my walk. I had already been a dozen times opposite the house of Mrs. M. but I had not courage to enter, and I went away only to come back again after a few minutes. I don't know how many times I had done this when suddenly I met her face to face. It was too late to run away, for she was very near, recognized me and was coming to meet me with an outstretched hand, covered with a white glove. "Mr. Jacek! what are you doing here today? I did not expect you at all. Why did you not write that you would come? Have you been in my house already?" And she covered me so with questions that I had no time at all to answer. Only when she finished and we were going back toward her house, I answered that I had not called on her because I had no time today;

I was going to Berlin. "To Berlin? Why then?" — "I don't know myself. I have letters and am going with them." — "Well, then you still have time." And although I defended myself a little, she drew me into her house for coffee, as she said. In a few minutes the table was covered with food and drink, and soon I was pretty well at home. At ten I prepared to leave, but my efforts were vain, for Mrs. M. refused to let me go and succeeded in persuading me that I should lose nothing if I stayed till tomorrow. As the cordial was very good and I had drunk some glasses, I listened and remained. I had with me about 50 marks and was a little anxious not to lose them, and while Mrs. M. was occupied with something else I put them rapidly into less visible pockets, for although I did not fear that Mrs. M. would take them, still I preferred to be sure, for if I had lost them I should have remained without any means to live. . . . When I was leaving Anklam, I must confess that I did it with regret, but it was impossible to do otherwise, for I would not stay as a toy of Mrs. M. I did not tell her at all who I was and that I was leaving her, Anklam and Stolp forever, but on bidding her goodbye I promised to come to her as soon as time permitted. Perhaps if I had told Mrs. M. the truth, who I was, she would have thrown me out of the door. But perhaps she would have helped me and advised. But I was ashamed to do it, and afterwards I regretted it very much.

[He takes three letters to Berlin, one to a hotel, another to the Baker's Club, and the third to the brother of the clerk. He pays a month in advance at the hotel, but after the month pays for the room only. Among the bakers he finds no work, but *smyruses*, as in Poland, who make him treat them. The clerk's brother has moved, and Władek tears up the letter to him, as he cannot find his new address. In two months his money is gone and he is wandering the streets. Gradually sells his clothing, etc.] Now I accosted hundreds of people simply on the street, asking for advice about finding work or for work. But every one simply shrugged his shoulders and went on. Once I met a gentleman and I noticed from his physiognomy that he was probably not a German. I approached with the same question, but he began immediately to talk Polish: "Are you a Pole?" — "Yes," I answered, "how did you recognize it?" — "From your accent.

And please come to dinner with me; perhaps you are hungry." And without waiting for my answer, he led me toward a restaurant and ordered a dinner for two persons. During the dinner I told him my present critical situation. He complained also about Berlin, said that he had not worked for a long time and that it was difficult to find work in Berlin. He was a brush-maker, born in Warsaw. After dinner, we went upon the street, and in bidding me farewell he put a thaler into my hand and went away rapidly. I looked after him and went my own way. . . .

Thus I wandered about Berlin, having 5 pfennigs in my pocket. I must add that it was winter, it snowed heavily and I had had nothing warm for some days. It was painful to pass near a restaurant, through the window of which people were seen eating many dishes. I stood under such a restaurant sometimes waiting whether somebody would throw some remnants through the door. But my waiting was fruitless, for nobody threw anything, and I walked further, until night fell. Suddenly I saw a lady walking rapidly and carrying a package [hand-bag] upon a thin chain. At the first moment I felt a strong desire to jump, to tear this package off and to run away. I had already made a few steps toward her with this intention, but I could not do it. Fear and something else, I don't know what, hindered me and the lady passed undisturbed. I went on farther and began to pray, thanking God for not having permitted me to become a thief.¹

¹ The step from vagabondage and petty dishonesty to explicit theft is difficult to take when a man has been brought up in a normal social environment and is strongly dependent on social opinion. Social condemnation and contempt have the same character of discontinuity as legal sanction; they attach themselves to definite classes of explicit acts, while leaving more or less out of consideration the graduations of intermediary behavior, with their multiplicity of shadings. Thus a series of acts may express attitudes indefinitely approaching an attitude and an act characterized as criminal, and the difference may become psychologically quite insignificant, but as long as the precise act condemned by social opinion as criminal has not been formally committed neither the group nor the subject himself realizes that the region of criminality has already been entered. And if the subject stops before the explicit act, this is perfectly natural, for the whole odium with which social opinion has surrounded the act stands in the way. Władek has stolen food and fuel, money from his father's and his masters' drawers, a fisherman's net from the open, has killed the poultry entrusted to him, etc., and he did this without necessity; but even in the worst necessity he stops before robbing a lady of her hand-bag, this being universally and explicitly recognized by public opinion as plain theft.

I came to an avenue where some benches stood and sat down upon the first. The snow began to cover me, but I was not allowed to sit here long, for a policeman came and pushed me so brutally from the bench that I fell upon the earth. I said not a word and went on. I approached a railway station and entered to warm myself, but I happened to come there in a bad moment, for before I had the time to sit down some porter began to drive away all the persons who were there and me with them. It snowed more and more, my teeth chattered from cold. And again I wandered about the streets of this big city which could not give me any shelter. Thus I walked till morning, and my legs failed, but I had to walk, for there was no place to sit, and it was forbidden, although I should have preferred to freeze during this night in some street-kennel and not to live until the next day. Alas! this did not happen, and the day came and a worse one, for I was still hungrier. Noon came, and I had invented nothing and had no aim. Like an insane man, for I was already so to some degree, I walked about the streets. Suddenly I met a small detachment of soldiers and then an idea flashed. I thought that today I ought also to be a soldier instead of tramping, hungry and frozen, about the streets of Berlin. Here I remembered that in every capital city there must be a Russian consul, so I was sure that there was one in Berlin. With this idea I approached a policeman and asked him where was the Russian consulate. The policeman drew a book from his pocket and began to search in it for a very long time; only after perhaps an hour he gave me the answer that he lived on Lindenstrasse and that it was very far. He asked me whether I would go by the street-car. "Afoot," I answered.—"Oh, it is very far, you won't get there today." And he showed me the street along which I had to go. I started, but the policeman was right; the evening came and I had not found the consulate. And again I spent a night upon the streets of Berlin, impossibly hungry, for since I had left the hotel I had had nothing in my mouth. Moreover the cold oppressed me awfully. . . . During this whole night sobs shook my body, and I met no pitiful person who would give me a few pfennigs, although I did not cease to accost people.¹

¹ This aimlessness and helplessness of a usually resourceful man (we saw the same thing in Warsaw) is significant for the position of the immigrant in a large city. In a city the whole external organization of life, the system of relations uniting the whole institution, is essentially impersonal, although

[Reaches the consulate.] A gentleman approached and asked me in Russian what business I had. I told him that I belonged to the army and wanted to be sent back to Poland. This gentleman told me to show him my passport. I had no such passport and told him that I had none. "In that case we cannot send you home. We have no right to do it, for everybody could come and say the same, in order to be sent without paying." Saying this he went away and left me alone. But I did not move from my place, for I did not want to go upon the street any more; I knew well what awaited me there. I resolved not to leave unless they threw me out by force. After awhile another came and said: "You have nothing to wait for, you won't be sent back to your country. You may go." — "Where shall I go? To perish upon the street from hunger and cold? I have had nothing in my mouth for three days and have not slept, and now you drive me away? I won't go from here of my own will."¹ Thus I answered this second gentleman who wanted to get rid of me. He looked at me for awhile and saying not a word, went away. I reflected that perhaps I had acted too sharply, but now it was quite indifferent to me whether I went on the street and died of hunger and cold or sat in a prison. So I sat more comfortably upon the chair and waited. Soon a third gentleman appeared, with a long gray beard and in uniform. At his approach I wanted to rise, but he gave me a sign with his hand not to do it, and I sat down again. He drew nearer and began to observe me. Then he inquired in what way I had got to Berlin and in general all about the details of my stay here. I related it. When I finished, he asked: "Do you want to work?" — "I do," I answered. — "That is all right," he said, and went out. After awhile he returned, carrying a paper in his hand. He gave it to me saying: "Here you have an address; go there and you will get work. You will work there until you earn for your journey." — "And is it far from here?" — "Very far; you must go in a car, for afoot you would not reach

below this system are found innumerable variously mixed and conflicting personal relations. The solitary newcomer is usually theoretically in an even worse situation than Władek, because lacking any means of communication with the new milieu. This explains why the immigrant to America is obliged to settle for a time among his own people.

¹ This is the only point where Władek rejects every caution; there is no longer a feeling of insecurity, for he has actually nothing to lose.

it before tomorrow." — "But how can I go in a car, since I have not a pfennig and I am very hungry?" He took 3 marks out of his pocket and gave them to me. I thanked him very warmly and begged him to explain what car I should take and where to change, and I wrote down everything he told me, in order not to lose my way. Then I thanked him once more and left. First I found a restaurant and ate, . . . bought tobacco, mounted into a car and went. Thanks to my prudence [cleverness] I did not go wrong, but I reached my end only when it was rather dark.

[Works from the middle of January to the end of February in a large garden, with hot-houses, attached to a Russian church. Paid 2 marks a day. Leaves, after some purchases, with 30 marks. Smuggled across the frontier by a Jew.] At Shupca I paid the Jew 5 roubles and began to reflect about what I should do now. But I did not reflect long, and resolved to apply to the district government to take me to the army at once. So I started to Konin afoot, and before night I was there. I went to the chief of the district, who after looking through some books told me to present myself in two days. On leaving the office I did not know what to do. I had no home and I did not want to go to brother Stanisław, for I was almost sure that instead of showing compassion he would scold me. I should have preferred it if they had taken me at once, but I could not force them. I wanted to see my family, and finally I decided to go. I thought: "What can Stanisław do to me? I won't let him beat me, and if he does not give me anything to eat I shall go without it. I can also pass the night in some farmer's home." So I bought a pound of blood-sausage, rolls for 5 copecks, and started to Straszkowo. It was thirty-six wiorsta to Straszkowo, but I had the luck to meet a coach going the same way and for a few copecks went on it a long part of the way. The driver was not very talkative, so I loosened the reins of my thoughts. I reflected why I had indeed gone to Berlin. I was there almost four months and found no work, and if it had not been for the consul I should perhaps have died or been sitting in a German prison, for I was very near it when I met that lady with a hand-bag, but God had preserved me from it. And all this my good clerk had done. He promised me that I would find work in Berlin and gave me letters, but those letters were without any importance for me. So instead of being grateful to the clerk, I felt a grudge against him. The army appeared to me now a

plank of salvation, although others would like to lose hundreds and even thousands to get free from military service.

With such sad reflections I reached Straszkowo. As soon as I opened the door, an awful clamor arose, as usually at greeting. When it got a little calmer mother and sister Marya, who was also at home now, began to abuse me much for having returned from Prussia. "Why, they will take you now to the army and you will fight your own brothers, for a big revolution is coming." But I did not care for it at all, and said: "It is better if they take me, for I have got tired of living. I will gladly go to serve in order to stop tramping about the world." Sister Marya cursed me even a few times for being willing to serve the Muscovite, but she did not know, poor girl, that I had suffered worse than a soldier in military service.¹ Stanisław was not at home but in Koło, with his Wanda. They began to inquire how I had succeeded during this year in Prussia. I related as well as I could, omitting the worst. During my relation I ate a little. I told my mother that the district chief ordered me to appear in two days and there was no doubt that they would take me to the army. Mother began to comfort me, saying that perhaps they wouldn't take me, for I was very thin. But this grieved me more than comforted, for if they didn't take me, I should be obliged again to tramp like a beggar. I preferred to work the hardest possible, day and night, only not to tramp, only to work in the same place.

It was after twelve when we went to sleep. I lay down in Stanisław's bed; we had to sleep together. I wrapped my 40 copecks in a handkerchief and put them under my head, for if somebody was curious and searched my pocket, it would be better if he found nothing than those 40 copecks. After some time Stanisław came in. Lucas told him at once that I was there and was sleeping in his bed. "And why, mother, did you admit this tramp into the house and put him into my bed, that he might fill it with lice? He could have gone to the barn to sleep, since he came to serve the Muscovite." Mother tried to calm Stach and to persuade him as well as she could, but he did not cease until he lacked words for further insults. Finally he calmed him-

¹ The whole country was swept during the period 1905-1906 by a powerful movement toward national and social liberty, and Władek does not grasp the civic and patriotic ideals which have moved even his old mother.

self a little, came into the room where I slept and lay down. I turned myself toward the wall and pretended to sleep fast, but did not sleep for almost the whole night. Such was the greeting of my family; instead of comfort after a rather hard year I met insults.

[Goes to Konin, is enlisted and returns.] A few minutes later I bade goodbye to mother and my younger brothers and sisters. Mother pressed into my hand some copecks wrapped with paper, but could not withhold her tears, and everybody cried. Stach was in the school, so I went and knocked at the door. He came out. "Well, remain with God," I said, "I am going to serve." — "Have they taken you?" — "They have," I answered. We kissed each other, and I went. But I had hardly taken a few steps when I began to cry, so that I was unable to move. I leaned against a tree and stood there for a few minutes. When I calmed myself a little and looked around, they were all standing there and crying also, without excepting Stach. I took my hat off for the last time, threw my last, "Remain with God," and started away.

[Taken to Łeczyca. The other recruits are well equipped with provisions and clothing.] And what was my fortune in comparison with theirs? Zero. But I was richer than they in wit and this made me succeed. I always went into the kitchen and got a piece of meat; there was more soup in my bowl, I had almost always a whole loaf of bread in my chest. And therefore also my companions kept with me, and I drank often, thanks to them, a glass of brandy or beer.¹ Here I must mention my three best companions. The first was of the same district as I, stout and big, but little developed; his name was Gabryszak. The second was Piechocki, Gabryszak's neighbor, smaller than I, but more

¹ Władek's success in the army is explained by the particular character of his practical abilities. During his vagabondage he has preserved and developed the faculty of invention of details from moment to moment. And this is precisely the faculty needed in the army, where material existence is assured, there are no distant and important plans, and the whole life consists in details.

developed than Gabryszak. The third, Nogaj, was always as if he lacked the fifth stave [was crazy] and he was a great card-player. I mention them here because I served with them my whole term.

We were in Łeczyca about two weeks and then we went to Odessa. In Odessa we waited for the ship which was to carry us to Batum. . . . After six days we arrived at Batum, and thence by railway through the mountains of Caucasus to Aleksandropol, which was the end of our long journey. For every day of the journey where we got no food we were to receive 25 copecks, and there were seven such days. But when we asked the elder sergeant for money he said that we would receive it from the military chief. Precisely now the elder led us to the military chief, gave him the papers and wanted to leave, but I did not let him go, asking him to pay us for the seven days past and for the present eighth. But he was stubborn and refused to give us money. A quarrel arose whose noise brought the chief himself. The chief asked what was the matter. I explained that boarding-money was due to us for eight days, *i. e.*, 2 roubles to each. The chief called the elder into his office, and after awhile gave us 2 roubles each.

The detachment to which we belonged now was called the local detachment of Aleksandropol, and was composed of no more than a hundred men. Their duty was to escort various prisoners and deserters to various towns, of which the most important one was Erywan. Without boasting I was the best soldier among the young recruits, for the Muscovites were stupid like boot-heels; they know hardly how to cross themselves, and among thirty-two only six knew how to read and write. . . . The chief of this detachment was the lieutenant-colonel Polonkin, but I will call him simply the chief. There was a sergeant-major, an old drunkard of sixty, a good and indulgent man; two older sergeants, one [illegible] and three younger under-officers. The detachment was divided into squads, the first and the second. I belonged to the second. The sergeant was a man from the province of Podole, of Polish origin, but he knew not a word of Polish. He was a piece of a scoundrel and tried to make Muscovites of all the Poles who served in this detachment. He was helped in this by a Pole from the province of Kalisz, Milczarek, who was a corporal. Besides the four of us there were eleven other Poles, but the oldest of them was this Milczarek.

After supper I lay down, and some Poles surrounded me, everybody inquiring about his own country — what was the news. At the same time Milczarek returned to the barracks and one of the men who sat near me called: "Come here, Milczarek, here is your countryman." But he, instead of approaching and asking what was the news in his country, answered in Russian, "Shall I — him, this countryman?" Then I raised my head and answered in the same language: "You shall not do it to me, but you may do it to a bitch." Then I added in Polish to those who sat around me: "What a vulgar Ham!" They all even grew pale that I dared to offend thus a corporal, but I did not care for it at all. When Milczarek abused me in Russian and threatened that he would not forgive me, I laughed at him, saying that he had forgotten to talk Polish. After this I did not talk to him any more. He was precisely the assistant of the head-sergeant of the second squad and they both tried to russify the Poles, but God had sent me to stand in their way.¹

The chief came to the barracks once a day, at nine o'clock in the morning, spent about one hour and went away. On the third day we began to learn. But there was nothing to learn, for I read the statute a few times and knew everything, and the next day when the chief was listening the teacher asked me some questions, as the best pupil, and I answered without hesitation, so that the chief himself said, "*Spasibo*" [thank you]. In a word, the learning was easy for me. The drill with the gun was a little more difficult in the beginning, but even thus I was ahead of my companions, and often when they were learning I was free.

A week before Easter the sergeant-major allowed me to search for work in some bakery, and I found it with an Armenian, for 1 rb. 50 a day. I worked six days and earned 9 roubles. For this money I bought a big *babka* for the sergeant-major, treated the elder teacher and bought boots; only I did not spend it all.

Meanwhile summer came and we moved to the camp, and

¹ Of course he could become thus suddenly patriotic only if the patriotic values made indirectly some appeal to his pre-existing egotistic attitudes, and this happened when the behavior of Milczarek aroused a strong personal resentment; and he came to identify himself with the patriotic idea because Milczarek was anti-patriotic. Moreover he was led to emphasize the national separatism because in this way he secured an easy distinction in the eyes of his patriotic fellow Poles. The process is typical for the origin of many a political, social and religious leadership.

learning began for those who were to go into the school detachment [to become under-officers]. I was assigned to this school, as well as two of my companions, Piechocki and Gabryszak. Nogaj went as orderly to the chief's house. Our teacher was now the sergeant of the second squad, who did not know even addition well; in a word, he knew less than his pupils. But "service is not friendship," so we had to listen. There were only two hours a day of this learning. Aside from this I gave all my free moments to learning the military service, and when I did not know anything I went myself to the first sergeant, who taught me and explained. My sergeant was awfully angry with me for not going to him. He tried to annoy me at every step and Milczarek helped him.

Once a gala day came and some soldiers went to the Russian church. My sergeant began to drive me there, but I refused positively to go. He threatened and swore, and at this moment Milczarek appeared and began to instigate him still more. Then I said: "You renegade, you dare to incite the sergeant to make me go to pray in a Russian church?" And it came to this, that the whole detachment surrounded us and listened to our conversation. I talked Polish and he Russian. All the Poles stood behind me and incited me to tease Milczarek, for he was not liked in the barracks by anybody except the sergeant. During the quarrel I said to Milczarek not to be so proud, for the time might come when he would be obliged to salute me. "O ho, you won't live till the moment when I salute you!" And the sergeant added: "I will try not to let you go into the school." And here the quarrel ended.

The time passed rapidly. Five of us were selected to go to the school-detachment. I was a little afraid the sergeant would prevent my going, so I went to Nogaj and asked him to talk in my favor to the chief. And Nogaj evidently did his best, for the next day during the learning the chief came in and sat down at the examination. He told us first to read, then he dictated and we wrote. Finally each of us in turn went to the table and made the calculations which he ordered. After the examination the chief selected four of us, among whom I was, and ordered the sergeant-major to name us: Piechocki, Wiszniewski, Bundarow and Gregorow. . . . My sergeant and Milczarek were almost mad with anger. All the others were glad that I was to go to the school-detachment, for they liked me enough, because I was bold, talka-

tive and spoke in favor of everybody when it was needed. And as I knew the whole statute and knew how to present matters clearly it happened often that my request brought good consequences. For example, when the days of confession arrived I requested the sergeant-major to free us for three days, and we were freed, which never happened up to that time. I was in particularly friendly relations with Bundarow, and more than once he spent the whole night with me, learning from me arithmetic. And as he was very intelligent he surpassed me in this.

Our detachment had no school of its own, but sent its selected soldiers to another regiment in the same town. We had to spend five months there. The chief of the school was a captain, a very good man and still more indulgent. His assistants were four younger officers. Our teacher was also good but only to his own squad, while from others he required even too much when he had an opportunity. The sergeant-major was a piece of a devil, but I knew a little how to keep his brutality in limits. The books which I received for learning lay in my chest without use, and I could learn enough from listening. Some times, when something was more difficult, I took the book from Bundarow and read it a few times. I spent the rest of my time in reading Russian novels which I took from the town library, paying 10 copecks a month. When we sat in class the officer walked about and we had to learn. I had always two books before me; one was the hand-book, the other some novel. When the officer approached I put the first above and when he turned his back I drew my novel.

Once the officer noticed it, approached, drew the novel from under my hand-book and began to look over it, laughing. Then he asked where I got my books. I told him. He laughed and said: "You read novels, and do know the lesson?" — "I know it," I answered. "Well, we shall see." And I always knew the lesson. Gradually the four young officers liked me a little and brought me themselves books to read. Once when we were learning in the class to handle the gun, my officer approached and began a conversation with me. Soon his three companions did the same, and when the conversation assumed wider proportions every one of them put a pupil in his place to command the others, and we discussed. We talked about heaven and hell, then about heavenly bodies; about Adam, our first parent and his sons, . . . whence Cain took his wife; about the deluge, and so on. We began imme-

diately after noon and we talked continually until it grew dark. I stood, leaned upon my gun and talked as if with equals. We could not finish the conversation. Finally the officers noticed that it was dark and said: "Tomorrow we shall finish." They went away and I went also to the barracks.

After that the officers treated me still better and very often we had discussions like that one. Meanwhile I tried much to draw the sergeant-major into a discussion, for I wanted to tell him how inhumanly he treated the soldiers. For indeed it was inhuman. Every evening after the prayer he kept us standing, sometimes two hours, and we had to stand straight and immovable while he explained quite unnecessary things. If it had been only this! But every evening he made an inspection of the *onuczki* ["Russian socks," *i. e.*, pieces of linen], the feet and the neckties, and if he noticed a dirty *onuczka* he ordered the owner to hold it in his teeth. This never happened to me, for I had always clean *onuczki* in my pocket and showed him these, but this behavior towards us pained me much and I sought for means to tell him this. . . . So I began to make advances in every free moment, for he slept with us in the barrack-room, in a corner separated by a curtain. I went often to him, asking him to explain something or other, although I knew it well myself. Gradually I succeeded in drawing him into discussions, trying always to make military service its subject. Finally I was in quite friendly relations with him. More than once we ran about the barracks like children, he after me. Once I went to him and we began a conversation. Slowly a whole heap of soldiers surrounded us and listened to our talk. During the conversation I asked him whether he knew soldiers who had no parents or very poor parents. "I know some," he answered. "And does somebody send them money here, to the army?" — "No, who would, since they have no parents or the latter are poor?" — "Then you see that they are poor people and cannot buy new *onuczki* every few days." — "Let them wash them." — "All right, but if it is winter and the water is frozen, where can they wash?" In short, I showed him everything which I noticed that he ought not to do and which the service did not require. And I began to make him ashamed in the presence of all the soldiers who sat near us, saying that he called himself a father of the company, while he did not behave as a father ought to. "Even a step-father does not act thus. Ask your own reason

whether you behave well, and soldiers whether they think well of you. Do you think that they have no feeling and don't understand your behavior?" The sergeant-major reddened a little that a simple soldier gave him such a lesson, but he could not answer me clearly and the farther we progressed in our conversation the more he got entangled. Finally I led him to this, that he promised to be a real father. And he did not lie, for it showed itself on the same evening. He kept us standing much shorter, and if he noticed a dirty *onuczka* he ordered it washed and not held in the teeth. And as I did not cease working, he became more and more indulgent every day, and he made the inspection only for the sake of appearances and did not notice if anything was dirty. He liked me more and more, and if sometimes I did not go to him he called me himself, that I might relate something to him. I always tried to relate something moralizing and exemplary.¹

On the examination I succeeded the best possible; I had only one four and the rest fives. I must add that only five did not pass the examination. They had to remain for another five months, and this displeased them very much and they began to cry. I received as a token from my officer a big ocarina, and another gave me skates. I and Bundarow were younger under-officers a week later, and I took at once command of the second squad. A month later I got the third galloon [sergeant], for the man who was to take the command before me was sent to another town. . . . Now I was getting on very well. I had 72 roubles of salary a year, and there was other income [tips] when I began to command the escorts. Milczarek belonged to my squad and had to listen to me, but not long, for soon he went home. I was liked much by the prisoners also, for I treated them always humanly and permitted them to do whatever they wanted, provided they did not go beyond the limits. It happened that as soon as I entered the prison yard and the prisoners saw me, voices were heard: "Our escort-elder! Our escort-elder!" And this was not without profit for me, for it happened more than once that none of the prisoners accepted even a grosz of the boarding-money

¹ Władek's function as moral preacher evidently corresponds to a real social need, for he seems to be almost always successful in various milieux, at least in attracting attention. Has this need been developed by religious preaching, or does it express a general social attitude to which religious preaching itself owes its success?

from me, and when I was going to Erywan I had boarding-money for two days — 15 copecks for each — and there were fifty or more prisoners, so sometimes 10 or 15 roubles were left for me. Again, I took their irons off in the car, allowed them to smoke cigarettes, to play cards, sometimes to drink a bottle of wine, which I drank with them.¹ Some of them were rich, had a hundred or more roubles, broad belts full of gold, while according to the law it was forbidden a prisoner to have more than one rouble with him, and if he had more he must give it to the escort-elder to keep, and he gave him a receipt.

When the prisoners were put in a line I approached and asked whether anybody had more than one rouble of money with him. When he answered that he had none, searching began about his person and in his bundle. It happened that the soldiers found money sewn in the collar or some other place; then they tore it open and gave me the money, and more than once some hundreds of such money were gathered. . . . It was also forbidden to keep glasses or bottles [probably to avoid suicide], only iron cups could be used to drink tea. So we had each about a dozen glasses in our chests. Among those happened to be expensive ones, but only escort-elders got these.

We escorted them with naked sabres and loaded revolvers to the station. The car was specially built, with iron bars in the windows. When the train was running the prisoners' irons could be taken off, but only the handcuffs, never the leg-irons. But this depended on the elder. Then in the car the prisoners could use no other food but bread and water, but this depended also upon the elder. As I said, I permitted them to have whatever they wanted, and at their request I gave them even the money back which I had taken during the search. They again bought so much to eat, to drink and to smoke that no soldier had to spend a grosz.

As soon as the train moved I had to give them boarding-money, and I arranged the following trick. I always called first a rich prisoner, about whom I was sure that he did not care for these 15 copecks. The man called refused the money and told the others in Armenian not to take it, and they all said as one man that they did not want the boarding-money. If a poorer one

¹ This part of Władek's behavior is all right from the standpoint of public opinion. The prisoners were mainly political offenders, and any act committed by themselves or by others to alleviate their lot was socially sanctioned.

happened to be among them and wanted the money, the richer ones gave him these 15 copecks and did not allow him to take them from me. Nevertheless, I called all of them in turn, and when I had performed this act I asked them in the presence of the soldiers whether they had any claims and whether they had received the money. They answered aloud that they had received the money and had no claims at all. Only then I was sure, for even if they complained they would not benefit at all.

Besides this we had income from another source. We admitted into this car people as "hares" [without tickets], and these paid us 2 roubles each for the journey. There were never less than 10 roubles, sometimes more. But I never kept this money for myself; after coming to Erywan we ate and drank for it, and therefore the soldiers tried to get as many such "hares" as possible. The conductors often saw it and were angry as devils, but could do nothing, for nobody was allowed to enter the prisoners' car except those officers whom I knew personally. And there were only two of them, the military chief and the chief of our detachment, and I knew well that they sat in Aleksandropol. Besides them, even if the emperor himself wanted to come in and I did not know him I had no right to admit him. Once when we had taken on an unusual number of "hares" the conductors told a general who was on the train. They did it out of spite, because we refused to share the profits with them. The doors of the car were locked; I had the keys in my pocket. I was calmly lying upon the sofa in the office when a soldier knocked at the door and said: "Some general wants to see you." I got rapidly up, put my belt in order, put on the revolver and sabre, left the office, closing it with the key, and approached the door behind which the general stood. There was a glass in the outer door and I could see him very well. I saluted him in a proper way and asked what he wanted. "Open!" answered the general. I asked for the second time what he wanted. "Open, I want to inspect the prisoners." — "It is not allowed," I answered. "How is that? It is not allowed? Don't you see who I am?" — "I see," I answered, "but I don't know you, so I have not the right." I excused myself and moved away from the door. The general swore violently, threatened me with his fist and went away, while I returned to my office.

There was also an income from a third side, and this one I kept

wholly for myself. When we came to Erywan with the prisoners various people came to see them. This was also not permitted, but when people put some copecks into my hand, well, then it was permitted. In this way also some roubles were put together. But not every escorting was so. It happened that I scarcely earned enough to live, or even that I had to live on my boarding-money, of which we got 25 copecks a day. In Erywan we always spent two days and a night, and in returning we took prisoners again to Aleksandropol. It never happened during my service that a prisoner escaped.

The following year, when new recruits came again, I was assigned to be their elder teacher, and now I seldom went with the escort. There was a Russian, Malcow, who would never learn and always pretended to be sick. Once I ordered them to dress and stand in line. My Malcow dressed also but would not stand in line. Although I told him to stand more than once, he answered that he was sick. I got into a terrible wrath for his refusing to listen in the presence of all, so in my anger I gave him an ear-box with my whole strength, so unfortunately that blood began to pour from his nose. He began to cry and bent over the bed, so that the blood from his nose dropped upon it and stained the cover. I caught him by the collar and pushed him away from the bed, and sent for the surgeon-assistant whom we had in the detachment. The surgeon-assistant came, stopped the blood and then approached me and began to abuse me in a half voice, saying that I had not the right to beat soldiers and that he would write a report against me. I was afraid, for it was forbidden to beat, but I gave no sign of it and began to drill the soldiers, while Malcow went with the surgeon.¹ This happened before nine, and at nine our chief was due at the barracks. A little before nine I sent a soldier to watch for him and when the soldier informed me that the chief was coming I went to meet him and bore a complaint against myself. The chief answered: "You did badly in beating him. You should have told me, and I would have punished him in my own way." — "I lacked patience," I answered. — "Well, the devil take him. And I will tell the surgeon not to mind things

¹ Compare this abuse of authority with the case of the boy Stefan, in *Grajewo* (p. 240). Wladek had never had such an opportunity to satisfy his desire for recognition as during his military service, and was probably very jealous of his authority.

which are not his business." Then we both went into the barrack-room. The chief ordered Malcow sent for, told him to stand in line and would almost have added some more [beating]. The surgeon got a scolding also and thus my fear ended. After that Malcow improved, and the others also feared me more, for they were sure that I should sit in prison, or what would be worse, that one of my galloons would be taken away. . . . Meanwhile time flowed rapidly and our service was soon to come to an end.

Suddenly one evening the chief came to our barracks and said there would be a review tomorrow, for the general was coming. He ordered us to prepare everything for gymnastics. "But we have neither a ladder nor a barrier." — "You must borrow them from another detachment." — "But the soldiers don't know how to do it." — "Then go at once, borrow them and teach the men a little today." [This battalion has no apparatus because it had been used as fire-wood in the winter. The plan is followed of putting the older men on the right wing, as the review usually began from that end, but the general begins with the left wing.] The general ordered our grades to be lowered, the sergeant-major to be put in prison for fifteen days, and made a remark to the chief. Such was our reward for the review. I and Gregorow wanted to tell the general that we had no ladder nor barrier at all and that those were borrowed, but the chief noticed it and approached rapidly saying: "Don't grieve, I will give you back the grades which you have." We believed him and said nothing to the general. . . . Two weeks later an order came; I had to become a younger under-officer, Gregorow a corporal, and the sergeant-major to sit in prison. And although we begged the chief to try to get back the grades we had before, he promised and postponed it, and finally we went thus into the reserves.

Meanwhile there was sent to our detachment an under-officer who had lost all his galloons. I was to escort my last party and this degraded officer requested me to take him. [Goes without incident except that two university students among the prisoners pay him to allow them to ride to station in a cab.] Returning I

had many prisoners — thirty-two great criminals with handcuffs and leg-irons, and as many lesser offenders. The chief of the prison asked me whether I should be able to take as many with my men. I answered that I was a little afraid and asked for help. The chief telephoned, and some forty shooters [particular corps] with an older under-officer came, but in spite of this I was the commander. Among the prisoners there was a young Greek girl who could not go as rapidly as the other prisoners and remained in the rear with me. We talked on the way, for she knew Russian, and I persuaded her to allow me to foolish with her in the car, but she warned me that among the prisoners was her betrothed and he might not permit it. "I shall find a way with him," I answered. Talking thus, we arrived at the station. The car was not yet there, so I told the prisoners to sit under the wall, surrounded them with my escort and sent the shooters back. Meanwhile we were followed by a still larger throng of people; they were the acquaintances and families of the prisoners, and they came to bid them farewell. They stopped about a hundred steps away, without daring to come nearer. Some were very rich, as could be seen from their broad golden belts. A few bolder ones drew a little nearer, but the menacing looks of the soldiers held them back. One clever man was found among them; he went into the waiting-room and gave me a sign to follow him. I left my assistant in my place and went. All these people waited only for this; they ran in throngs into the room. The man who had called me, when I asked him what he wanted, told me to drink whatever I wished. I did not let him repeat it and drank a few glasses of wine. But this was not the end, for he bought two bottles of good wine for me and gave me a rouble, asking for permission to bid his brother goodbye. I led him to his brother and let them talk, while I returned to the room where others waited for me. Everybody offered me something — half a rouble, some less, some more, and everybody got permission to talk for a few minutes. Moreover everybody treated me. Finally I would not drink more, for I was afraid of getting drunk, so they gave me whole bottles. The car was brought and I led the prisoners into it. We had to wait two hours and the farewells did not cease. Now all the soldiers profited of it, for vodka and wine were carried in bottles. I saw what was coming and asked the soldiers not to drink, but to keep those bottles for later; when we came to the

barracks then we would drink. But not all of them listened to my words. At their head was that degraded under-officer, and although I admonished him more than once, he did not listen at all. There were already about ten bottles of vodka and twice as much wine in my office, and three teapots full of wine, and people carried still more. Some soldiers were quite drunk. I regretted much having permitted it in the beginning and prayed to God for the train to start, for I was in an awful fright. Finally the train started. I did not take the irons off, posted the more sober soldiers at the doors and windows and was continually among them. Suddenly I noticed that the degraded under-officer began to flirt with the Greek girl in the presence of the prisoners, which could have unfortunate consequences. So I took the Greek girl and started to push her into my office, but three or four prisoners got up and barred my way, saying: "Mr. Elder, she has to go with us." Seeing that it was not a joke, I drew my revolver and pointed it at the first man, calling, "Sit down!" They sat down, and I led her into the office. There I had to guard her myself, for the window was not latticed. I did not think about foolishing with her, for I was in grief, but she did not allow me to sit quietly. At every moment she approached the pot and drank wine, persuading me to foolish. And so I foolish three times rather shortly, but forbade her seriously to drink any more wine, fearing she would get very drunk. Soon we had to begin for the fourth time, when Piechocki knocked at the door. I opened and noticed that he was very changed. I asked what had happened. "The prisoners have cut off the revolver of the degraded sergeant." — "The revolver? How? When?" I belted my sabre, rapidly took my revolver and jumped into the car. There all the soldiers were pressed together in one place and looked at me with terror, while that drunkard lay upon a bench among the prisoners. The cord of the revolver hung down, but the revolver was not there. His trousers were wet, for he had urinated and vomited. I took him by the collar and threw him down from the bench, but he got upon his feet and with one movement drew his sabre and wanted to strike me with it. But I had the time to catch his hand and we began to struggle, while the sabre was up; but others came rapidly and helped me to tear his sabre away. I took the handcuffs of one prisoner off and put them upon his hands, for I could not quiet him although I gave him a dozen blows on the ear. Then

I began to search for the revolver, but although I omitted not a single spot I could not find it. I was almost crying, for if I did not find it I should be court-martialed and three years of the disciplinary battalion awaited me. Finally I mounted a bench and began to beg them to give the revolver back. I talked long to their hearts, and half with tears explained my position. Then the same man whose handcuffs I took off approached and said: "Don't cry elder, you are a good man. The revolver is in the toilet-room." In one jump I was at the door of the toilet-room. The revolver was tied to a string and hung down into the opening. When I drew it out it was in order, and all the balls were there. It was lucky that they had not killed some soldier, for they had an opportunity. I breathed freely and was very glad. I went to the office, where Piechocki had watched the Greek girl during the whole time of my search. I took his place, but I did not want to foolish any more, so I drove her out of the office, for I feared she would get quite drunk and cause me trouble. When we approached Aleksandropol the former under-officer began to beg me to forgive him, but I threatened to bring him in fetters to the chief. He wanted to kiss my hands, but I did not permit it. Finally I took the handcuffs off and gave him his arms back. I poured out the wine of which the Greek girl drank, for I was disgusted to drink after her. I handed over the prisoners and warned the soldiers to be silent about this incident, lest it should come to the ears of the chief. When we undressed, we sent for *zakąski* and drinking began. Others drank with us. The year 1906 revelled particularly, for after a few days we were to be set free, so we did not go to sleep during the whole night, but clamored, "Home, Home!"

On the night before leaving I could not sleep at all and spent the whole night in reflections. For, to tell the truth, I shared the joy that the service was finished, but where and for what should I return? I had sent long ago many petitions requesting to be admitted to some place, but everywhere I got the answer that they wanted nobody. I received, it is true, an offer to stay at Aleksandropol as a policeman, but I would not accept this job, for I could have the same in my country. I sent a petition to Siberia, for a place as forester in the province of Tomsk, but there was no place. I sent to Tiflis, for a place as railway-constable, but this also was in vain. I wanted to remain anywhere in order

not to return to my country,¹ and particularly to my family, for my own father wrote me to try to get a place: "You know, dear son, that there is no home waiting for you, and again you will be obliged to wander." Everybody sent me a little money. The most liberal proved Aleksy, for he sent me 15 roubles, Stach three, father two, Paweł ten, Lucus, mother and brother-in-law together ten. In a word I cannot complain about my family, for everybody sent me something.² Only sister Marya forgot about me, while I knew from letters that she had a place as kindergarten teacher in Powiercie. I had written also a few letters to Mrs. Dora, and received an answer to every letter. She wrote that she was succeeding very well, but they had no children at all. She asked me not to forget her. About Kazia I knew nothing, where she was and what she did, for I did not have her address. Paweł wrote me that Miss Pelagia was married and my cousin Mania of Łódź had married a barber.

I did not have it bad in the army, but I could not remain, so I had to return, willingly or not. And as I had no reason to go to my family I wrote a letter to Mr. K. in Kutno, asking him to take me to work again. I soon got a letter from him saying that I could come at any time. So I wrote that I would certainly come. I bought a nice civilian suit, a short warm overcoat, shoes, rubbers, a rather good winter-cap. I had a good valise full of linen and about 20 roubles of money. All my companions were going home in military dress; I alone had civil dress, for I had nobody to boast to with my uniform, while all of them were going to their native villages where their parents had some land and where they had girls, to whom they hastened to show themselves in their military outfit. To whom should I have hastened? Who was waiting for me? Nobody. I was not wanted by anybody. I felt pained and sad, and I began to cry, for crying was my only refuge, and in it I found relief. With such thoughts I was occupied on the night before leaving, when my companions were occupied with emptying bottles and singing.³

¹ He dreads the return to a milieu which subjects him to certain obligations, however limited, especially since his disorganization by the Prussian trip and the army.

² Helping the man who leaves military service is one of the traditionally established manifestations of solidarity.

³ There is much of the *cabotin* in his composition. (Cf. Vol. II, p. 503.) He enjoys playing with his loneliness and unhappiness.

[Embarks at Batum. Stormy passage. Received well in Kutno by Mr. K. and allowed to loaf and talk for two weeks with pay. Writes to his family.] After a time the older Miss D. looked at me rather often. I took it for good money and resolved to propose. With this purpose I composed a letter and sent it by mail. I had not long to wait for the answer, which came in the same way. She wrote:

"Resp. Sir: Excuse me, but you should have thought sooner about it, for you had time enough. Now it is too late, for I am engaged to a baker of Łowicz, and if you don't believe me, ask Mr. K. Yours, W. D."

So I was too late with my proposal. I regretted it much, for I thought about marrying her, starting a business on her dowry and ending thus my wandering, but I did not succeed.¹ There was indeed another sister, but this one did not please me at all, so I did not wish to court her.

Meanwhile I received a letter from Stach, that he had got another and very good place in Sompolno. He wrote that he did not need any better place, and invited me for a few days to him. Up to that time I had not thought about visiting, but now I felt the desire to visit my family. I was dressed rather decently. I had a few roubles of money, but I was not in a hurry to go.² But Mr. K. persuaded me himself to do it. [Engages a substitute for two weeks. While waiting for the coach in Kutno sees a veiled woman enter the railway-car whose figure resembles that of Kazia.] And in fact it was Kazia. I learned it later from her

¹ The opportunity which he neglected four years ago seems now desirable as a simple means of acquiring security without effort. We have seen that this passive regulation of life was what he sought in the army. Through all his adventures we notice a continual progress toward Philistinism, toward a regulation of life, not in the form of a subordination of his erratic tendencies to the tendency to advance, but of a passive monotonousness of existence in identical conditions. The tramp is often a discouraged criminal; Wladek is a discouraged tramp.

² The family has lost all its functions. It is no longer an object of the desire for response, as in the original peasant family, not even the object of the desire for recognition, as in the original community, and as it was with Wladek formerly. And since it is no longer connected with the idea of home as a resting place, nothing remains but personal affection. How little of this element is in Wladek is proven by the fact that he is not in a hurry to go, after three years of absence, in spite of his pose of longing and loneliness.

parents. Angry with myself for not having accosted her, I left the station and soon departed to Łeczyca, thinking during the whole way about Kazia. For it was the first time that I had thought seriously about her. And if I should really marry her now? Well, never mind the marriage, but what living could I give her? But even if perhaps we should not die of hunger, I had a more important reason not to marry her; I did not love her at all. Long ago she had evaporated out of my head. I ceased to think about her and turned my thoughts into another direction. I asked myself whether I should ever have my own bakery and thought how to accomplish it.

[His father is on a farm, Brunowek. Władek attempts to walk from the nearest station, but is wrongly directed to Bruno. Weather unusually severe, he half freezes, falls, is rescued by the manager of Brunowek and driven thither.] On the way we decided to deceive my father and to tell him that I was a clerk and came to take his place, while father would be dismissed. . . . Soon we drove into the farm-yard of Brunowek and noticed my father near the horse-stable. The manager said to my father: "Well, Mr. Wiszniewski, I bring you a successor. You are free to go." Father looked at me but did not recognize me, for he had not expected me at all, and had not seen me for more than four years. To the manager he answered only: "Well, let somebody else try this bread," and he started to go, but I seized him by his coat from behind and said: "Why are you so proud and don't even greet me?" Father turned toward me, stretched out his hand and looked for awhile into my eyes, and only then cried out: "Władek!" — "Evidently I am," I answered, laughing and greeting father.

I stayed there three days, for living did not cost father anything. Thence I went to Sosnowiec for my passport. I called on Mr. and Mrs. R., Dora's parents, and they kept me for the night. During the night an awful snow fell, it was impossible to go afoot and there was no coach, so Mr. and Mrs. R. advised me to stay with them for another night. Next day I went to Koło, and there spent the night with Lucus, who treated me with a good supper. In the morning I went by post to Sompolno. My whole family, who lived with Stanisław, were gathered in the kitchen, whence voices reached my ears. They were so occupied with themselves that they did not hear my entering. I lighted a

cigarette and behaved as silently as possible. Thus I stood perhaps for half an hour in the dark, for the lamp was not yet lighted. Suddenly sister Stefa came in and passed near the stove. I caught her by the dress and pulled her. But she thought it was Stach, and asked: "Shall I light the lamp?" I did not answer but pulled her harder. Then she got a little afraid and went into the kitchen, complaining to mother that there was somebody in the room. Then mother came in herself and I hid myself behind the door. When the lamp was lighted they did not notice me at once, but my cap and overcoat betrayed me. They began to look about the room and saw me.¹ . . . Everybody was glad to see me. The next day Stach asked me what I intended to do, to marry or to go to America. "Neither the one or the other. I intend first to gather money, and only then I shall think about what to do."

At home, that is, in Stach's house, I spent two days. Just then the two weeks ended and I was in a fright. Still . . . I spent another night with Lucus and went to Marya, and spent a few hours with her. Alas! I came back late and lost the work, for the workman whom I left in my place was sick with a venereal disease and two days after my leaving went to the hospital. Mr. K. worked alone for a few days then he took another baker and could not dismiss him before the end of the four weeks. He could have done it, but he was angry with me, not for having come late, but for having left such a workman. He was ashamed that an infected baker was taken from his bakery to the hospital. I wanted to pay the baker for the whole four weeks, but he refused to do it. So there was no other way; I had to go wandering. I took my valise and went again to Sompolno in order to leave it there. I regretted much that I had lost a good place, and unjustly, for how could I know that my substitute was sick? But nothing could be done. Stach now tried to persuade me to marry and promised to lend me money for the wedding. He had even found a girl with a whole thousand of dowry, and he showed her to me. But she did not please me at all, and I did not want to think about it.²

¹ His usual preparation of an effect; there is never an immediacy of feeling that would cause him to rush to his family or friends.

² That his attitude toward marriage depends on his mood rather than the personality of the girl is shown by his behavior in the case of Wanda D.,

I wrote a petition to the head-forester who lived in Koło, asking for a place as governmental forester, . . . and after a few days left Sompolno. I wandered in the direction of Łódź, finding no work. In Łódź I went straight to the bakers' hostelry, but did not sleep there, for Paweł took me to himself and I spent every night with him. Paweł worked now with another merchant, a very rich man, named Bogdanski.

From Łódź I wandered in the direction of Warsaw. I wandered three weeks without finding work, . . . came back to Sompolno, thence further to Turek. In Turek I did not call on Mrs. Dora for I was not nicely dressed; I had still the suit which I bought in the army. From Turek I went to Łódź again, and there Paweł showed me a telegram from Stach telling me to come immediately to Sompolno to take a place as forester. I started back immediately. Paweł gave me money for the journey. But I came too late; another was sent in my place. . . . I did not know any more which way to go. I spent two weeks with Stach, and although he looked at it very unfavorably, I did not care any more. At the same time my father also lost his position and came to Sompolno, so there were too many of us now at Stanisław's expense. . . . I wandered to Turek in order to beg the governor for at least a place as policeman, but he refused, saying that he had no free place, but advised me to go to Łeczyca to the chief of the country-police, who would receive me certainly, for they lacked a few country-constables. I wandered to Łeczyca . . . and was received. The chief said that my pay would count from this day, but I might still return home until the governor confirmed my appointment. I left the chief's office, very glad that I should not wander any more, but I had a new trouble. I did not know where to spend those few weeks. I did not want to wander, for I was disgusted with wandering. I resolved to go to sister Marya. She was alone, perhaps she would keep me those few weeks. I went to Powiercie, found Marya at home and begged her for hospitality for a few weeks, telling her how my affairs stood. Marya accepted me, though not very willingly. I had room enough to stay, for Marya lived alone in a whole old manor-house. Marya asked the manager to send her a sheaf of straw, and from this straw I made

in Kutno, in his many hesitations with regard to Kazia, and finally, as we shall see, by his marriage. There comes a time when he will select, but then the personality of the girl will play little rôle.

a bed in the kitchen. The living did not cost my sister much, for she received everything from the manor except meat, bread and sugar. I earned for cigarettes by writing letters for women who came to my sister often enough. For every letter I received 15 copecks. If sometimes I lacked money Lucas gave me some; I went very often to him, and he came from time to time to Powiercie. The rest of the time I spent in reading books, of which my sister had many, among them very interesting ones. . . .

But Marya did not prove a very good sister. She did not want even to cook a dinner for me, and if I wanted to eat I had to cook myself. Marya liked sometimes to bear tales between the manager and the gardener. Once I sat in the gardener's house, amusing myself with conversation, when sister Marya came and began to tell the gardener what the manager said against him. Then I said: "You should rather leave it, Marya, and not tell what people say against each other." Then Marya, like a fury, jumped at me and with her full strength struck me on the face, saying: "You tramp, don't mind my business." And she permitted herself to treat me thus in the presence of strangers. I arose from my seat, said, "Fury!" and left the room. Evidently I could have paid her back, but I did not want to do it, in order to appear wiser than she. And the gardener since then pities her, that is, her lack of reason. Such was, more or less, Marya's character. I never liked her. It happened that I had no money to buy cigarettes and asked her for 3 copecks, but she never once gave them to me, although I tried to be good and helped her wherever I could. More than once I taught the children during a whole day while she went to talk or to Koło to her friends. But she did not appreciate it. And I had to stay there, for I could not go anywhere else. Sometimes she went to the manager, to the gardener or to some woman and ate there, for she did not want to cook. In a word, my days were heavy with Marya.

[After two weeks invited by his brother-in-law to make a visit. Hospitably treated and makes a good impression. Reports for service.] Father lent me 6 roubles, for which I bought boots, and 1 rb. 50 was left. I had one rouble from my brother-in-law and Stach gave me one, and with this as capital I went to take my place. I came to Łeczyca in the evening. The police sergeant led me at once to a lodging where bachelor constables lived, and promised to come the next day and give me further information. In that

lodging there was a kitchen stove, so I cooked my supper and went to sleep.¹ Next morning the sergeant came and gave me constable clothes, for which I had to pay later, a sabre, an old-fashioned gun, a browning, a dozen packages of cartridges, and my service began. My whole occupation was to stand two shifts of six hours on the street; *i. e.*, twelve hours a day. But this happened only once a week, and the rest of the time I only loafed from tavern to tavern. The sergeant was very good and I crept rapidly into his favor. He told me to copy various circulars into a book. The chief was very severe, and God forbid that he should meet a drunken constable! Immediately he put him into prison. But he allowed tips, only without witnesses.

Winter approached and I had wasted almost a year in nothing. I was to get my first salary on the 20th of the month. I served on the following conditions: 15 roubles a month of salary, 40 roubles a year for clothes, 10 roubles for soap, oil and straw for mattresses. A married man received besides this 50 roubles for lodging. The salary was small indeed, 50 copecks a day, but we took tips, wherever and whatever we could, and it was almost possible to live on the tips alone. Moreover, very often somebody treated us with a glass of vodka, and with the vodka there was also a *zakąska*. I could not get any tip in the beginning, for I did not know all the ways, and I had to live on my salary. But I was satisfied even with this, for at least I did not need to tramp about the world.

Winter passed thus and summer came without any incidents. I wrote from time to time to my family, but corresponded mainly with Paweł, for bad fortune had united us much. He asked my advice, whatever he wanted to do, and I asked for his. Never a week passed without my receiving a letter from him. To Aleksy alone I did not write at all, and I had not seen him since I came back from the army. He came once to Sompolno, it is true, while I was there, but I went out in order not to meet him, for I was angry with him. If he had wished he could have found a much better place for me than the one I had.

[Sent temporarily to Poddebice to guard the post office.]

¹ The acceptance of a constable's position represents a further lowering of his social claims. The constable or policeman in Russian Poland was generally despised because he was serving voluntarily a hated government and because he took tips.

It happened often that many telegrams came to be delivered from Poddębice, and the postman could not carry them alone and took somebody to help him. The carrying of such telegrams was well paid, 15 copecks for every wiorsta, and I agreed with him to carry them, but secretly, without the other constables knowing it. I earned every day some money, sometimes as much as 1 rb. 50. But I had to run ten wiorsta for it, mostly at night, and I did not know the neighborhood at all. It happened that I got so wet that water streamed from me, but I did not complain and often treated the postman so that he would give me as many as possible. When Kukula asked sometimes where I was I answered, "With a girl," and put my money aside. So we spent a whole month there, and Kukula requested a change, for he was tired of staying in Poddębice where he could earn nothing. So Kukula left, and in his place I received another companion, a Moscovite. I did not want any change, for I was better off here than in Łeczyca. Living cost me little, for the priest gave me as many potatoes as I wanted; cabbage was not difficult to get either, for I went at night, cut a few heads with my sabre and brought them home, and if I asked somebody he sent me a whole *mendel* [15]. I got more and more acquainted with people and many treated me. My companion was not at all careful [did not know how to get anything], and I always told him that I bought the potatoes or cabbage and he had to pay half. I went into the field where people were digging potatoes and always knew how to talk with the manor-owner and get a few baskets. Then again when I carried a telegram in the day-time I went to some peasant woman and sometimes succeeded in getting a piece of butter or a chicken. If the chicken was fat I killed it, if it was thin I fed it, keeping it under the bed. Of course if my companion wanted to share it with me he had to pay. In a word, I tried hard on all sides to make money and was satisfied with my existence. I did not leave the butler at the manor in peace either, but went often to him for supper, and I did not cease to carry telegrams.¹ It happened but very seldom that

¹ His greed and activity become boundless and unscrupulous. He never had many scruples, and those which he had disappeared under the influence of the tipping system in the army. His greed is not altogether that of the miser, nor is it that of a man who collects money for a determined purpose. The idea of a bakery is revived later under the influence of Paweł. He collects rather from an interest in the activity — as an exercise of his wits. 

even the postmaster invited me to dinner. And people began already to mate me, but I did not even think about it, for my ideal was to put aside enough money and then to establish my own bakery. And thus time flowed monotonously.

[Has a telegram to carry to the priest in Domaniewo and remembers that the Ds. now live there.] On the way I wanted a drink and went to a farmer, asking him for water, but he refused to give it at once, which astonished me, for I saw a well in his yard. He wanted to give me milk, but I stuck to my request, and the more obstinate he was the more I insisted. Finally I took a bucket to draw water myself from the well, and I wanted to learn why he was so unwilling to give me of his water. But the farmer ran after me, took his cap off and began to beg my pardon for having a well not covered with planks, for the law forbade such wells. "It is very bad, farmer. Somebody might have fallen in." — "Why, I know it, but one always prepares and cannot decide to do it. But I tell you, sir, in a week it will be covered, and forgive me this time." — "I won't do you any harm, I will only write your name down." And I took a notebook from my pocket and approached the tablet which was above the farmer's door in order to see his name. While I was occupied with this the farmer went into the house, but did not stay long, and when I was going away he put a piece of paper into my hand and begged me not to make any complaint about him. "All right," I answered, "I won't, but in a week I shall come back, and if it is not done you won't persuade me then to forgive you." When I was far enough away I looked at what he had given me and it was a three-rouble note. "Stupid farmer!" I thought, "for this money he could have covered his well." And I laughed at his simplicity, for if he had not given a reason himself I should never have thought about looking into his well. But it was all right, for he gave me the opportunity of earning, incidentally, 3 roubles.

[Welcomed by the Ds. Mrs. D. weeps from joy. Wlodek sends out for vodka. Learns that it was Kazia whom he saw in Kutno. She was on her way to Warsaw to Pelagia, who had married a workman. Kazia is now there with a dressmaker.] On the way back I thought about Mr. and Mrs. D. and still more about their daughters, who had no luck at all in marrying. Miss Pelagia married a factory workman, but made no career at all, and Mr. D. forbade them to talk about him at home. Kazia was

of my age and could not find a boy either, and now Miss Helena, young and very pretty, had no suitor at all; at least she said so. Bronis was also spending a life not to be envied. They had no luck.

After that I visited them very often and was always kindly greeted. Mrs. D. called me again her son-in-law, as in old times. Once I laughed saying: "Would you give your daughter to a constable?"¹ — "Why not? I don't see the constable, but Mr. Władek, and whoever he is I would give him my daughter. But he is not in a hurry to marry my daughter." And she was right. I was not in a hurry, for I had had her address for a long time and had not written a letter.

At this time I received a letter from my parents, who were again in their own home. Stach, Aleksy and Paweł put some money together and established a small shop for father in Ruszkowo, a village six wiorsta from Sompolno, in order to free Stach, for he wanted absolutely to marry.² At this time I was transferred to Ozorkow, and soon Paweł visited me there. After the usual conversation, Paweł asked me how much money I had. I told him the truth; I had at this time about 40 roubles. "Why do you not put them in a bank? The interest would grow." — "Is it worth while putting those few roubles into a bank? Moreover, I am today here, tomorrow in some other town." — "I will tell you something," said Paweł. "Give this money to me; I will put it in a bank in Łódź, and whenever you have a few roubles, and even one rouble, send them to me. I will put them in the bank and gradually you will gather enough for a bakery. I will give you a note every time." Paweł's suggestion pleased me, and I gave him those 40 roubles. From that time I sent him every month almost my whole salary, and had to do my best in order to live. Sometimes it was very difficult, for I did not succeed always in earning, but in some way or another it went on and Paweł was satisfied with me.³

¹ One of the many proofs that Władek is conscious of his low social standing as a constable.

² At last a solution of the family problem is found, but it took almost six years to find it. This shows the degree to which even the practical organization of life is dependent on tradition, and how difficult it is to make a practical arrangement that is not in the line of the old association of ideas.

³ Paweł's influence arouses again the climbing tendency. Left to himself Władek would probably have remained a constable, unless stimulated by marriage.

[Becomes acquainted with a shoemaker, Mr. G., who has a rather well instructed daughter. She lives at home, but teaches the children of a factory owner.] Although I called there almost every day I did not know Miss Helena well. Although we talked with each other whenever we met we never shook hands. First, I felt well enough even without her, and secondly, she was awfully proud, never allowed any boy to call and never walked with any. She was not young any more, hardly one year younger than I. And I was also proud and did not want to try too much to get her sympathy. I was satisfied with a superficial acquaintance. Once when I was leaving their house sooner than she (for she came there every day for some time), I shook hands with her father, said to her only "goodbye" and started to leave. But Miss Helena stopped me, saying: "How is it, Mr. W.? Why don't you ever shake hands with me? I don't know why you act thus. Please explain." — "I beg your pardon very much, Miss Helena, but I did not think that you cared for it. And then you came home and found me here and never made the first step, never stretched out your hand, so I thought that you did not care for it at all. Moreover, women have priority." — "But I am not yet a woman and I have no priority," laughed Miss Helena. "Then let it be as you wish, and from today we shall shake hands." Saying this, I approached and stretched out my hand. After this our friendship grew, and there was not an evening, if I was not on duty, that we did not discuss serious questions. I met my match, for she did not allow herself to be "talked over," but had an answer to everything. Gradually the friendship grew into a little love and it went farther and farther. And her father praised much the qualities of his daughter. He did not forget to tell me that Miss Helena had in the bank 600 roubles, and showed me her clothes, of which there was a big chest full. I had not much against it, only it was my misfortune that I did not know how to love. On warm summer nights, we went into the garden of the factory owner and there we either sat or walked, listening to the song of the nightingale. Such evenings passed very pleasantly. I liked very much to talk with her, and we never lacked subjects of conversation, for Miss H. had read rather much and knew something to say about every subject. This was my first acquaintance with such a developed girl, and I can really call her a woman-man. Moreover, she was always in her place. In a word, I had nothing to reproach

her for, but up to this time I had not proposed, for I could not decide what to do, and days and weeks passed.

Meanwhile I was putting money aside and had already a rather large sum. But it happened more than once that after sending the money I had nothing with which to buy my breakfast and had to work hard with my head to find out where to get some money. Up to that time I had not denounced anybody to the court. I was judge myself. This did not please the other constables or the sergeant, but they could never catch me. I had a whole band of street-boys who informed me about everything that was happening against the law. Of course I had to give them a few copecks for drink, for I could not drink with them lest I should be noticed. I was thus informed about everything and always profited more or less. And how many means there were to earn! For example, it was forbidden to play cards for money, either in a private house or in a tavern. As soon as the players intended to gather anywhere I knew it beforehand, and when they expected me the least I entered as if to arrest them, but it ended in paying. Even if they crept into the narrowest corner I found them.

Meanwhile I received a letter from my parents saying that they would keep the shop in Ruszkowo only until New Year, for the house where they lived had been bought by somebody else and the new proprietor would keep the shop himself. So I reflected much upon what to do to help my parents. Finally I resolved to marry, establish my own bakery and take my parents to me. I did not want to lose any time, but resolved to propose to Miss Helena the same evening. I had a day off duty and I spent the whole of it composing what I would say to her. At the usual hour I went to Mr. G.'s home and according to our habit we played dominoes and at the same time wrote love-notes to each other. Upon each scrap of paper I gave her to understand that I intended to ask for her hand today and wrote once that when I accompanied her today I would tell her something important. She answered: "I am very curious; if it is not good rather don't tell me at all." The game ended sooner than usual and we went into the garden in silence; if we exchanged some words they were not at all adapted to our actual mood. Finally Miss H. interrupted this gloomy silence, saying: "Well, Mr. W., you had something to tell me and I am very curious to hear it." — "I intended to tell you, but since you are very curious I will say

nothing." — "No, no, I am not curious any more, only tell me." I wanted to tell her long ago, but I did not know how to begin the matter, for although we had known each other for a rather long time, and I was almost sure that I was loved by her, I was not bold in her presence and never tried to kiss her. Perhaps I did not love her enough and this made me timid. For I must confess that I had dreamed about a different love, not the one I felt for Miss H. For if I wanted to marry her it was rather a matter of business. She pleased me very well, for she was reasonable, serious, knew how to talk, was not ugly, and, what was most important for me, had a rather big dowry, for which a good bakery could be established. But there could not be a question of love, for I understood well what love was but did not know how to do it. Perhaps my time had not yet come. But now it was too late to retreat, or rather it was not too late, but I wanted to improve my existence and did not want to retreat. So when we approached a bench I said: "If you want to know, then please sit down here and hear what I will tell you. But first, I request you, don't interrupt until I finish." — "All right, I promise to do it." Saying this Miss H. sat down and I near her, and I began: "Miss Helena, certainly you could have guessed already my intentions with regard to you, for you would have been blind not to notice them. And although you knew them you did not avoid me. It means, in my opinion, that I am not repulsive to you either. As to me, I have felt respect and sympathy for you from the first moment, and today I resolved to declare my love to you. So, I beg you, deign to answer me positively whether or not you will go with me the way of life and share with me good or bad fortune." — "Indeed I don't understand what you want to say. Please speak more clearly," answered Miss H. Then I took her hand, pressed it to my lips and said: "Then I will speak clearer. Will you become my wife?" When I said this, and during this whole speech, I was as if in hot water. When I said those last words Miss H. did not tear her hand away, only answered: "Mr. W., I was not prepared for such a question and an answer requires some reflection. I hope you won't take it in bad part if I don't answer at once but reflect a few days about it and then give you a positive answer. For I confess sincerely that I am greatly afraid. I have seen so many unhappy marriages and I take from them a lesson for myself. I am not a very young girl, and from

this you can conclude that I am not in a hurry to marry. For I represent marriage to myself in a very different way from that of my various friends who think only about marrying, and don't care what their husbands are doing outside of their homes, provided they give them the money they earn. For me it would not be enough. I could not bear to have my husband spend his free time outside of the home, walking from tavern to tavern and finally return drunk and quarreling. And because I have not met such a man up to the present time I am girl to this day and feel very well. I prefer rather to remain an old maid than to make such a career as some of my friends." Here she named a few of them whom I knew also, and she was right, for their life was not a pleasure.

[Promised an answer in a week.] When I left her I did not go to sleep but near the river in order to reflect about what I had heard from Miss Helena. As the reader knows, we had talked very seriously for lovers. I was sure that after such a long speech I should receive a basket, for I belonged also to those who loafed from tavern to tavern while I was putting money aside, and she knew it well. But I considered myself excused, for I did not serve in order to serve forever, but only to earn enough to establish a business of my own; so I did not select the means which led to earning a few copecks. And in the tavern it was most easy to earn or to learn something. And I had also another benefit, for with a glass of liquor, according to the Polish custom, there was also a *zakąska*, and I did not need to buy any food. Therefore I did not avoid the tavern, and Miss H. knew it. But never up to this time had I got drunk, for the chief disliked it, and it was necessary to guard one's self against it. It was quite possible that Miss H. considered me a drunkard, but I did not care what she thought about me, for I was occupied exclusively with my ideal and often discussed this subject with her. But she knew my habits, and this, in my opinion, was why she asked for time to reflect. This had humiliated me a little. But again I asked my own reason whether I should lose much in losing Miss Helena forever. And I had also an answer to this question; I should not lose much. I had indeed besides her many other girls, but they were mostly factory-girls, impossibly spoiled. I should prefer to take the worst servant than such a factory-girl. There were exceptions, but where can you find them? Well, but Kazia

still lived, and should I not meet still better and richer girls than Miss H.? So thinking, I prepared myself for every possibility. She gave me a hope indeed that she would perhaps give me her hand, but hope is very deceitful. Even the shipwrecked man in the middle of the ocean has hope and with this hope goes to the bottom of the sea. How often I was deceived by hope during the twenty-five years of my life! The reader knows what I had enjoyed in this world. And my constable-service, was it agreeable, with those 50 copecks a day. How often it was necessary to give offense to people in order to earn a few copecks! How many insults and curses those people sent toward the constable! And how often some drunkard insulted the constable openly in the middle of the street, and the public witnessed it, and was merry that this had happened to a constable. And he had no more consideration than a dog, for the public even called us "dogs with mouthpieces." And I had to bear all this for the sake of bread. And it happened that some old woman got drunk, and I had to lead her to prison, and she clamored aloud: "You dog's blood, you thief, you drunkard, you whore's man! You get drunk yourself, and you don't allow me to do it?" And what could be done? It was impossible to shut her muzzle and she clamored until the prison door closed behind her. In a word it was not an enviable service. Therefore not a single intelligent or somewhat instructed policeman can be met in the whole Russian Empire, for nobody who knows how to respect himself wants to be a policeman. But for me it was better than tramping about the world, for as long as I tramped I was nothing, had nowhere to sleep and nothing to eat, while now, if I was nothing, I had at least enough to eat and a place to sleep; so I preferred this. All my brothers had ceased to write to me, except the wise Pawel; the others were ashamed of my being a constable. From my brother-in-law I received letters indeed, but in every letter he gave me to feel that I was a constable. So, after a good reflection, it was not so bad of me if I wanted to marry without great love.²

² While he treats the matter as a piece of business he misses the sentimental element he was accustomed to find in such relations, and his desire for response was rebuffed by the criticism of the girl. A period of reflection is due at this point under any circumstances, and the reflections are substituted for the response he failed to get. The poem below is a conscious effort to gain this response and a higher standing, and in this he also fails.

Thus I dreamed, walking on the riverside, and the sun was already high in the heavens, but I did not want to return to my home. I thought further about Miss Helena. Suddenly the idea came to me to compose some verses about her, as a proof that I did not sleep during the whole night but thought of her, and then to show it to her. So I drew a note-book from my pocket and began to write. I did not succeed soon, but after long labor I wrote what I wished about myself and my declaration:

I wander during a quarter of a century
As if not a man, but a bird, an eagle.
I had shattered more than one cloud
But I did not find what I wanted.

Once I met a dark cloud
And raised up my eyes;
I saw a star shining clearly,
And she tore my heart away.

So I took a decisive step
And asked the little star for her hand.
But she said: "O little man, I am not in a hurry;
As to this — I shall reflect."

And although this star shines in the azure,
There is death, not life, in my heart.
For she tore my heart from my breast.
I die from longing
While she capriciously hesitates.

So have pity on me, little star!
Let us make a nest together.
And decide it soon; let me not wait,
For with every day life flies away.

These verses, it is true, are not such as a poet or a learned man would compose, but only a constable composed them, so I beg the reader to excuse me for having put them here, but, they pleased me, because they were true. I wrote them not for the world, but for myself and for Miss H.

After writing those verses I returned to my room, copied them upon a clean sheet of paper and put them in my pocket in order to give them to Miss H. during the evening. I kept the original as a remembrance for myself. When we met in the evening I said to Miss H.: "Please read these verses which I found in a book." But she did not let herself be cheated, and recognized at once that it was my own composition, for she recognized her own words. So she said: "Mr. W., you wrote them yourself, you did not find them in a book." She said only this after reading my verses. I wanted her to give them back, but she kept them for remembrance.

A week passed rapidly and I was to hear her verdict. Toward the end of the week I received a letter from Paweł in which he wrote me that he would come the following Sunday to talk over some business. I did not know what business it was, but I was sure that whatever Paweł said would be good. [She agrees to marry him if he will quit the constable business and establish a bakery.] I was raised to the fifth heaven by my success in reaching this "black cloud." For she was also a brunette, tall, strongly built, with a white and very delicate complexion. Her big black eyes had above them long arches of black eyebrows. She was not very beautiful, but not ugly — an average town girl. But she had an intelligence much above the average. After leaving my betrothed I returned home in order to reflect about what I had done, for the best ideas came to me while I lay in my bed with closed eyes. I did the same today and reflected long, but found nothing bad in what I had done.

On Sunday at ten in the morning Paweł was already with me. I had written him something about Miss H. and he was very curious to see his future sister-in-law. We went for breakfast to a restaurant, and Paweł spoke as follows: "Władek, you know that our parents will stay in Ruszkowo only until New Year, so I would advise you to establish a bakery in company with them. For you it would be better and for our parents it would not be bad. This is precisely the business on which I came to you." "But, Paweł, I have not money enough to establish a bakery and I am afraid to begin with such a small sum." — "It will be enough," said Paweł. "Now you have 145 roubles and it is two months till New Year; if you send me your salary for two months you will have nearly 200. I will lend you 50 more, and our parents have also

something, so it will be quite enough to establish a bakery. And if you still lack some money I will lend you more. Now it depends only upon you, whether you agree." [Agrees. Is to make a preliminary visit home. Paweł is to send him civil clothes. They sit until noon.] Just then I noticed Miss Helena going to the church. I said: "Look, Paweł, there is your future sister-in-law." Paweł looked and said: "Come, we shall also go to the church, perhaps I shall be able to observe her." . . . As soon as we were outside of the church Paweł said to me, "Do you know, Władek? Although I like you, I will tell you at once that your girl does not please me at all. (Paweł did not know that I had proposed already.) I advise you, as a good brother, leave her, while there is time. Why, she is rather old, looks like a cook, and you fell in love with her, you, Władek? Have you no younger and prettier ones? I am much surprised at you, and I will tell you truly that if you want to marry her the whole relation between us will be broken. Well, perhaps it is not so strange, for such old girls know well how to set snares for young boys." I was rather offended with Paweł in the beginning, but as he and I liked each other and usually told each other the truth, I was silent at first, and then began to relate Miss Helena's good qualities — that she was rather instructed, wise, serious. I did not forget to tell either that she had a rather big dowry, 600 roubles. "You are silly," cried Paweł, already half angry (and I must add that he was very impetuous), "I tell you that every old girl is wise and serious, sometimes even too wise. I advise you to leave off these silly dreams. I don't deny that she can be a suitable wife for a constable, for constables usually marry cooks. Have you already fallen so deeply in love with her that you cannot leave her?" Finally I told him about my proposal and explained the reason I did it. After listening, Paweł said: "I cannot blame or condemn your intentions, but now according to our agreement you have no reason to marry her, for you have other duties, duties with regard to our parents. Let them live with you for some three years, and during this time you can find a more suitable wife." — "You speak well, Paweł, but can I retreat now, when I have proposed already." — "Oh, you! Are you the only man who breaks off with a girl? There are cases when people separate at the moment of wedding. I have proposed already more than once, and don't think of marrying. If you don't want to break off try to make

her despise you; there are plenty of means. Tell me positively what you intend to do with your Miss Helena, that I may know what to think about you." After reflecting awhile I answered: "I will try to follow your advice. Be sure and count upon me." And we sat for a long time, emptying glasses which Paweł ordered at his own expense from joy that I had listened to him.¹ Meanwhile the evening came, and Paweł was to leave at ten. Now it was seven, so we went to walk about Ozorkow and arranged plans for the future, without mentioning Miss H. at all. We happened to pass before her house and only then I remembered that the formal betrothal was to be today.

[Explains to Miss H. that he could not come on account of Paweł's visit.] "And I was a little tipsy and would not come to my betrothed in such a condition." I tried to kiss her, but she pushed me slightly away. To tell the truth I was glad in my soul that she was angry with me. I did not try to get a kiss by violence, drew farther away and lighted a cigarette. "All right," said Miss Helena, "but why did you not tell me everything? I am very curious what your brother said about me after leaving the church." — "He said nothing which could offend you. You pleased him rather and even if it were not so, has my brother any right to select a wife for me? I am of an age to dispose freely of myself, and neither my brother needs to select a wife for me nor I for him. So I think that I have satisfied your curiosity." — "Only in part, for I see that you want to put me off with mere words. But be it so. And can I know what business your brother had with you?" — "Yes and no, for those are family matters about which you will learn a little later, and please be patient." Finally we became bored with talk which led to nothing, and I said: "So you won't be reconciled today and we shall separate in anger?" — "Let the person who is guilty beg for reconciliation." — "In that case let me be guilty." And I began to beg her pardon. Miss H. waited only for this, and forgave me at once. When I had kissed her

¹ The incident shows the power of familial feeling at this stage of culture. Władek was prepared to leave the girl anyway, but the criticisms of Paweł are irresistible. Standards of matrimonial eligibility — age, beauty, etc. — are traditionally determined, and the individual who does not follow them lowers his social standing and that of the family, since it is assumed that he could not do better. The situation is the same as in the case of the girl who will not marry an old man or a cripple. Pelagia would not think of marrying a man who was undersized.

hand and lips, she said: "Let it be for the last time, for another time you won't succeed so easily in getting my forgiveness." — "And perhaps I shan't need it any more." I thought.¹ After that evening I began to call more rarely and did not mention the engagement. Miss H. complained often about my indifference, but I excused myself always in some way. And after this I did not get a single kiss, and I did not try at all to get any.

[Gets a week's leave and starts to Łódź to join Paweł. Mean-time Stach had married his Wanda, "who carried her chin higher than her nose," and had not invited Władek, fearing that he would come in his constable's uniform and disgrace the family. Paweł learned of this and refused to go to the wedding. In Łódź Paweł provides himself abundantly with wine, etc., and they start toward their parents in Ruszkowo, but stop in Straszewo to see their brother-in-law. Are enthusiastically received and announce that they have come to get drunk. Leaving, they take the brother-in-law and sister along, "resolved to seek impressions and not to omit a single tavern on the way." On the way they send a telegram to Stach in Sompolno: "Łódź, Ozorkow and Straszewo in Sompolno." Members of the party separately and secretly buy brandy and food for the parents. Plan of the bakery explained to the parents.]² Everybody was glad, particularly mother, and

¹ Here as always Władek avoids radical acts or words that would produce an unpleasant response; and this is compatible with the most cold and brutal egotism. He does not care how much pain he produces, provided there is no outbreak.

² This trip suggests the old Polish "*kulig*," a form of amusement used by the nobility during carnival up to the last century and later, but whose spirit became traditional. A party went from manor to manor, staying for some hours and dancing, eating and taking their hosts with them, while some of those who had joined the party earlier might leave. Every one was supposed to receive the *kulig*, expected or unexpected, at whatever time it arrived, and failure to show the best hospitality led to a loss of standing equivalent to an exclusion from society. The function of the present trip was to establish a solidarity of emotions above the diversity of interests, and it is noticeable that this aim was largely conscious. They bought liquor "for the way," because they "feared they might get too sober," and "wanted to be in a very good disposition."

from all sides praises were given to Paweł for trying to help others. When we had eaten and drunk everything, we prepared to go to Stach, where we were to stay over night, either to sleep or to drink. At 12.30 we left Ruszkowo, taking with us mother and Stefa, to be with us at this "ball," as brother-in-law called the future amusement in Stach's house. I cried in our parents' house from emotion, well, and from abuse of *Schnaps*, but when we started I was already sober and merry. In less than an hour we stood before the school of Sompolno. We did not knock at the front but at the rear, for the bed-room was there. We knocked at the window, the maid opened the door and Stefcia went in. But although she stayed there some minutes no light appeared and Stach did not come to meet us. So we were sure that he was not at home, but Stefcia came out and said that Stach had no place to receive us, for the floor in the living-room was freshly painted and his wife slept in the bed-room. As soon as Stefa said this brother-in-law and Paweł were upon the street. But I would not believe what Stefcia said, and went into the kitchen. The door from the kitchen to the bed-room was open, so I stood in the kitchen and said: "Good evening, Stach." When he answered I asked: "Can I come farther?" But the voice of my sister-in-law answered: "No! No!" I did not wait any longer, but went out through the courtyard upon the street. There I found our coach, mother, Stefcia and Florcia. The latter asked me: "What did Stach say?" — "Nothing, only sister-in-law did not allow me to go into the room." Then we bade goodbye to mother and Stefcia, for they were to stay with Stach over night. Florcia and I mounted the coach, I threw the last words: "Remain with God, mother, and thank Stach for his hospitality," and we started. I noticed that mother was crying.¹ Soon we overtook brother-in-law and Paweł much downcast by this incident, particularly brother-in-law, for he pitied his wife who had to spend the night without sleep. We began to reflect where to go. "Do you know, boys?" said brother-in-law, "let us go to my

¹ As in the case of Aleksy, the wife is not assimilated to the husband's group and there is a struggle for solidarity between the large family and the marriage-group. In this case the isolation of the marriage-group appears not only as familial, but as communal, since they put themselves, not only outside of the family, but outside of the social circle of the family and into another class. This leads, as we shall see, to a boycott of Stach.

kum, Zawadzki's forester in the forest of Lubotyń." — "Let us go," we answered, and went, but not so merry as before. Nobody said a word more about Stach. [Entertained by the forester. Władek reaches Ozorkow] one day sooner, for I had expected to spend this day with Stach.

I wrote at once a request for dismissal. I went to Miss H., but only to spend my time, and neither she nor I mentioned the formal engagement. Besides this nothing changed in our relations, only since that last reconciliation we had not kissed. When she asked me where I was I said that I was searching for a bakery for our common life. Paweł wrote me a long letter informing me how I was to act, and asked me whether I had a floor freshly painted and would receive him if he came. During the sixth week I was discharged. I had served one year and two months. I sold my household effects for 10 roubles, bade Miss Helena good-bye, promising her to write often, engaged horses and started to Ruszkowo. I had 80 roubles with me and 130 more with Paweł. This much I succeeded in putting aside during a year of service. And the recent visit cost me more than 15 roubles, and Paweł twice as much.

When I came to Ruszkowo it was the middle of October, so I had to hurry in order to find a place for the bakery. But it was not so easy, for it was too late, and moreover nobody wanted to build an oven at his own expense. During this search, which I made with father, we called once on Aleksy in Slesin. He received us well enough, but sister-in-law, after observing me for awhile, made a very disagreeable joke, saying to Aleksy: "Do you know, Oleś? This Władek really looks like a constable." — "Well, I am indeed a constable's son." And thus my conversation with my sister-in-law ended.

After more than a week of searching we found a place for a bakery in a big church-village, Sadlno, where there were two shops already. We agreed with the proprietor, Ochocinski, that we would build the oven at our common expense. [Władek shows a good deal of energy in pushing it to completion.] Three weeks before Christmas everything was ready. I agreed with my parents on the basis that the shop with various "colonial" [grocery] products would be theirs and the bakery mine, and we should keep the money for bread separate. My parents, after buying the goods, had almost no money left, while I had still 25 roubles.

Almost one half of our property was already in Sadlno. On Christmas eve Stach, with his wife, and Aleksy promised to come to Ruszkowo. I never went to Stach, for brother-in-law and Paweł wrote me so. We corresponded frequently, and almost in every letter there was some mention about the floor. Before Christmas I took Roman to help me and went to Sadlno. Roman was now almost fourteen, Stefcia two years older and Zosia four years older than Stefcia. So Roman was able to help me now a little in baking.

Meanwhile Christmas eve came, and I prepared to go to Ruszkowo for the holidays. I left some loaves of bread which were not yet sold with my neighbor's wife that she might sell them if anybody wanted them, and I sent Roman home first. It was noon when everything was ready, and the supper was to be at six. But I could not get out of Sadlno so rapidly. First my neighbor's wife invited me to divide a wafer with her and treated me with brandy. Then my landlord did the same [then the carpenter, the blacksmith, the dressmaker. He becomes rather tipsy, falls asleep in a tavern and reaches home late.] Aleksy was not there; probably he had been afraid of the rain. But Stach and his wife were there. I did not talk much with my sister-in-law but this did not hinder me from getting reconciled with her and with Stach, for now we lived too near each other. Stach tried to excuse himself, saying that he wanted to receive us, but when he went out we were not there any longer. He regretted much that it happened so, but it was too late and could not be undone.

After Christmas I wanted to begin baking at once, but a constable began to loaf about waiting for a tip, for Tanalski [competitor] sent him, saying that I was baking without a licence. So I preferred to wait till New Year. On New Year we moved to Sadlno, and things went on well enough. The trade was not so bad, although there were three shops now. I went to the priest and asked him to tell people from the pulpit to patronize my bakery and not to take bread from a Jew or a man of some other nationality, and I paid 1 rouble for this.¹

¹ The pulpit was used as an instrument of nationalism, particularly against the Germans in Posen and the Jews in Russian Poland (the latter in 1912-13). The fact that the priest accepted money shows an exceptionally low moral level in him.

A year passed and, after a calculation, we had our own goods and more than 100 roubles of cash. For Sadlno it was very good. But I must write what profit I had had during this year. I had no profit at all. I lived, bought one suit, smoked for 35 copecks a week and spent some 20 copecks on beer. This was all I earned during this year. Besides this I was not even permitted to call myself the proprietor of the bakery, for father took the whole management upon himself and had me as journeyman. But he did not pay me like a journeyman. I had to beg my parents for every grosz or else to steal it and to buy cigarettes elsewhere, for I preferred to do it in order to avoid quarreling. In a word, I was not pleased with my situation and thought about improving it. But how? I must marry.

And now what benefit did my parents have? Oh, they had benefits, and large ones. I will describe them in detail. Roman was going to the school and the teacher received 5 roubles a month, and many sausages, etc. Stefcia was with Stach in Sompolno, but our parents had to buy clothes and books for her, and she wanted to dress nicely, for she was sixteen years old and wished to be a grown-up girl. Then Zosia, who was with us, needed also to dress nicely and fashionably. Father and mother needed clothes. But never mind; nobody can walk without clothes. But I must add that mother needed various linen for the table, the beds, for clothing, because everything was torn while they lived with Stach, and everything had to be bought. But I should not have cared so much for all this were it not for the robbing of the common fund, *i. e.*, putting money aside each on his own heap. Father was putting aside for shoes, mother for the future, Zosia for dresses or some other needs of which there were always many, Roman, I don't know what for. And did anybody earn even a grosz somewhere else? No; all this was taken from the common fund. And whence did the money come? A little, of course, for the grocery goods, but mostly from baking, for there were two other shops, and bigger ones. But my parents did not calculate all this, although I explained the matter clearly thousands of times and implored them to live with moderation and not to take any money. It happened that I cried, so painful it was to see what was going on around me. Sometimes I made a row. Then father said: "Take your things and go to the devil, and don't try to be master here." I yielded, but repeated it again the

next day. For, without offending my father, can an old man of seventy-three have talent for business? Perhaps, but very seldom. Father felt guilty more than once, but he would not admit anybody to the money. He loved to count money and nobody else could do this unless he was not at home. But even if he returned late he never forgot this function. It is true that he did not like this robbing of the fund either, but he did not behave with enough energy, for he had also some roubles put aside. How many times I took back this money! Once I took 15 roubles from Roman, and often a smaller sum from him or from Zosia. And then they complained that I was taking their money! It happened sometimes that I was going to buy flour in the town and had no money; then I made a search and always a fruitful one. And how much money was sent to Stefcia in Sompolno without my knowing it! And mother, when she put 25 roubles aside, lent them to some farmer, and during a year she had gathered thus 50 roubles. I had no right to this money, for she lent it in her own name. But I had no right to any money at all and was treated like a small boy, for I did not want to rob the common fund. Never more than 50 copecks could be found on me, and I had no money of my own any more, for I had put everything into the business. Once I was going with girls to a parish festival two miles away and I asked father for some money, and he gave me, as if in a joke, 6 copecks! I wrote often to Paweł asking him for advice. But he advised me always to let the money for bread be put into another drawer, and this could not be done, for I should have to sit in the shop the whole day from morning till evening, and I could not do this, for I worked at night and must sleep during the day. So there was no other way now except to marry, to take everything that was mine and to establish a bakery elsewhere.¹

I regretted much having established the business with my parents. If I had been a constable for a year more I could have established a business of my own, while now my money was completely lost. My only salvation would be a wife with a corresponding dowry. It was precisely carnival and I began to look about. But on what conditions did my parents want me to

¹ The situation is interesting as showing a stage of evolution at which the members of a decaying familial organization still claim the rights but do not recognize the duties of this organization. Cf. Vol. I, *Introduction: The Peasant Family; Economic Life.*

marry? First they wanted me to marry any girl whatever provided she had money, and after receiving the dowry they wanted me to give them 300 roubles; then they would go somewhere else and establish a shop and would leave me my own bakery. And in leaving they were to take all the contents of the shop. It was well planned, but I was not so stupid as to agree to everything my father wanted. I was rather too good a son, and allowed everything to be done with me, but in the matter of marriage I opposed them positively. I wanted to marry only a girl whom I could really love and in whom I should have a good companion of life. As to giving money to my parents, I thought that we would talk about it when the time came.

Meanwhile during this year I got acquainted with a dozen girls, among whom were rich and poor ones, but none suitable to be my wife. I now spent almost all my free time outside of home. Among all these girls there were two, one of whom pleased me very much. She did not please my parents, but I began to love her really. The second was Miss Helena Pałaszynska, the shop-keeper's daughter. This one pleased my parents very much, and I did not avoid her, although I did not love her at all. She was older, a good housekeeper, and she knew how to manage the business. She loved me strongly. I must add that Mr. P. took bakery products from me, and we lived in a rather good understanding.

Now I will try to describe my relation with the first girl, Miss Stasia, for this was the name of the girl whom I loved for the first time, and her family name was Lesiewicz. Her father was a blacksmith and lived at the end of the village. He had his own house and forge, three morgs of land, a very nice orchard, which he rented for 100 roubles or more, and some 100 roubles in cash. In a word, they were people of a middle fortune. Mrs. L. was a merry woman and knew how to show off a little, but sometimes she boasted too much and had a rather long tongue. But generally speaking she was a good woman and saw the whole world in her Stasia. I sometimes saw Miss Stasia when she passed by my bakery going to the church, and wanted to get acquainted with her. I knew her parents already, but had not been in their house up to the present. And when Miss Stasia began to please me more and more I went one evening to visit their home, where I was very well received. But I could not tear my eyes away from

Miss Stasia, for in her home dress she looked more like an angel than a girl — a tress of blonde hair falling down, a round face, very large blue eyes, a white and delicate complexion, cheeks pink as apples, a small and very delicate hand, not hardened with work. She still wore short dresses and her parents treated her like a child and petted her continually. Therefore Miss Stasia was a very spoiled daughter, and impossibly modest. She had just finished sixteen years and was somewhat too little developed for her age, for she had been for a very short time in school and did not like to read any books. So I occupied myself with her education. I related various instructive stories, taught her, explained everything, and induced her to read books. I read myself aloud to her, and when she did not understand anything I explained it to her. Her parents were very glad that their dear little daughter was getting more educated, for they liked books enormously, but none of them knew how to read fluently. Besides Stasia they had still two children; a daughter Lodzia, about thirteen, and a boy of five. Lodzia was still going to school, but she was more intelligent than Stasia.

I and Miss Stasia felt during these lessons that we sympathized more and more with each other. Mr. and Mrs. L. liked me much and I spent some hours with them every day. For the first time in my life I felt that I began to love Stasia the “duckling,” and I was glad of it, but it could not yet be called a true love. Soon my parents got better acquainted with them, invited them to supper and then again were invited by them, and we lived in friendly relations. Zosia became even a great friend of Miss S. and brought me from her various secrets which I wanted to know. And thus time passed pleasantly at the side of Miss S. I had the intention of asking for her hand when she finished her eighteenth year. Even now the whole parish called us engaged and it came to our ears. Stasia was very confused, but said nothing, nor her parents either. I saw that they would be glad to give me their daughter; but not yet, for she was still a child. I should not have dared to marry her myself, for I pitied her. So I waited and watched, lest anybody else should take her from me. On Sunday there were always many boys in their house, but mostly sons of poor farmers, for whom Mr. L. did work repairing their carts, plows, etc., and thus on Sunday the boys all came to the blacksmith to smoke a cigarette with him and to listen to some story.

So when so many boys were there, I went and called Miss S. to a walk. Those boys were very angry with me, but they could do nothing, for I treated every one of them very politely.

Meanwhile I did not forget Miss Helena either. She was also a friend of Miss Stasia, but used all means to marry me. I went there, but not as often as to Miss Stasia, and only to spend time. Thence various gossip and anger arose. Miss Helena used various means to make me call on them as often as possible, and if I did not go she came to us herself, as if calling on sister Zosia. She knew so well how to please my parents that they wanted me absolutely to marry her. She was very good toward me, but she was an awful "teacher" and liked to talk only about impossible things, so her company bored me and I preferred to spend the time with Miss Stasia. Helena's mother teased me about this, but I did not care for it at all. It happened sometimes that I said something against Miss Stasia, and Miss Helena immediately took the opportunity to tell her this and to cause some anger between us, and sometimes she succeeded; then I walked with Helena and called more often on her. In general it would seem at the first sight that I was in better relations with Miss Helena than with Stasia. They could be called rivals, only Stasia was still a naive child and Miss Helena a grown-up girl, superior to the first in everything. And Miss Stasia repeated everything to me. Once Miss Helena told Stasia that I had called her a whelp [silly child; rather offensive] and said that I would marry her only if Mr. L. gave me a full 1,000 roubles of dowry. Mr. and Mrs. L. got very angry and began to reproach me with this when I came to them. From word to word we quarreled a little, for they loved their daughter deeply and did not want anybody to offend her.¹ Moreover my mother sometimes said something offensive about Stasia to other women. Once when I came to Stasia she began to reproach me because my mother did not like her and said that she had better play in the sand and bake mud cakes than to flirt with me. It is true that my mother always liked to say something against Stasia, but if the latter had been a little wiser and more experienced she would have guessed what my mother and Miss Helena were about. But Stasia cried instead. Sometimes she said in anger: "Why does he come here if he slan-

¹ His desire for response gets him into difficulties by leading him to say everything that will please anybody at a given moment.

ders me to people?" I had much grief from all this, and asked mother not to tell strangers anything. But mother said: "I will talk in spite of you, to keep you away from there. If Mrs. Lesiewicz took a broom and drove you away I should be glad, for you ought not to try to seduce such a whelp." And in general mother spoiled my plans and this pained me much, but I could find no way out of it.

In the winter Miss Stasia went to Kleczewo to learn cutting, for she knew how to sew already, and she spent three months there. I longed for her and wrote frequent letters, full of love. Alas! I received answers to none, for Stasia was still ashamed to write letters to a boy, and moreover she was ashamed of her handwriting, which was very ugly. But she cared much for my letters.

During the time when Miss Stasia was away I went oftener to Miss Helena, and people were certain that I would marry her. I must mention that Miss Helena more than once sent match-makers to persuade me to marry her. They said that Miss H. would receive 500 roubles of dowry and the whole *wyprawa* [outfit]. Moreover her god-mother, who was also her grandmother, intended to add 200 roubles more. To tell the truth, it was a nice dowry for Miss H., but we shall see how much truth there was in it. Well, before Christmas in the first year of my stay in Sadlno I went one evening to Miss Helena. Her parents were not at home, so we were alone. Miss Helena treated me with good brandy, drank a glass herself, and after the *zakąski* we began to talk about various matters. It came to this, that Miss H. began to relate about her suitors, and said that she received a letter from one suitor in the army, who was to return in a year. Then, quite unintentionally and more as a joke than in earnest, I said to her: "Miss Helena, what would you say if I asked you for your hand? Would you become my wife?" — "Yes, I agree, for I thought about it long ago." And she stretched her hands out to me. Only now I understood what I had done, but I was not sure whether it was quite serious. I caught her hands and kissed one of them and later did the same with her lips. We kissed each other as much as we wished and before her parents came back we were really engaged. But I did not wait for her parents to come back, and went to work. I told my parents that I had proposed to Miss H.; they were very glad, but I was not yet convinced whether I had done it seriously or in jest. When

I went the next day to Miss H. she said at the first opportunity that she had told her parents what happened yesterday. I noticed that I was received in a different way, for when they treated me with supper the table was covered with a clean white table-cloth, and they were very talkative, but we did not mention the marriage at all. Thus a few days passed when suddenly their cousin Ludwika (who later became my wife) came from Wilczyn. She was a rather pretty girl, twice as much so as Miss Helena, but I did not pay any attention to her then, for I was occupied with Miss Helena. One evening I went to them and found everybody sitting in the room, but I don't know how it happened that when I looked around awhile later there was nobody except me and Miss Helena's parents. Then the idea flashed in my mind that it was arranged intentionally in order to give me the opportunity to ask her parents for their daughter's hand. I wanted to profit of this, arose from my chair, kissed Mrs. P.'s hand, shook hands with Mr. P., and began to explain my request. My legs shook as if upon springs, sweat broke out upon my brow. Mrs. P. noticed it and told me to sit down and not to be so moved. I was glad of this permission, for really I was ashamed to stand any more, my legs trembled so.¹ Unintentionally I looked toward the door which led to the other room and saw Miss Helena looking and listening through this half-closed door. But I went on: "You certainly know already that your daughter promised me her hand and agreed to become my wife. There remains for me only to ask you whether you will permit us to marry and won't oppose this." Then Mrs. P. called Helena and asked her whether she wanted to be my wife. "Yes, I will," answered Miss H. without hesitation. "If you will, my child, we have nothing against it and we agree." — "Yes, we agree," added Mr. P., and sent a sign of cross in our direction, *i. e.*, blessing us. We thanked the parents, kissed each other in their presence, and then Miss Helena went out and we again remained alone. Mr. P. took brandy from the cupboard and we drank a glass each, continuing our conversation. Mr. P. began: "Mr. Wiszniewski, you think perhaps that we shall give much money to our daughter. But we have not much ourselves." I interrupted: "Mr. Pałaszynski,

¹ He is sure of being accepted and he does not care (except for social opinion) whether he is accepted or not. So his emotion is due to the social importance traditionally associated with the act of proposal.

don't let us talk about it now; leave it for later." But he said: "No, I will tell you at once what I can give to my daughter. I shall give her 200 roubles in cash, 100 roubles for furniture, an outfit according to my means, and I shall help you in everything as well as I can." — "But, Mr. P., I don't ask you at all. You are Miss Helena's father and I think that you won't wrong her." — "And when do you intend to have the wedding?" — "I tell you frankly that I am ready at any moment, but I leave it to your decision." — "Then let us have the wedding in May. Do you agree, Mr. W.?" — "All right, I have nothing against it; let it be in May." I talked for awhile and returned home to share the news with my family. They were very gay, but I was very sad, for Miss H.'s dowry was too small, and what could I do with it? Father had decided finally to accept 200 roubles, and to leave me whatever was in the shop, and in my opinion it was not worth 50 roubles. I was puzzled what to do with the pledge that I held in my hand. If Miss Helena received as much as people said, that is, 500 roubles, and her grandmother added two hundred more, it would be a different matter. But now 200 roubles! What could I do with them? Give them to my parents and remain without a grosz? No, this could not be. Why, I was marrying only for business, and what a business it was! From the rain under the gutter. I prayed warmly to God that all this might be upset, for I would not and could not break without a serious reason. I had an honor which was also worth something.¹

The next day I approached my parents in order to talk the matter over as was suitable. I said that I would positively not give them as much as they wanted. "For what shall I give you 200 roubles?" — "You will give them because with us you became a man. Were it not for us you would still be tramping about the world, and now you are in good conditions." — "Why, but I belong to the company, and one half of everything is mine. Give me my 200 roubles back; I will go and establish a bakery elsewhere." — "I don't hinder you; take your money and go. Moreover you have spent it on eating and smoking long ago." — "Well, and is my work nothing? I have worked for a year and earned

¹ We see here the practical significance of the ritual of official proposal; respect for the socially sanctioned form makes retreat impossible, and thus fixes definitely the line of behavior. The ritual was absent in the case of Helena, in Ozorkow, and the break was easy.

enough for my board, cigarettes and clothes." But although I gave proof of my rights, it helped not at all.¹ Finally I agreed to give 200 roubles but on the condition that father would take nothing except those 200 roubles and the goods which were in the shop. If father had agreed to it I should have had more than 200 roubles, for mother had 150 lent at interest, in the business there were 60 roubles besides the goods, 50 roubles more were due for goods sold on credit, there were two pigs in the sty worth 40 roubles. So I should not have been poor even if I gave the whole dowry to my parents. But they would not agree to it. So what could I do, being in such a situation? Take those 60 roubles from the business and go tramping again? This did not please me at all and I began to cry much because of the wrong which they wanted to do me. I, who had not eaten and slept enough during my constable service, who bore all the insults and bad names in order to earn a few roubles for my own business, I was to be robbed pitilessly of everything I had earned and driven away into the world. Why? and I was the poorest of all my family and they ought to help me, my parents as well as relatives, for I had no position at all except this bakery about which I had dreamed for a long time. But in spite of this I did not think about breaking my engagement with Miss Helena, for my honor did not allow me to do it. My mother made some concessions. She wanted 100 roubles in cash and 100 in notes; I could take for my wedding money from the business, and the pigs were to be killed and the money also turned to the wedding expenses. This was at least possible, though difficult to carry out. I resolved to talk about all this with Mr. Pałaszynski and to ask for his advice, for I was sure that he would not give me those 200 roubles in order that I should give them to my parents, for he intended to give them that his children might use them for their own benefit. Neither I nor any one in his place would have done otherwise. I did not cease to call on Miss Helena, and every day we went farther in our romance. The whole parish knew it already; the very spar-

¹ Contrast of the old and new attitudes toward work. With the peasant, his own work on his own property does not count; it is in a sense due to the property, and there is no idea of quantitative equivalence of economic values that are qualitatively different; the work done at home is not put on the same level as hired work and not evaluated in money. (Cf. Vol. I, *Introduction: Economic Life*.)

rows upon the roof twittered about it. Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. P. intended to invite my parents on Christmas eve to have the engagement repeated in their presence. Miss Helena had to go to Sompolno to buy the necessary things and asked me to go with her. Mr. P. had a horse of his own, so he drove us. Miss H. went shopping and I called on Stach, who knew about my betrothal, and he had me invite them to dinner. Mr. P. excused himself, saying that he was not dressed well enough, but Miss Helena came, and Stach and his wife received her reproachlessly. After dinner we went out together, but I left Miss Helena in the town and returned to Stach. But he "sat on me like a blind horse" [gave a scolding] and told me not to marry Miss H., saying that if I did he would never kiss her hand. "What do I care? If you won't kiss my wife I won't kiss yours." But Stach began to blame Miss Helena in general. In my mind I agreed with him, but aloud I said: "It is not your business what wife I take. I have not selected yours." And we separated almost in anger, but a small one, for I regretted myself having gone so far. But there was no way to retreat.

Meanwhile Christmas approached. My parents were to come after supper on Christmas eve to this betrothal. I bought pretty gold earrings with corals for Miss Helena, which would mean that they were a betrothal gift. After supper, which I ate with my whole family, I went to some of my customers in order to divide the wafer with them. Of course it did not end with the wafer alone, but everywhere I drank some glasses of brandy, although I knew what awaited me. When I came to my future father-in-law's house I found all the guests there. Tea and sweetmeats were provided, and there was enough of everything.

I had already some glasses in my head, and wanted to get rid of this betrothal as soon as possible. At the first opportunity I took Miss Helena by the hand, arose and began: "Here, in the presence of Miss Helena's parents and my own, I announce that Miss Helena has been my betrothed for some weeks, and I ask both my own and Miss Helena's parents to bless us and to allow us to marry, if they have nothing against it." Then I kissed the hands of my parents and of hers, asking them for permission. Miss Helena did the same, and we stood in a humble attitude waiting for what our parents would say. My mother spoke first, saying: "My son, I and your father have nothing against your

marriage, and if you like it we like it also and we agree. We are even very glad and satisfied." Mrs. P. said the same. I and Miss Helena thanked our parents and the betrothal was finished, of which I was very glad. We drank a glass of brandy each, and I and Miss H. went to another room where our younger brothers and sisters were gathered. I had a few words more to say and returned to the first room. In entering I heard my father bargaining with Mr. P. The latter offered 200 roubles and my father stroked him familiarly on the shoulder and asked him to add 100 more. I said: "Leave off this bargaining, father, and talk about something merrier, for there is nothing for sale. Those 200 roubles will be just enough to pay my parents off." Saying this, I poured full glasses and gave them to everybody. I spent the rest of the evening kissing Miss Helena. We stayed in Mr. P.'s house till midnight. Then my mother invited them to come to us on St. Szczepan's day, December 26th, saying: "Please come to us, for there will be a still better brandy than yours."

Next morning we were to go to Wilczyn — I, Miss Helena, her cousin Ludwika, Mr. P. and one of his sons, Janek, sixteen years old. Mr. P. borrowed another horse and a nice *bryczka*. I was to be introduced to Miss Helena's grandmother. I rose early, put on my best suit and went to Miss Helena. They were waiting for me already with breakfast and brandy. I drank a small glass of brandy, we took a basket of various provisions and a big bottle of brandy with us and started to Wilczyn. But before the town Miss Helena told me to turn my mustache up in order to make a nice appearance before the girls of Wilczyn.

The grandmother lay sick in her bed. I was displeased at once, for everything was without any order. Ludwika's mother, who lived in the same house, came and made tea for us; Miss Helena drew the provisions out of the basket and we had a very fine second breakfast. After it I went to Ludwika's mother and spent the time there till noon, for it pleased me there much better than with Helena's grandmother. Ludwika's mother was a brickmaker's widow. She occupied only one room, but very cleanly kept. After me came Miss Helena with her eldest brother Stanisław, who was now eighteen years old and worked with his grandfather as a butcher's apprentice. We sent for brandy, Ludwika's mother fried some gruel-sausage and we ate. We went to the grandmother for dinner. The dinner was composed only

of one dish, *bigos* [stew], and not very good. The grandmother rose for dinner and dressed herself a little, but I was not pleased at all and was hungry as a wolf. I thought already about going somewhere to a tavern to eat, and said so to cousin Ludwika, but she withheld me saying: "Don't go, for if Helena's grandmother learns it she will be very angry." I listened and did not go. After two o'clock everybody went somewhere and I remained alone with the grandmother, who began to inquire about my situation and that of my family, how my baking was going on, how many Christmas cakes I had baked, etc. Finally I said: "Why, you will also prove a true grandmother and will help us with a few roubles in our new household; moreover, you are Miss Helena's god-mother." — "Oh, no, we cannot give anything, for our own condition is very hard; old age draws near and there is nobody to work for us." After this we talked a few minutes, some more persons came and we had to interrupt our conversation. But I felt that I did not please the grandmother at all.¹ For although she was sixty she had many claims, considered herself still young and liked to be considered such and to have her hand often licked. For my part I did not like it at all and did not know how to play politics. In a word, I hated playing the monkey. I must add that the grandmother was of less than middle height and weighed 250 pounds, so the reader can imagine how she looked. And if we add her pride, we can easily think of that animal which wanted to be an ox but could not, for it burst open. But Mr. P. was blindly obedient, and whatever she said must happen. He kissed his mother-in-law's fat hand some twenty-five times.²

After a rather bad supper we started back to Sadlno, leaving

¹ He had the right to talk about money, since she had started the business conversation.

² The grandmother, as the oldest and probably the wealthiest of the family, had developed a special attitude of despotism which we find in other solitary old women. The tendency to control the environment, usually suppressed by marriage, shows itself strongly when the woman is left a widow, and if not willingly satisfied by the environment may take various, even crooked ways, to attain its aim. (See the Kozłowski series, Vol. II.) This seems to result from the necessity of finding a secure basis of existence — a more difficult problem for the woman than the man. For the latter, independence of the environment may constitute a mere negative limitation of the claims of the environment upon him, while for the former it must assume the form of a predominance over the environment.

cousin Ludwika with her mother. I and Miss Helena sat on the back seat, Mr. P. with his son on the front one. Miss Helena covered herself and me with a big shawl, so that our faces were quite close and we kissed each other continually. Although, to tell the truth, I felt not much pleasure in these kisses, I could not avoid them, for Helena's lips were continually in search of mine. But in spite of these kisses I felt a cloud in the air from which a very cold wind blew and a storm was imminent, for Mr. P., although he was usually talkative, was silent now. Finally I said: "Mr. P., what does it mean that you don't say anything to us? Are you angry about something? For a strong cold comes from you." — "Well, it was not necessary at all to tell grandmother everything and to show yourself impolite toward her. What is worse, you talked about money. This was quite unsuitable. You have not pleased grandmother at all, for you did not ask her for her god-daughter." — "Mr. Pałaszynski," I answered, "have I to ask everybody, the whole family, for Miss Helena? I have asked Miss Helena herself, then you and your wife, then we had a formal betrothal in the presence of witnesses. I think that it is enough. It would be really too much to ask everybody in particular. Moreover it is not customary [fashionable] and in my opinion it is quite sufficient if the betrothed and her parents agree." — "But you would have lost nothing in asking grandmother also."¹

The following day I dropped into Mr. P.'s house and noticed at once an awful cold, and Helena was crying. I asked her why she was crying but she promised to tell me later, and did not go to church. After the mass I returned home and told my parents that everything could be considered spoiled. In my soul I was very glad that it happened so, for I was not satisfied with my betrothal. I did not like Helena much, for she was too romantic and fondling, moreover the familial and financial situation did not permit me to marry, for it proved definitely that Helena would have only those 200 roubles which Mr. P. promised.

¹ The passage shows the disharmony introduced into social relations by the opposition of the old and the new attitudes. Pałaszynski takes the traditional standpoint of the large family — that the grandmother was supposed to endow Helena and consequently had the right to control Helena's choice. Władek takes the attitude of the patriarchal family, imitated by the lower-middle class from the upper classes. Therefore he introduces the term "customary" in the sense of "fashionable."

On this day Mr. and Mrs. P. were to come to supper to us. I invited Mr. and Mrs. Lesiewicz also. Mother tried as well as she could to make everything still better than it was at the Ps. In the evening the Lesiewiczs came (Stasia had not yet returned). They remained for a long time, and the Ps. were not to be seen. So I took my hat and went for them, saying nothing to anybody. But they did not think of coming and were not ready at all. I got very angry, but kept the anger in myself and said: "We have been waiting for you for an hour, for you promised to come, but I see that you are not getting ready and I don't know why." Then Mrs. P. said: "Mr. W., I will tell you openly that we have no reason to go to you, for your mother said that my brandy was not good and told me to come to her for better, so this made me very angry." — "Don't you understand joking?" I answered. "On the contrary my mother praised everything." — "I don't need anybody to blame or praise me." — "So you won't come to us?" — "No." — "All right," I answered, "this means that everything is over between us." And without waiting for the answer I opened the door to the second room where Miss Helena was and I noticed that she was leaning against the table and crying. I drew the ring from my finger threw it with wrath upon the table saying, "Take it, please," and went out. I heard Miss Helena calling: "Mr. Władysław! Mr. Władysław!" but I was already outside. Thus finished my betrothal and it is difficult to tell who despised the other [broke the engagement].

When I came home mother was still waiting for the Ps. But I said in the presence of the Lesiewiczs: "Don't wait, mother, for they won't come, and everything is over. I broke off positively with Miss Helena." — "Why then?" asked mother. — "Because you have offended Mrs. P. But it is not worth talking about. It is better that it happened so." — "But I will go to her tomorrow and ask her how I have offended her." — "Do as you please." Saying this I sat down at the table and asked mother to serve the supper, while I poured brandy into the glasses and asked everybody to drink on account of what had happened. But suddenly Mrs. Lesiewicz felt sick, and we brought her to consciousness with difficulty. I have never learned what was the reason of this swooning — whether the joy that my engagement was spoiled or the pain that she would not be at the wedding.¹

¹ It is conceivable that a woman of this class, whose main sphere of

The next day mother went to Mrs. P. and they had a rather sharp talk. My mother said that Mrs. P. did not understand joking, and Mrs. P. said that she did not need to buy a son-in-law, and thus the matter ended. A week later the whole parish was talking about it, but everybody differently. Some said that I was rejected because I got awfully drunk in Wilczyn, so that they had to put me upon the *bryczka* like a ram, and I vomited upon the *bryczka*. Such was the gossip that the Pałaszyńskis started, for as I learned later, Mrs. P. told it herself in order to save her daughter's dignity. Others said that the baker rejected Miss Helena because her dowry was too small. It was my mother, as I heard, who told this. In a word, the parish had enough to talk about.

I now ceased to call on the Pałaszyńskis. If I met Mr. P., his wife or Helena on the street I saluted them always and they did the same. They continued also to take bakery goods from me. But I gave myself completely up to Miss Stasia who returned a few weeks later, and I noticed that she reciprocated my feelings more and more every day. I did not mention marriage at all, but I prepared Miss Stasia secretly for this idea. Miss Helena was very jealous, for she met Stasia often enough and she slandered me in various ways. Stasia believed much that she said and thus Helena interfered with my plans and undermined Stasia's confidence in me. Very often I had to excuse myself for things which I had never seen or heard. If any one asked me when the wedding would be I usually said that Mr. and Mrs. Lesiewicz would not give me their daughter for they looked higher. It happened even that I expressed myself, for instance, so: "Let her first learn to cook, and only then look for a husband." For, in general, I disclosed to nobody that I was almost in love with Stasia. But whatever I said to people they added five times as much and repeated it to Stasia and her mother. Mrs. Lesiewicz often got very angry and I heard that she said, for example: "What is he, the baker, to dare to slander my daughter, saying that she ought to learn to cook? Let him ask first whether I will give him my daughter." And in general she said various things about me which people brought to me. I knew very well whence all this came, but I could not help it. This was the usual

interests is the doings of the neighbors, should have been upset by this important piece of news.

woman's gossip about which every reader knows enough, and I don't need to describe it. But it harmed me much, for if I had had to do with an older and more experienced girl she would not have paid any attention to it, but Stasia believed everything, and for this reason we quarreled very often. And Miss Helena did not lose her time. She tried by all means to make me call on her again, but I promised myself that I would never ask her parents for her hand again. Helena was in friendly relations with my sister Zosia and they called on each other; Helena often proposed to me to walk with her, but I would not and preferred to spend my time with Stasia. And when Helena succeeded in stirring anger between us, I walked alone and in such cases usually went to the teacher and there spent my time in conversation, or we both went somewhere to play preference.

Thus time passed until Easter. Paweł promised to come for the holidays, for he had not been in Sadlno yet, while Stach and Aleksy were frequent guests. Paweł wrote that he intended to be also in Aleksy's house in Slesin, for he wanted to ask him for a loan of a few hundred roubles. He intended to establish a shop of his own and wrote that he had already 1,200 roubles put aside. I was very glad of Paweł's visit.

Here I must mention something about Miss Helena G. from Ozorkowo. We wrote to each other from time to time, but Miss H. was very angry with me and in every letter teased me about having got drunk while leaving Ozorkowo. She wrote that she saw me very downcast when I was leaving the town, not because of the friends I left, but because of brandy. Those letters were of a very indifferent content; she mentioned my duty toward my family, asked whether I performed it well. In a word, those letters were as if not from a girl, but from a good friend.¹

¹ We can understand the persistence of this relation in spite of Władek's behavior only on the ground that the untrained mind finds great difficulty in formulating in definite terms a new and undetermined situation. To the mind of this type the world, as undefined by tradition, appears as a vague complexity of undetermined situations and unclear happenings. In this case nothing had been said of a change in the relation, but Władek finally defines it as friendship, because the letters of the girl resembled that type of letters.

[For Easter Paweł and Stach and his wife come, and are reconciled. The brothers with their mother and Lucus visit Aleksy. Aleksy is the chief of the firemen's ball. He makes a speech and the firemen call: "*Vivat* the chief! *Vivat* the chief's mother! *Vivat* [sic!] the chief's brothers."'] Soon the dance began and we were going to dance, but Aleksy did not allow it, telling us to wait till "bigger fishes" came. Meanwhile we were drinking at other people's expense, and there were enough people to treat us, for there were some priests and some rich merchants from Prussia. Only when the lights were kindled Aleksy called us to dance. He went ahead with mother, Stach with his wife, Lucus with Stach's wife, Paweł and I took strange ladies. When we danced everybody stepped aside to look at five brothers dancing, for really it must have looked nice. We danced two pieces, then Aleksy led mother to a seat and asked everybody to dance, and all those went who wished.¹

As the reader sees, I don't mention sister Marya. It is because she was no longer among us, but had been already about a year in America. She had had no opportunity to marry suitably, old spinsterhood awaited her, so she went across the ocean in search of a husband. From time to time she wrote letters home, complaining awfully about America, and more than once mother wept over her letters. But now she wrote a little merrier letters, for a drug-store employee had fallen in love with her and she had some variety in her life. So I wrote her a letter, saying: "Reflect well before you marry him, and take your own advice. You are not a very young girl any more, consult your own reason and do as you think best. Your betrothed pleases us well enough from his photograph. If you marry, invite us to your wedding, perhaps some of us will come."²

I was considered quite differently by my family, but I did not forget either what had been formerly and what was now. Now

¹ This visit and dance put for the first time before Władek's eyes in a clear form the social advance achieved by his family, including himself. The situation is thus defined for him, and from this moment envy to some extent gives place to familial pride.

² He appreciates his recently acquired importance as a recognized member of the group and profits from the opportunity which, according to tradition, the engagement of his sister gives him to assume at least once an attitude of superiority.

some of my brothers behaved very diplomatically toward me, for while I was working for our parents they were quiet; our parents required nothing from them, and they did not ask me whether I had any benefit from this work or any views for the future. They did not care, because this was good for them. I could not improve my condition at once, so I pretended to believe whatever they said. They wanted our parents to exploit me as much as possible, for the more our parents had the less my brothers would have to help them.¹ [Describes a fire which burns fourteen houses in the village, threatens the bakery and the house of Miss Helena. The priests want to keep the fire-engine near the church, though it is not in great danger, but the firemen take orders from Wladek and Paweł.] Without boasting, I helped them to carry out much furniture, and I was much helped by the teacher, who tried to be as active as he could. But as to the farmers and workmen, it is not worth mentioning; they begin to work sincerely only when they see the whip above them. Alas! the lack of enlightenment is the cause of it, and the lack of understanding how to accomplish one's duties from one's own will and desire.²

The next evening Miss Helena came to us and in the name of her parents thanked us for the help. . . . She invited me and Paweł to come to them, but we refused positively and went for a short time to the Lesiewicz's. When we left, Paweł expressed himself very nicely about Stasia, but said that she was not yet a ripe fruit to pluck — she might still remain a girl for some five years.

And again almost a year passed. I went almost every day to Miss Stasia and became more and more attached to her. I began also to call on Miss Helena again, but very seldom. She came, on the contrary, very frequently to us and tried by all means to draw me away from Stasia, but she could not succeed, although she blackened me impossibly.

¹ His analysis of the situation is sufficiently exact. He has attained a standing in the family because he performs an important familial function.

² Wladek feels at this time a perfectly regular member of his society — morally, intellectually and economically on the level of his actual milieu. He has therefore a feeling of self-righteousness which in such proportions is new to him. He has just opposed the priests at the fire because he feels himself a representative of the interests of the community and backed by the latter, and he now indulges in moral preaching for the benefit of the reader, whereas up to this time he has recorded only his preaching to his environment.

About this time there came from Łódź a tailor, son of the organist, with whom I got rapidly acquainted. Kazimierz was twenty years old, very handsome, and knew how to play the monkey with girls. The day after our acquaintance he made me a confession of his life; I learned that he was already a father and his betrothed wanted him to marry her, but he had no money and came to his father for advice. He confessed that if he found some girl here he would marry her and go to America on her dowry. I took him to Miss Stasia; he went twice with me, and the third time alone, and began to court Stasia rapidly. I was rather angry with him for such a friendly reward, but waited for the result of it and occupied myself with spying. Soon I noticed that they had meetings in the darkest corners. So I considered it my duty to warn Stasia, for I knew what Kazimierz was worth. The next day I told her to meet Kazimierz rather at home than in corners, for it was not suitable for a well-bred girl. There were no witnesses of this conversation, but Stasia told it to her suitor and he told me, requesting me not to hinder him. He did not know that I had also the intention of reaching Stasia, but in another manner than he. But I ceased to interfere, without ceasing to spy. Alas! besides me somebody else noticed them and sent the gossip about the village that Miss Stasia would soon bring a gift to her parents in her apron. The gossip came to the ears of Mrs. Lesiewicz, who put all the fault upon me, saying that I was slandering her daughter; "For my daughter does not loaf about at night, nor does she stand behind the barn." But by some chance Mrs. L. stayed long with us one evening and asked me to accompany her home. I did it, and we were just passing near their barn when we noticed Stasia and Kazimierz. I led Mrs. L. near them and returned home. I don't know how it went with them, only when I met Kazimierz the next day he was awfully angry and cursed me, and asked me why I had led Mrs. L. to them. "Why? In order that she might give you her blessing." — "Yes, you laugh, and I should have persuaded Stasia presently." — "This is not nice of you, to persuade inexperienced girls and take their good name away. I have been calling for almost two years on her, and nobody ever noticed us in corners. I always go only to their house." — "Why should I care for Miss Stasia, since she does not care for herself? I am here today, tomorrow elsewhere. I have today Miss Stasia, tomorrow Miss Mania." — "You are

unwise," I answered, and left him. I would not tell him that I was in love with Stasia, and pretended that I was indifferent toward her. Since then I did not speak again with Kazimierz, and for some time called on Stasia more rarely. Kazimierz left soon, without obtaining anything except tarnishing a little Stasia's reputation.¹

I began now to think positively about Stasia, for she had finished eighteen years. I was twenty-seven and a little too old for her, but not so much that she would be too young for me. I must say that I treated her always very seriously and in my presence she was very timid, for I made remarks about everything and this constrained her. For I wanted to see her more intelligent and wiser with every step. And it happened that when I came in and found her with other boys, she was different, and from the moment when I entered she became different again.² More than once I begged Stasia to tell me positively her feelings and often wrote notes to her, but all was fruitless; she never heeded my request.

Once when we were alone I said to her: "Miss Stasia, you have now finished eighteen years and you understand clearly that I am not coming here for nothing. You know from my letters how deeply I love you, and tell me whether I have to wait a few years still, or you don't love me at all and will never become my wife.

¹ Władek's attitude in this connection is not merely one of jealousy; he behaves as a righteous member of a community, condemning a behavior which he practiced while a wandering journeyman without a steady position in any community. During his stay in Sadlno he has tried to conform with all the social norms, he has had no sexual relations, and his behavior toward Stasia has been perfectly proper. His actual as against his past state of mind represents a contrast that on a higher level of culture is manifested by the opposition between the Philistine, complying with all the rules of social opinion and recognizing only the legal sexual relation, and the Bohemian, in whom the rejection of other rules of behavior is accompanied by a wide liberty in sexual matters. And this evolution can be taken as typical not only for Władek's class but for most men of the middle and higher middle classes — instance, the European student's life and the more or less sincere condemnation of it by the mature man, the Philistinization of artists along with their growing social success, and in general the substitution of the idea of career for that of pleasure.

² He behaves as if he were twice as old as he really is. This premature assumption of the old-man attitude toward a girl who wants, not mentorship, but love-making, is due to his growing Philistinism and his preaching tendency.

So tell me, Miss Stasia, yes or no. I am prepared for everything, and if you don't feel able to speak, please write on a bit of paper a few words: 'Wait so or so many years,' or, 'Don't bore me, for I don't want you?'" But Stasia would neither write nor tell me. When after a few hours of such conversation I pushed her to the wall, she answered only so much: "I cannot answer anything." — "Who can, if not you? Say only that you love me and I will do the rest. And if you don't answer me positively I will beg your parents for you." But Stasia begged me not to say anything to her parents, and answered nothing herself, though I used all my elocution. I was furious, but I could get nothing from her, and thus time passed. [Tries again with no result.] So I began to reason with myself during whole nights while working, and I came to the conclusion that I should throw Stasia out of my head. I tried to go to them as seldom as possible in order to break myself of Stasia a little. Meanwhile winter approached, boys came back from Prussia and began to gather in dozens in Mr. Lesiewicz's house. So I had nothing to do, for I could not adapt myself to them, for they were striplings. So I ceased to call on Miss Stasia, although we met from time to time upon the street. Almost every evening I took a walk to the cemetery, and there in silence and darkness . . . gave myself up to thoughts about Stasia. I confided to nobody, asked nobody for advice, for I had no true friends. I came to the conclusion that I should win more by leaving Stasia for some time. What had I reached during almost two years of calling on her every day? Almost nothing. My requests were like throwing peas against the wall, and Stasia preferred to stay with striplings. And I began to cry like a child whose toy is spoiled, for I had become seriously attached to Stasia and I regretted to leave her. But I had to do it with regard to my own person, and I did not call any more.¹ Meanwhile the

¹ The first and only time that Władek suffers through love, and this in spite of, or rather because of, the sincerity of his attitude, while young boys who are intellectually his inferiors and want nothing more than amusement, succeed. His insuccess is an illustration of the well-known literary observation that too much sincerity in love makes the individual less fit for competition in courtship. This observation must, of course, be qualified, for when love means purely sexual attraction it must be sincere in order to provoke response. It is evidently the whole social context of love which disturbs this originally harmonious relation between desires. What is usually meant by seriousness or sincerity of love is not the genuineness of sexual attraction

boys fought a war among themselves about Stasia. There were even real fights and the weaker one spread out various gossip which tarnished the honor of Stasia. But Stasia's parents were in the fifth heaven, since their daughter had such a success that boys were fighting for her, and they permitted every one to come to their house, even whelps who were besides very spoiled. Once I struck one of them in the face for having offended Stasia in my presence. It was as follows. When the boys were returning late in the night from Mr. L.'s house they wanted fresh rolls and came into my bakery. The rolls were not yet ready, so they waited and talked about Stasia. Finally one of the boys said to me: "Do you know, today Stasia allowed me to touch her breast, and if I wanted to I could persuade her to foolish." Without deliberation I drew my hand out of the dough and struck him on the face, then opened the door and threw him out of the bakery. Although there were five boys besides him they did not defend their companion; on the contrary they were glad that such a thing happened to him. Next evening I went to Mr. L. Stasia was not there, so I asked her parents why they allowed boys to come to their house who disgraced Miss Stasia, and I told them what that boy had said to me. Meanwhile Stasia came and I left. This was my last visit. Again great gossip began to spread about the village, and Mrs. L., in order to defend herself, said that Stasia refused me because I was too old, and said many other silly things about me, which finally made me angry. Thus finished my love story with Stasia. Even today I don't remember

but the genuineness and richness of those attitudes which in the given social group constitute the objectively valuable accompaniments of the sexual desire — the romantic idealization, the idea of marriage and family, etc. The individual who has these attitudes strongly developed finds himself in a position of inferiority as against one whose love is less elaborate whenever the object of the competition has not the same attitudes equally developed. Then the process of courtship with too much emphasis on its ideal or social content appears to that person as tedious, slow, overcomplicated, etc. Thence the superiority of the ruffian over the refined man with the girl of a lower class, the preference shown by Bohemians and *viveurs* for women of the demi-monde, the usual lack of success of the intellectualist, etc. In the present case the situation is the same. Władek puts too much stress on the objective side of the relation (which is here its reference to marriage) to suit Stasia, who is too undeveloped not to prefer the simpler and less complicated and merrier company of unintellectual peasant boys, who even if they think of marriage do not give its content too much elaboration.

her without regret, for she pleased me very much and really I would have married her, but human stupidity did not let it happen.

Thus the second Christmas in Sadlno approached. I called on the Pałaszyńskis, but very seldom. Helcia told me more than once to ask her parents for her again, but I was deaf to this and went there only to spend time. Miss Helcia appointed meetings herself and tried to lead me to foolish with her and then to marry her, but I would not do this either. It happened that when I went to her in the evening there was nobody at home except her and she treated me with brandy and sat down upon my knees, but it finished only with kisses. Meanwhile I was calling on various girls in villages, whom some farmers [peasants] wanted to let me marry. These girls had rather large dowries. The largest which I had been promised was 1,500 roubles, the smallest 500. The dowry of almost each of them pleased me and I should have liked to take it, but without the girl. But alas! nobody would give it to me without the girl, and I did not want the girl, for none of them pleased me. None had any instruction, and there could be no question of love. Each of them wanted only to be the baker's wife, and that was all. I had called on five of them and received a basket from none, I was everywhere only once and I would not go any more. The horses cost me nothing, for the *swat* [match-maker] drove me without money, sometimes more than five wiorsta from Sadlno. I could have called not only on five, but on twenty-five, but I would not for I knew that in this way I should not find a wife.

[Helcia contrives to have Władek invited to the wedding of her cousin Waclaw, at Ruda. A rivalry and a quarrel arises between Helcia and Waclaw's sister Leonia, on account of Władek. Leonia is more attractive and he is flirting with her. While the others are dancing, Helcia invites Władek to walk with her in the forest.] It was about two o'clock at night, but it was not very dark, for snow lay upon the earth. When we were far in the forest she stopped, embraced me with both arms and began to kiss me and to beg me to ask her parents once more for her. In spite of her request and of her kisses I did not agree with it but

answered: "Miss Helena, I cannot do what you demand in any way, for then I should give the proof that I have no honor at all. I was slandered enough by your mother, so I cannot do it, although I love you." — "If you don't want to ask, go to Nowicki [her father's *kum*] and let him talk with my parents in your name." — "This is different and I can do it." And we agreed that I would send a mediator.¹ Helcia was very satisfied with the turn the matter took and almost strangled me in her embraces. She gave me the hint by her speech and by her behavior that she would be glad to foolish with me at this moment, within the forest and under the cover of the night. But I was indifferent and pretended not to guess what she wanted. The opportunity was splendid, for we had entered far into the forest, but if I had foolish with her I should have been obliged to marry her, for Helcia would certainly have told her mother that I had violated her and I should have found myself in a not very decent situation. So I pretended to be satisfied with the foretaste and not to foolish with Helcia, for I had no intention at all of marrying her. But if instead of Helcia there had been somebody else, I would have shown what I knew. While walking about the forest Helcia confessed to me that she had 25 roubles put aside, of which her parents did not know, and promised to give them to me immediately after her return to Sadlno. And she already addressed me by "thou," so sure she was that I would marry her. Amidst caresses and kisses we had walked for about two hours, and when we left the forest Helcia began to laugh at me, saying: "Well, Władek, you are very clever. You had a girl alone in the forest, who had called you out herself, and you did nothing to her. Evidently you have little blood in you. I thought that you would act quite differently with me, but I see that there is no reason to be afraid of you." I looked her straight in the eyes, with commiseration, for I had not expected her to be so silly as to talk about something like this. And after this I liked her less. She had gone a little too far in her love, and she did not know, poor girl, that she was losing much through it. Now I regretted not having foolish with her, for I ought to have foolish and then pushed her away from me, for she was not worthy of any respect, since she required from her betrothed — so she called me — a

¹ His typical fear of an unpleasant reaction. But the situation had again become undefined, and cf. p. 361, note.

thing which condemned her in my eyes.¹ But I did not show it and said: "Miss Helena, this won't run away from me, and later it will taste still better." . . . Before we came into the village we met Mrs. Pałaszynska who was searching for us. When she saw us she approached and said: "Mr. W., you have not acted nicely in calling Helcia to the forest. And you, Helcia, will get something from your father, for Leonia told your father that you went with the baker into the forest. Father is angry and he swore strongly, for he is rather drunk. I don't know what will happen when he sees you now." — "Why are you scolding so without need," I said; "nothing bad happened and you can be sure of the honor of your daughter. Have we done such a great sin in walking a little?" — "I don't forbid Helcia to walk, but why did you go so far? You could have walked near the house instead of going to the forest. And now I don't know whether her father will pardon her and what people will say, for Leonia has told everybody, and you know our father."² Saying this, Mrs. P. and Helcia went into the house, and I remained outside and turned around the house to pass through the rear entrance. At the corner I met Leonia kissing the musician. I drew rapidly back, spit, and went into the house. Helcia was already dancing and Mr. P. was sitting with other people in the next room at a table and talking. I put everything on one card and sat down near Mr. P., offered him a cigarette, and began a conversation. He accepted the cigarette and did not mention Helcia at all. Seeing that he did not mention the matter, I left off and went to dance. Leonia was also back from her *randka*. I regretted very much having met her in such an action, for now she had no value any more for me and I felt rather an aversion toward her. I intended really to court her, but now I would not even think about her and was angry with myself for having gone there without necessity. It would perhaps have been better for me if I had seen nothing. But it was done, and Leonia had spoiled the rest of my amusement. I was awfully angry with her and Helcia and the whole feminine species for behaving so inconsiderately. Among so many girls whom I knew I could not find a wife! And I had such a desire for Leonia! I walked about as if I had been

¹ Compare with the completely different attitude toward Dora, and cf. p. 365, note 1.

² There is an evident exaggeration on the part of Mrs. P., in order to

beaten, and she noticed it and came near with the question why I was so sad. I asked her to take a seat near me and instead of answering asked her: "Who is that musician who plays the cornet? Do you know him well?" — "Yes, I know him," answered Leonia, "he lives in Wilczyn and plays at almost every party in Budziszław" [her home]. — "Is he married?" — "No, he is a widower and has three children. But why do you ask so about him?" — "Oh, I am curious, for it seems to me that you are much in love with him and I fear I have a rival, for I see that he is a rather strong man." Miss Leonia laughed and said: "Oh, you don't need to fear him for he does not court me at all and I would not marry a widower." — "Yes, perhaps he does not court you, but it may be the contrary case." — "It is not so at all and you suspect me unjustly, for I have no connection with him at all." — "I believe it, but tell me, is it nice when a girl lies?" — "No, it is not nice." — "And why do you lie to me?" — "I don't know how to lie, but why do you inquire so?" — "Because I saw you with the musician." — "Where did you see me and when?" — "This morning at the corner of this house. Shall I tell you also what you were doing?" — "Thank you, I am not as curious as you who spy." — "I beg your pardon, I was not spying at all; I was there only accidentally and I am angry with myself for having gone there, for if I had not seen you I should think differently about you, and now I am thinking differently." — "Why do you now think differently? Is a kiss such a sin? Did you not kiss girls and don't you kiss them still and nobody takes it badly in you. Why do you wonder then at having seen me? You ought not to mention [or remember] it at all." — "Perhaps you are right, but you see I am awfully mistrusting and jealous. But what is done cannot be undone, and I will tell you the sincere truth, that I regret it very much." Our further conversation was interrupted by Miss Helena, who approached and asked what we were talking about. "So, about everything and nothing," I answered and went to dance with her. Miss Leonia remained sitting for awhile in the same place thinking deeply, but I never learned what about, and went into another room. She asked me whether I would come to them in the last

make Władek feel bound, and to give him an idea of the importance of her daughter. She would not be opposed to a new proposal from him, especially as it is well to have a suitor in reserve.

days of carnival, but instead of answering I shook my head and went away, with pain in my heart.¹

The next evening I went to the Pałaszynski's and Helcia said that her father had scolded her severely and forbade her to walk with me for a whole month, but we did not care for it at all. Helcia did as she said and gave me 25 roubles, asking me to tell nobody, which I promised her. She requested me once more to go to Nowicki, and I went the next afternoon. Mr. Nowicki was Mr. Pałaszynski's *kum* and they were in friendly relations, but he said: "We can ask all right, but I advise you to let Miss Helena alone. Why, the Pałaszynskis have no money at all, and the old people both came to me asking us to lend them the 200 roubles which they had promised to you." — "I confess that I had no intention at all of marrying her, but since she begged me so to come to you I could not refuse, and when you are in their house, please mention something about me." [Paweł marries a nice but dowerless girl who worked in the same firm as himself. The wedding is beyond Łódź and only the mother goes.]

In the beginning of autumn I had to take a journeyman for a whole month, for I received an official order to appear in Kutno for a monthly drill, and from Kutno we were sent to Pultusk. As the reader knows already, I corresponded with Kazia, so I resolved to call on her in passing through Warsaw and if it proved possible to propose at once. Stach and our parents agreed with this.² [Finds Kazia, Pelagia and Helena living in the suburb

¹ We should not have expected this sentimental pain from Władek at an earlier age; he is growing old, at least socially old. Youth has its outbursts of jealousy and anger, but in a mature man whose life has assumed a determined direction and whose prospects for the future have become limited, every disappointment seems to mean a break in his vital interests and provokes sadness. In the present case the disappointment is particularly significant to Władek, because coming after a series of unsuccessful experiences with other girls and seeming to limit quite particularly his chances of finding the wife he wants.

² Another manifestation of maturity. He has never loved Kazia and never recorded anything but indifference toward her; she has no dowry, and he really needs money to pay his parents. But she now appears as a proper mate because married life with her would bring no surprises, would be foreseen and determined and thus in accordance with the settled system of attitudes which Władek has recently acquired. This security, which formerly would have been an undesirable element as against the youthful expect-

Praga. Pelagia's husband drinks. The girls sew. "Kazia lacked two front teeth, and on her and in every corner was seen dirt, disorder and great poverty." Wladek promises to stop again on his return.] I did not mention the question of marriage at all, for I wanted to reflect well about what I had seen and heard, but Kazia gave me to understand that she would like to leave Warsaw at any time and to go to the country, and this was enough for me. [Returning] I found also Broniś and Mrs. Pelagia's husband. . . . Next morning Broniś and I went upon the street to buy cigarettes and to give the ladies time to dress. We walked about for a long while, and Broniś told me about his betrothed, who was more than fifty years old, but in his opinion was a rich widow, for she had 500 roubles in the bank and a shop where she was selling firewood. This betrothed was to come to them today. I thought in the beginning that Broniś was speaking in jest, but I noticed that he was serious. The breakfast lasted until eleven, and again we talked about the past, when suddenly that betrothed of Broniś came in, carrying under her apron a bottle of vodka and some apples. It was not necessary to observe her much in order to notice that she was one of the worst drunkards of Warsaw. Moreover she was very ugly. Her nose was very red and crooked as a hawk's beak, and tears flowed from her eyes continually. She was not fifty years old, as Broniś said, but in my opinion certainly over sixty. But they evidently did not pay any attention to it, for they received her with great respect, calling her "Mrs.," and they seated her at the table. Mrs. Pelagia prepared the vodka, . . . and the glass went around as long as there was anything to drink. When the bottle was finished the betrothed of Broniś sent for another, and when she drank some glasses more she was completely drunk. The three sisters and Broniś entertained her as well as they could, and she talked nonsense. She became impossibly ugly, and saliva showed itself at the corners of her mouth. If I had been the master here I would have thrown her out long ago, but I had to bear her company. And Broniś made declarations to her, and they talked about the furnishing of their home. And not seldom various curses fell from her drunken lips. It was growing dark when she went away and Broniś had to accompany her, for she could not keep on her legs.

tation of new experience, becomes now a sufficient asset to cause him to neglect the sentimental aspect.

I was very much displeased with all this, but I said nothing. In the evening again some persons came and they also brought liquor. Kazia introduced me to them as her betrothed, for Kazia had also drunk some glasses, and even the youngest Helena did not despise them. Finally one of them began to play the accordeon and we danced, I mostly with Kazia. When we finished dancing perhaps the fourth piece, Kazia said: "Mr. Władysław looks like a clodhopper dancing with me in his long boots, does he not?" turning to the others. They laughed, and I felt very offended, so in order to say something, I said: "You may joke, Miss Kazia, but you know that I am returning from military drill, and the soldiers in the Russian army don't walk in evening dresses and shining shoes." Saying this, I sat down and did not rise any more to dance, for I was very angry with the tipsy Kazia. I waited for the appointed hour to get away from these silly Warsavian girls, but I did not let it be noticed that I was angry, and related various anecdotes from the drill. Kazia sat down near me more than once and tried to begin a conversation about our future, but I answered her very indifferently and promised to write about it. Kazia's sister also asked me when I would come and marry Kazia. To such a bold question I did not know how to answer, and found nothing else to say except that I had first to arrange a suitable cage and only then come for the bird. Mrs. Pelagia was satisfied with this. But I did not think any more, even for a second, of proposing to Kazia after what I had witnessed. Why, Kazia was already twenty-seven and should have been more reasonable in her behavior and in her talk. Although, except for her having drunk those few glasses and having offended me, she had done nothing wrong, still she displeased me positively. She would not be such a wife as I dreamed of. And I noticed no love in her at all, not a hearty feeling toward my person. She would marry me only for bread. But I wanted something else besides a piece of flesh, and not even a very warm one.¹

¹ There is a contrast between his expectations and the reality which would cause him to drop his designs even if Kazia were personally more attractive, and he hesitates only because he is not immediately able to define the situation. On the second visit the attitude of the family toward the old woman defines the situation with regard to the general respectability of the environment, the drinking of the girls confirms the impression that they have lost the decent and settled character of country girls, and Kazia's remark

I felt hot in the room and among these girls with whom I had spent the years of my childhood. Alas! I had met one more deception, and I was angry for having come here, for now the room was full of uproar. So I took my hat and went upon the street. Broniś followed me and we began to walk. He asked me for my opinion about his betrothed. Without circumlocutions, I said: "Do you know, Broniś, what I will tell you? I would not let this old woman into my house. Why, that thing is more like a fury than a real woman. You are young and you can get a younger and prettier one, not such an old witch." — "But you must know," said Broniś, "that she has money and a shop, so if I married her I should have a good life." — "Eh, don't talk about her money! Before you marry her she will have time enough to waste it on drinking." — "Oh no, for she has it in the bank and she showed me the booklet. She fears to keep money at home, for she has two sons who are drunkards and would spend it on drinking." — "Then I will give you this advice, Broniś. Persuade the old woman to give you the book, or else to draw the money and to give it to you for keeping, and then run away from Warsaw and give the woman a kick in the backsides. This will be more profitable for you than marrying her." — "I thought about that," answered Broniś, "but she won't give me any money before the marriage, and I hope that she won't live long, and in that case the money and the shop would be mine." — "In that case do as you please."¹ And I turned the conversation to another subject. Meanwhile Miss Helena came out on the street and asked us to the apartment, in which I stayed for two hours more, until my companion came, and we left.

Soon I wrote a letter to Kazia, saying that if she wanted to have a "clodhopper" for a husband, first to put 300 roubles aside. Kazia did not answer this letter at all, and thus our love-relation of many years came to an end. I never more wrote any letters

about his dress helps him to define the third and most important element of the situation — lack of the warm familial atmosphere which he had expected.

¹ Broniś had been definitely exploited by his parents (kept at home to bring fire-wood, etc.) and this exploitation did not permit the development of any moral sense, but, on the contrary, makes him appreciate more than anything else the prospect of having money and doing nothing. This is the asocial individual, material for any antisocial influence, from lack of organization rather than from disorganization.

to her. And thus I had now no girl about whom I could think seriously, and at home things got worse and worse. [The family continues to take money from the business], my parents forgot completely that I was also a proprietor. . . . My situation became without an issue and I was almost sure that I should have to marry for money, without paying any attention to the girl. . . .¹ Meantime Easter was approaching, when we received a letter from sister Marya in America. She wrote that she intended to send 100 roubles to one of her friends in order that the latter might also come to America. I answered almost on the same day, asking her to send those 100 roubles rather to me, and I would go to America. Before Easter I had already received the 100 roubles, and now began to prepare seriously to go. I wrote letters to my family, saying that I would leave in the beginning of April. . . . My parents did not believe it and thought that I was joking, but I was not joking at all. Soon the whole village and parish knew it. But I had not yet all the money. I lacked at least 50 roubles, for when I put those 25 roubles from Miss Helcia and these from my sister together, there were 125 roubles in all, while I intended to take at least 175. I requested mother to give me the rest from her money, but she preferred to borrow and to give me rather than to touch hers.² When Miss Helcia learned that I was really going to America she wrote a letter to her brother Stanisław, who had been there for a year, and he promised to send her a ship-ticket.

Meanwhile I received a letter from Paweł, who invited me to come to him for Easter to bid him goodbye, and promised to pay the cost of my journey one way. [Goes to Łódź. Paweł takes him for the Easter celebration to the house of his employer, where everything is very impressive.] I had never seen such luxurious

¹ The situation is not so bad as this. He could find a suitable wife; he does not prove fastidious when he finally chooses. He is demoralized by his own continual hesitations, and there is certainly a revival of the old vagabonding tendency, stimulated by the letter of Marya below.

² Traditional attitude that money put aside for a determined purpose should not be touched. (*Cf.* Vol. I, p. 164.)

objects. . . . Meanwhile the hostess began to divide the egg with everybody, wishing something to each guest, and every one kissed her hand and thanked her. When my turn came she wished me to become rich in America and to come back to my fatherland, for she knew already from Paweł about my departure. I thanked her and wished: "May I receive you after my return as you do me." — "God grant it," answered Mrs. B. When she finished one of the maids carried in glasses filled with wine, the host offered a toast for general prosperity and the glasses were emptied. After this we began to talk in general until we were invited to the table. I did everything as the others did, . . . and don't laugh at me, dear reader, for acting like a monkey, but you would not do otherwise if you found yourself in a society higher than yourself. And then I was not acquainted with society life, I knew only the life of a tramp, a drunkard or a constable, so in order to avoid compromising myself I preferred to do like the others. [Describes in detail the supper; dancing after supper.] After the dance the ladies asked one young man to sing, but he refused. Then Paweł whispered something to his wife and the latter went to Mrs. B. After awhile Mrs. B. approached me and began to request me to sing. I reddened like a girl and tried to excuse myself, saying that I did not know how to sing, but other ladies asked me also . . . and finally Paweł gave me some courage. He accompanied me on the piano and I sang three pieces. When I finished I was applauded, and some ladies praised me aloud. . . . Paweł invited Mr. and Mrs. B. to his house, and the party ended. . . .¹

[Paweł begs Władek not to go to America.] I don't know yet whether it was Paweł's influence or their own brotherly feeling, but after Paweł they all began to beg me — Lucus, Roman, sister-in-law — and moved me so that I began really to cry. I rose from the chair, walked about the room, and finally answered: "My dear ones! I regret much to leave my whole family and I don't know whether I shall come back and see anybody of my family, but I prefer to die there far away, even in misery, rather than remain here the laughing-stock of my family. You know the

¹ This incident marks the culminating point of Władek's social career; it is now the brightest spot in his remembrances and the topic on which he expanded most gladly to the editors. It gives him now a standard by which to judge his past and present life. It would probably have revived his old climbing tendencies if he had remained in Poland.

best, my Paweł, what I have experienced here. You as well as the others were ashamed of me when I was in Łódź. Wait, don't interrupt me. I don't consider that it was bad of you, for there were reasons enough to be ashamed; I was ashamed of myself. But this is past. Then I was a constable and I have letters in which I was laughed at. But this is also past, and with your help I put some roubles aside and established a bakery in company with my parents. Now, after two years of my labor and of my endeavors, what is left for me? Either to go again tramping or to marry 'even a goat if she has money' [words from a song]. For my parents don't care. They tell me that I have spent this money long ago in drinking, eating and smoking; they simply drive me away from my own property. And this is not enough! They compromise me before girls whom I like in order that I may be refused, for they like it as it is now; they have a journeyman in me and treat me as such. And you see the profit I have from my bakery. I have not a copeck. To come here I took some of the money which was for the journey to America. I owe you 50 roubles and cannot give you back even a copeck. But this is not all. They require at least 200 roubles when I marry. And what for all this? Have I cost my parents anything? Have they spent money on me? It is a duty to help one's parents, but not so as to give one's last shirt and to remain naked. [Family robs the common fund, etc.] There you have my reasons for going clearly exposed. I have nothing to regret. Perhaps there, beyond the water, I shall earn enough for my own bakery. Then I will come back, and if I don't earn, I won't come." Paweł rose, stretched out his hand and said: "You are right, Władek, in claiming what is yours. I reflected about it long ago. I know our family, everybody has this hobby of putting money aside from the common fund, for I remember in Lubotyń everybody had his own fund and I was no better than the others. But I did not know that our parents refused you the right to a partnership. But listen and you will be the owner of the business. I will go with you tomorrow to Sadlno, we will pay father 200 roubles and let him go somewhere else in search of a shop. You see I want to help you and will lend you 200 roubles more, so that you may not have to go to America." At these words of Paweł all eyes were turned on me, and this convinced me that all this was planned before my arrival. They were sure that I would accept with joy those 200

roubles which Paweł offered me so generously, but they were much mistaken, for I shook Paweł's hand, thanked him heartily for his goodness and generosity, and said: "My Paweł, I cannot accept those 200 roubles, first, because you need them badly yourself, second, because it is not enough for me, and third, because I have already decided to go." — "How is that? You don't accept?" Paweł exclaimed, astonished, and Lucus rose to his feet. "No, I don't accept, for I told you that it is not enough for me." — "Why, you wrote that our parents want 200 roubles. If you don't believe that I will lend you this money, here you have it." And he took two notes of 100 roubles each from his pocket, putting them into my hand. But I pushed them away and said: "Listen, Paweł, to what I will tell you. Our parents want 200 roubles, it is true, but they want besides this to take all the money and everything in the shop. Just think how I should remain? As it is I have not a grosz. And on what should I carry on my business?" — "How is that? Our parents dare to demand this? In that case why shall you give 200 roubles?" — "I don't know, ask our parents. But never mind, for if even I succeeded in becoming the owner of the bakery there are two other obstacles. First, who will sell in the shop? And then, when shall I give so much money back? I owe you already 50 roubles, now you will give me 200, the money I have is borrowed, this makes 375 roubles. And if I go bankrupt, what then?" — "Why, you know how your business is going, why should you go bankrupt? Don't be afraid, but listen to me. Are you the only one who establishes a business on borrowed money? As to selling, you can take Zosia into the shop and then you can marry at once." — "Marry? It is not so easy for me as you imagine. For I cannot marry without dowry, and I don't want to marry for the sake of money alone. And as to Zosia, don't even talk about her, for I should have to keep a watchman for her. So in spite of my wish I cannot do as you propose." — "You can," answered Paweł, "only you don't want to, for you have already a taste for America.¹ But remember that you will write to me requesting me to send you money to come

¹ The rapid decision not to accept the money shows that other than merely rational considerations are at work. We have more than once seen the same unwillingness to stay in the old conditions when the decision to change them had been reached; the attraction of the unknown then makes the known particularly unattractive.

back, and then I will remind you." — "Well, nothing can be done. Then you will send me money." — "No, I won't send you even a grosz," exclaimed Paweł, already in wrath. Now sister-in-law said: "Hush, Paweł, don't get so much excited, for when I hear what Mr. Władek says, I think he is right." But Paweł still scolded against our family and our parents, saying: "*Psiakrew*, it is inhuman to drive one of us beyond the sea. But it is Stach who is so clever and knew how to instigate our parents. He is afraid he will have to help the old people." But finally he calmed down and only asked: "So our parents gave you nothing for your journey?" — "Nothing, I have told you." — "This means that everything of yours is lost." — "I think so." — "And nothing will keep you in this country?" — "Yes, I will remain, but on the condition that our parents give me one-half of the money that they took in in Sadlno, that they do not put money aside, each separately, that every year we divide equally whatever we earn, and that if I become the owner I shall have to give our parents only as much as would be due according to the calculation, and if I want to give more, it will be my business. These are the conditions which would keep me here, but it is impossible to fulfill them, for our parents won't agree. So I shall certainly go." — "Well, let it be so, if there is no other way, but I pity you very much. If I were rich I would establish a bakery on my own money and give it to you on your name-day, but I am only just climbing myself and it is very hard for me. But drink a glass more, perhaps you will sleep better." And Paweł put out a bottle of brandy and *zakąski* and we drank a glass each. The others went to bed, but I and Paweł stayed almost till morning, . . . got pretty tipsy, cried and kissed each other and went to sleep. . . .¹

I was to leave next afternoon, but Paweł received a telegram from Aleksy, who had taken his son to the gymnasium in Turek, saying that he would come to Łódź in the evening, so I stayed to see Aleksy and bid him goodbye. I went with Paweł to the shop and we talked there. Then my old girl, cousin Mania H., came to the shop. I did not recognize her at once, she was so changed,

¹ We have in this episode a good example of the contrast between the demands of the old familial and the manifestations of the new personal solidarity — subordination of the individual in the former, acknowledgment of his rights in the latter. And we see how the whole content of the idea of justice changes according to the change of standpoint.

but Paweł, after giving her the goods she wanted, said to me: "Well, Władek, why do you not greet Mrs. M.?" I was a little ashamed, but approached and greeted her. Paweł asked her to sit down and I began to inquire how she was getting on. I learned that she was already the mother of two daughters and one son, and it was evident that she was not satisfied with her married life. For when I said: "You are already a mother, while I am still tramping," she answered: "Oh, I know how you are tramping, for I saw Janina (daughter of Aunt Nypel) and she told me about you. But I should prefer tramping to living as I am now." — "Why? Are you so unhappy? I heard from Paweł that you and your husband are succeeding well enough." — "Yes, I cannot complain about this, but it is better not to talk about the matter." — "Do you know that I am going to America?" — "I know, for Janina told me this also, and I came intentionally to buy butter in order to see you once more. But I must go, for my children are probably crying." I pitied her, for she was once so pretty, and now she was half-faded. Although she was not much over twenty-two, she looked thirty, and was not very nicely dressed.

[Alesky comes. The brothers visit the Grand Café and spend 50 roubles.]¹ We sat down at a table, and Aleksey ordered a bottle of cognac and *zakuski*. As soon as the waiter went away girls began to turn around us and to flirt, each prettier than the other, and with large décolletés, so that almost the whole breast was to be seen. Soon we selected one each and sat at a larger table. Aleksey pretended to be an employee of the treasury office from Petersburg, although he had never seen Petersburg; Paweł, a merchant of the first guild, although he was only of the third; I, a traveling Polish-American agent, although I had no idea about it; Lucus, the son of a rich manor-owner, although he was only the son of a tavern-keeper. . . .

During the dinner I asked each of my brothers to write down for me some advice for my future behavior. So Aleksey took his card and wrote the following words: "Work makes rich, drinking ruins." Paweł wrote: "Who is not married at thirty and rich at forty is a complete fool." Lucus wrote: "Civilize yourself." I would not accept any advice from Roman, for he was too young to give advice to his elders. I have kept this card up to the present and will leave it to my son. Aleksey left after the dinner . . .

¹ Imitation of the higher classes, in particular of the country nobility.

and I the following morning. . . . Paweł accompanied me to the station. . . . On the way I bought [gifts for people at home], and after a hearty goodbye, half weeping, I left the best one of my brothers.

. . . Passing through Ozorkow, I called on Miss Helena G. to bid her farewell. I did not find her at home, so I wrote a note asking her to come, and sent it through the first girl I met upon the street. Meanwhile I talked with her father, drinking some beer, for which we had sent. Miss Helena came and we talked about one hour privately. Miss Helena regretted much my going away and put to me the same question as Paweł: "Don't you regret leaving your family and your country?" — "I do," I answered, "but everything must be done for money." And I am sure that if I had told her at this last moment that I would not go if she agreed to become my wife she would not have refused; I concluded it from her conversation. She asked me to write a letter from America — how it was there — and perhaps she would then like to go. I promised to write certainly and left her. In Sompolno I went to Stach and stayed there for two hours. I gave him some of the gifts . . . and promised to call again . . . Soon afterwards I was in Sadlno. My parents and sisters were very much pleased with the gifts I brought. [Secures a baker for them.]

On the last evening I went to bid my acquaintances goodbye. I did not call on the Lesiewiczzs, but stayed long enough with the Pałaszyńskis. Helcia gave me 1 rouble, and as a token a handkerchief embroidered with her initials. When she asked me what token I would give her, I answered: "I leave you faith, hope and love, for I did not find any suitable token for you." Then once more I assured her that she ought not to abandon hope, for perhaps the time would come for us to marry, and I left, promising to call once more. Mrs. P. gave me two packages of cigarettes, asking me to give them to her son Stanisław, who was also in Chicago, where I was going. . . .

I slept little this last night . . . and arose before sunrise. Mother got up immediately after me and was crying the whole

time. My sisters did the same, and even father wiped some tears secretly, as well as I. . . . At half-past seven we went to the church to pray to God for a happy journey. When I returned the horses were waiting. I ate the breakfast and began to bid my family goodbye. But who can describe this separation, full of tears? Mother hung herself upon my neck, began to kiss and to bless me, as if she did not expect to see me any more. Oh, dear mother, you have in your heart love enough for every child, even for the worst one! . . . Don't think that your son can ever forget your last kisses and blessings! They will accompany me in good or bad fortune to the grave. And now, when I describe this, far from you, dear mother, every letter is wet with tears, and thoughts are crossing my head, whether I shall see you any more and press myself again to your heart. . . . I cannot write any more from tears. With my father the separation was also sentimental, but not so much so as with mother. Then came my sisters, and I went away.¹ After a few steps I looked around in order to see once more, perhaps for the last time, her who had nursed me with her breast, and I heard the words, said with tears: "Go with God, and don't forget your old parents." Through the village I went afoot, for I wanted to drop in at the Pałaszyńskis. My acquaintances stood before their houses and everybody wished me the same: "Go with God." I did not stay long with the Pałaszyńskis. There also everybody cried, particularly Helena. The whole family accompanied me to the cart. I mounted, said for the last time: "Remain with God," and we started. Once more I looked around and saw my parents standing on the threshold of their house. Mother sent the sign of the cross, my sisters waved their handkerchiefs, . . . I answered with my hat . . . and soon the trees of the cemetery covered Sadlno from my eyes. . . . I began to cry much, but the driver tried to comfort me, so I mustered my courage and crossed myself. . . .

[Voyage without special features. Plays cards on the boat, "and always with benefit to me, for I played with calculation."] It happened that I spent whole nights sitting upon the deck and looking upon the ocean and into the infinite space. Nobody

¹ The sentimental character of this farewell, in contrast with the economic hardness of Władek's parents — the dissociation of the personal and familial attitudes — results from the character of primary-group organization sketched in the introduction to Volume I.

hindered me there in my evening-prayer, for the passengers had gone to sleep in their berths. But what passengers they were! The ship was full of them, but they were unenlightened or quite poor people, who did not understand at all what they had left and where they were going. Each one of them left two mothers, the mother who had bred him and spent many sleepless nights at his cradle, and the other mother, his native country, which had fed him with her fruits. . . . But no one with whom I began a conversation about our country could or would understand what I was saying, and I did not find a single man with whom I could feel any sympathy. And I don't wonder very much, for they were like chaff which at a puff of the wind flies away from the pure grain. And they were fleeing, this chaff, carried by the wind to be scattered here. And Poland did not lose much when useless criminals, thieves, or tramps like me, cleared the country of their undesirable persons. . . . And how they were treated, these people! The last ship-servant pushed them, insulted, cursed, and there was nobody to care for them or to intercede for them. . . . For it happened also that some honest farmer who worked quietly upon his great grandfather's farm sold it for the money to get out of the slavery, without knowing that perhaps a still worse slavery was awaiting him; and such a citizen was treated in the worst way by some servant whose only task was to wash the spitting-boxes. And seeing this, the heart of the man who has some ideas bleeds, and raising his eyes to Heaven, he calls: "God and Creator, for what do you punish this poor and ignorant people? Why do you not send your lightning upon the oppressors of this nation? Why do you not cut off with your sword the heads of those who bear them high and scorn at these orphans who have no father upon the earth? . . . O God! have pity upon these poor people who through their own will, through persuasion, through necessity leave their country, their parents, wives and children. With what regret many of them were leaving their parents, wives, children, the farm houses in which they and their fathers saw Thy light! And they left it in order to improve their existence, to earn some roubles and to come back to all that which they had left. . . . It is true that they are dark and uninstructed, but even, therefore, they have not a king, a father of their own, who would try to educate his children. They have step-fathers, not one, but three tyrants who hold their step-children in a hard

slavery. . . . This slavery, this lack of understanding of life, divests them of shame and ambition." [Two pages more of reflection on the same subject — defenselessness and ignorance of the Polish emigrant as a result of political conditions.]¹

[Met in Chicago by Marya's husband, a very amiable man.] I spent almost two weeks in the best love with my sister and Stach, when once sister, returning from a visit, began to scold me for not searching for work, but sitting lazy. "You must know that in America everybody lives for himself. I gave you food without your paying for only one week, but after that you must pay \$15 a month. And try to get work, for I am also poor." — "All right, but where shall I go for this work? You know that I am going every day to the *Dziennik Chicagoski*. Twice there were advertisements that bakers were needed, I went to these bakeries and was not taken. I have called on many bakers and all said that if they need me they will send a postcard. They may send for me at any time. Allow me to rest a little and to get a little acquainted with America, for I don't know where to go in search of work. In the evening Stach will tell me where the Polish bakeries are and I will go tomorrow." But sister flew into a greater rage and said: "You *psiakrew*, lazy-bones, you want to wait for Stach?" And she began to abuse me and to insult me more and more, getting impossibly furious. Seeing what was coming and not wanting to quarrel with my sister, who was now possessed by something, I took my hat and went out, . . . weeping.

[Marya follows him, also crying, begs him to return, and says she was instigated by Mrs. Moraska.] The Moraskis were great friends of my sister and they came very often to us, particularly the wife. . . . They were people devoid of everything which a man ought to possess, and moreover they belonged to the sect of hakatists² or baptists, for I could not learn the truth from them.

¹ The inconsistency of his reflections — first treating his companions as "chaff" and then as worthy unfortunates — is the typical method of peasant generalization. An addition of contradictory unqualified statements, each expressing a side of the truth, always precedes a single qualified statement. The universal categorical judgment is the simplest logical form of the generalization and one that immediately presents itself to the untrained mind. (Cf. Vol. I, *Introduction: Theoretic and Æsthetic Interests*.)

² Władek's failure to know that this is the term applied by the Poles to their oppressors in Prussia is significant in view of his claims to enlightenment and patriotism.

Mr. Moraski was over fifty years old, his wife perhaps ten years younger, but she considered herself still younger. He was always occupied with studying the Bible and would not even hear the Roman Catholic Church mentioned. Mrs. Moraska was occupied with gathering and carrying gossip among all her acquaintances, and as my sister did not despise it either, they were inseparable friends. Mrs. M. came to us four times a day, and my sister went as often to her. Stach simply hated Mrs. M., and the cause was this: Once sister had stayed with her longer than usual gossiping, and said: "I must be gone, for my husband will soon come back and I must cook the dinner for him." Then Mrs. M. said: "Why should you hurry, Mania?" (for she called her thus because of their old acquaintance), "why should you take any trouble with a man? If one dies you will get another. I would intentionally give as little to eat as possible to a dog's blood of a man so that he would croak [German: krepiren] sooner." My sister repeated this conversation to her husband, who since then could not bear the woman . . . and waited only for an opportunity to throw her out of his door.¹

[Tells Stach of Marya's explosion and says that if there are more such days he will be obliged to live among strangers.] "It won't be so bad. You will quarrel and then get reconciled, for you are brother and sister," he said, for the reader must know that it is difficult to find such a character as my brother-in-law Staś had. He was not an instructed man, he had very little instruction, read and wrote with difficulty. He was originally from the province of Grodno and was the son of a rather poor farmer. At eighteen he got a place in a pharmacy in Grodno as a worker. He never was any druggist and never said it, only my sister made a druggist of him. After his military service he went to America, and found work in the McCormick factory, in which he had worked up to the present. As he was not a drunkard and had a decent appearance, he pleased my sister and she put nets to catch him. He fell in after some time, poor Staś, for he was worthy of a much better wife. She gave him often to understand who he was and from what family he came, while she considered herself something better. This pained him enormously,

¹ We have studied elsewhere (*e. g.*, Vol. II, Kozłowski series) the abnormal situation where a member of the family allies himself with an outsider against the family.

but he did not quarrel with her, for he knew both her sides, the bad one and the good one. He had passed a hard school of life and knew how to persuade and to excuse others. In a word, he was a man seldom found, and our characters were completely alike, with perhaps the one exception that he was less developed, which did not hinder him nevertheless from being good, polite and indulgent.¹ I must mention also that he was no less of a weeper than I, and when sister said something painful to him he at once wiped his eyes with his handkerchief; and this did not happen very seldom. . . . It is painful and even not nice of me to write thus about my family, but it is necessary as a lesson for others. I must add that the company which my sister kept, that is, Mrs. Moraska, was something quite unbearable, and such a character as mine was needed to live with her. For from Mrs. M.'s lips fell continually "thunders," "choleras" and other curses and maledictions. Happily they were harmless, for half of mankind would have perished if they had been put into effect. But "the dog's voice does not reach heaven."

In the third week I got work in the bakery of Mr. Z. I owed my sister almost \$75, and needed clothes, shoes and a hat. For the first week Mr. Z. gave me \$10 and a rather big *babka* on Saturday, and later I earned \$12 every week, but I had no holidays. . . . In the first week I gave my sister \$9 and kept \$1, and later I gave her \$11 every week, keeping only \$1 for the car and tobacco, and other needs. Sometimes once a week I bought beer for 5c, sometimes Staś bought it.

I was to pay Marya \$15 a month, but . . . in the second week of my work she came home from Moraska's crying, and "sat down upon me like a blind horse" [scolded] for paying her too little. I had gone to bed. "How is that?" I asked; "you said yourself that I should pay you \$15." — "Yes, I said it, but Moraska says that you drink so much coffee and ought to pay more." — "Go to the devil with your Moraska! I don't board with her, but with you, and it is not her business how much coffee I drink. If you think that it is not enough and that you are losing on me, then say plainly how much you want and don't

¹ In spite of the naive conceit of the comparison, there is an external similarity of behavior in the two men. But we know sufficiently that Władek's kindness has its source in the wish to avoid trouble, to provoke only response that will be pleasant to him.

blubber about it." — "Then pay at least one dollar more and let it be sixteen." — "All right," I said, "I will pay you sixteen, but don't say again next week that you have not enough." But after a month she raised again one dollar and I paid \$17 for some months, and finally \$18.

Meanwhile Miss Helcia wrote me not to write her any more letters, for in a month we should see each other in Chicago and talk. [She has three uncles in Chicago — Kazimierz, Franciszek, and Wincenty — and Wladek meets her at the house of Wincenty.] After a dozen kisses we decided as follows. Helcia would also try to find some work and would work until I could put \$100 aside and buy clothes enough, even if it should take a whole year. Helcia agreed and we gave our word not to change this plan. Then Helcia asked me to give her those 25 roubles back which she gave me to keep, the rouble which she gave me on the evening of separation, and 4 roubles which my sister Zosia had borrowed from her. This made 30 roubles, or \$15. I had no money yet, for Helcia came in less than two months after me and I had given all my money to my sister, but I resolved to pay her this debt on next Tuesday, for this was my pay day. So I borrowed \$11 from my sister, and added \$11 from my pay, and went with the money to Helcia, but she would not take it and said: "Buy something for yourself, for I don't need this money yet." [Loses \$10 of the money. Scolds Helena for not taking it when offered. Pays her off gradually.] I visited Helcia twice a week. But she could not stay long with her aunt; they quarreled so that Helcia and her brother went to board with strangers. Helcia did not work, for her brother and her uncle Franciszek did not permit it, but paid board for her. Once Helcia asked me to go with her to her other aunt, whom I did not yet know. Helcia's aunt received us rather coldly and toward the end of our visit insulted Helcia to the last degree, not only her, but even her father, calling them "Hams" and gossips, and cursing Helcia in the worst way, for she said that Helcia had spread gossip about her. I was very much ashamed to be the witness of such a quarrel, and I learned things which a betrothed ought not to know. The aunt told Helcia the

whole truth — that Helcia was running after men and loafing with boys, that she would not work but wanted somebody else to work for her, while she was only crawling about the family and making gossip. . . . I heard there many other things, and evidently Helcia was guilty, for she did not know how to clear herself. When we left I said a few words to Helcia also, advising her not to mix into the affairs of the members of her family, for something worse might happen with her than what happened today. Helcia promised to improve, for she was awfully ashamed, but alas! she did not improve. Soon after this incident she wrote home that her uncle Franciszek was wasting money on girls, and he received from his parents a letter full of reproaches. Franciszek got awfully angry at this and stopped paying Helcia's board. In a word, Helcia quarreled with her whole family. Her brother could not earn enough to pay for the board and clothing of himself and Helcia and they went to live with their uncle Kazimierz, who had a house of his own. But here also Helcia would not go to work but required her brother to work for her. But he refused positively to give her any more money and she was obliged to go to work. This did not please Helcia much, for she wanted to play the lady at other people's expense. Then she found a new way. She persuaded her uncle to persuade me not to wait until I earned those \$100 but to marry her at once. But I refused positively to think of marriage until I put a suitable sum aside. Helcia was very much displeased and began to look for some other boy.

I went to her as usual twice or three times a week. Mr. Stanisław was not at home in the evenings, so we were alone and sat on his bed and even lay upon it, for I did with Helcia whatever I wanted, and it was difficult to hold out. But I did not begin to foolish although I was sure that Helcia would not defend herself at all. I don't know myself why I would not do it. And thus the time passed until I received a letter from sister Zosia informing me that my parents and Helcia's parents had quarreled because my mother was said to have told that Helcia went to America following me. Mrs. P. got offended, and, as Zosia said, wrote a letter to Helcia forbidding her to marry me. But Helcia did not show me this letter, and I did not care for all this, and did not cease to call on her. But once I met there another boy who was telling her fortune from cards and talking to her rather familiarly.

This displeased me at once, and I resolved to leave Helcia, but had no opportunity to do it.

Precisely when I was thinking how to do it a companion of my brother-in-law was marrying and invited my sister and her husband to his wedding. They had planned to go to Helcia, who had invited them more than once, so they resolved not to go to the wedding, but to Helcia. But I wanted to be at this wedding at least for a few hours, for I was curious to see how these weddings were celebrated here in America. . . . I drank a little at this wedding, but not so much as to be drunk, and went to Helcia. She began to reproach me for not having come with my brother-in-law. "Is it suitable to act so?" she asked me. Only now I said: "Miss Helcia, is it suitable to have a betrothed and to walk with other boys and to receive them in your house?"—"Why, I am not yet your wife and you cannot forbid me to walk with other boys or to receive them here."—"I don't need to forbid you; you are not the only girl in Chicago; there are many and I can find another."—"I can also find another boy, for boys are not lacking in Chicago either." Our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of my sister.

I then ceased to think about Helcia, but sometimes I went there on Sundays and always found some other boy with her. We were not angry with each other; we never mentioned the question of marriage, but we were always equally familiar in our behavior.¹ About that time Helena received a letter from her cousin Ludwika, whom the reader knows a little already, for she was at my betrothal with Helena in Sadlno. Ludwika had been in America, at Niagara Falls, for some months. That other cousin with whom I was at a wedding was with her. They came in the same month as Helcia, and they wrote that they were succeeding pretty well. Ludwika asked Helcia whether I was calling on her and whether we would marry. When Helcia's brother read this letter he resolved to bring Ludwika to Chicago and marry her, and he sent a letter with this proposal.

I met Helcia's uncle Franciszek very often and told him that I would not marry Helcia. He was very glad, and said: "You will do well, for she is not worthy. She cost me more than \$100 which I spent on gifts for her and on her living, and in spite of

¹ The same vague situation as in the case of Helena G. (Cf. p. 361, note.)

this she wrote gossip about me to my parents. She expected to marry you at once and would not go to work, and now she works and it is good for her, *psiakrew*." Meanwhile I received a few letters from my family. Zosia wrote back various gossip — that I was here in America driving in cabs from tavern to tavern, that I was drinking impossibly, that Helcia had driven me out of her house. Such letters I received from Sadlno. . . . In a word, Helcia had described me also.

I continued to call from time to time, and she had perhaps the sixth suitor here in America. She walked a few days or weeks with each of them and they separated. But now she was really to marry a certain Mr. W. and was waiting for the parents' permission. Mr. W. came from the same part of the country as Helcia and they knew each other very well when they were children; Helcia's parents knew him also. He had been eight years in America, but he did not own even a cent of money. Now he was working and earning well enough, for he belonged to the blacksmith's union. But his past in America was not very enviable. As I learned from uncle Franciszek, he had sat in prison here, had quarrels and fights in taverns, where he was leaving his pay. . . . This incident [betrothal] happened toward the end of October of the year when we came to America. Once when going from Helcia, I met uncle Franciszek, who invited me to a saloon for a glass of beer. When we drank half a glass each, he said: "Well, it seems as if you really did not intend to marry Helcia, for I hear that W. is giving money for the banns." And here he related what I described above. "But let them marry. Perhaps the man will teach her some better sense." — "Mr. Franciszek, do you know what Miss Ludwika answered Stanisław — whether she will come to Chicago?" — "I know, for Stanisław told it in Kazimierz's house. Ludwika answered that she was all right there and would not come to Chicago. But do you know, Mr. Władysław, what I will tell you? You could marry Ludwika. She is also my cousin, a still nearer one than Helcia." And he began to persuade me to marry Ludwika, about whom I had not thought up to the present. I answered: "I will see. Perhaps I will write to her, and we shall talk when she answers."

I now began to think seriously about Ludwika, and I would have written at once to her, but I had no address. So during the week I asked my sister to go to Helcia and to bring me Ludwika's

address. But I begged her not to tell that this address was for me, only that Zosia wrote from our country and asked for it, for she wanted to write to Ludwika. . . . When Marya brought this address, I wrote a letter at once and proposed in the first letter, saying: "If you are still the same as I knew you in Sadlno in your aunt's house, if you are such as you were then and if you have not forgotten the baker Wiszniewski, I beg you very much, deign to answer me, after a good reflection, whether you will become my wife and share with me good or bad fortune. I don't promise you, Miss Ludwika, a very rosy life, for I am not a rich man, but a workman, and I can give you only a life suitable for a workman. I beg you answer positively, yes or no, and whether you are free of any love." Then I added a few love-words and mailed the letter. In less than a week I received an answer. Ludwika wrote that she agreed with my proposal and would become my wife.¹ Finally, in my fourth letter, I asked her to come to Chicago that we might marry here, but I received an answer that Ludwika would not come here alone, but asked me to come and take her. She asked me not to hurry, for she had still \$15 of debt to send to her mother. I did not like to postpone the matter, so I wrote that I could send her those \$15, but let her not demand my coming for her, for it would cost much and

¹ Wladek has been for a long time ready to marry in general; the maturity he has attained, with its tendency to conform with the social organization, demanded marriage. But there were still personal demands forming obstacles to this tendency — the demands for love, respectability, and money. Now it is not particularly difficult to satisfy all these demands if the individual, as in the case of the higher classes, does not make his marriage dependent upon the arrival of the period of his social maturity, either because he marries before this period (social maturity coming much later among the intelligent classes and being to a large extent conditioned by the previous marriage itself) or because — if social maturity has come without his marrying — he can afford to wait indefinitely, for the higher classes have a place in life for the single individual. But Wladek would not marry before social maturity and will not wait after it. Therefore he is obliged gradually to drop or modify all his claims. The claim for love was dropped after his insuccess with Stasia and in connection with Helena G. and Helena P. He no longer needs money as he did in Poland. Finally, the demand for social respectability is limited to the desire to get a nice, "orderly" girl, for in America the petty social distinctions prevailing in the lower European classes tend to disappear. This explains the sudden determination of Wladek to marry. Perhaps the immediate stimulation came in the wish to get what the brother of Helena had failed to get. In this whole connection, see Vol. I, *Introduction: Marriage*.

this money should be kept rather for the future. But Ludwika would not hear about coming alone, so seeing that I could not persuade her, I resolved to go on New Year, and asked her to be ready.[†]

Meanwhile I prepared for this important event. I told neither Miss Helcia nor her brother, but uncle Franciszek knew it and was glad that we should belong to the same family. [Is permitted to make the trip by his employer, but is fearful that he will lose his place, as the owner's brother, a baker, has arrived.] I went with an awful heart-beating, for an important change was to happen in my life. I took with me \$64 and left \$70 in the bank. I had not a cent of debt, having paid about \$70 to my sister and \$15 to Miss Helcia. Moreover I lost \$10, bought clothes, shoes, linen, a hat, etc. This was almost \$150, yet I had succeeded in putting almost \$140 aside in less than eight months at \$13 a week. So it is easy to understand how I wasted money on drinking, as Helcia wrote to Sadlno. I was almost sure that I should be able to give my wife a suitable support, for even if I lost my work brother-in-law promised to find me some in the McCormick works.

So I reflected during my journey, but I was not afraid. "It won't be worse than it has been, and God's will be done!" I said almost aloud, quite decided. In Buffalo I changed trains and about eight in the morning I was in Niagara Falls. I went in search of Ludwika's uncle, who had a saloon. I went in, ordered a glass of whiskey and asked where Mr. Pradelski lived. I was shown upstairs and found the whole family at breakfast, except Ludwika. She was on duty in a different part of town. But I met Leonia, whom I knew from the wedding, and she introduced me. We telephoned for Ludwika, who came an hour later. Our meeting was rather indifferent, for we only shook hands and looked into each other's eyes, as if we wanted to know each other's thoughts. Ludwika had not given up her place, for she was not sure that I would really come. We did not stay long in the house, for we felt rather uncomfortable, and, moreover, Ludwika had to hurry and settle everything rapidly. So she went back to her mistress and I accompanied her a little way. Only upon the street we could talk, and Ludwika agreed to go with me. [Gives

[†] According to the tradition she would have shown a lack of self-respect in coming.

Ludwika \$15 to pay her debt, and in Chicago gives her \$40 for dress, slippers, etc.]

Franciszek came the same evening and almost invited himself to be bridegroom, promising to bring brandy, beer, wine, and to pay for the auto. And all would have been quite well if it had not been for another trouble. On January 14th I was dismissed. And the reason was the following: This year the winter was rather hard, so it was very cold in the bakery, for we baked little. Every night I had to wait three or four hours after making the rolls, and having nothing to do I lay upon the table near the oven and fell asleep. It very seldom happened that I overslept even a little, and I had never spoiled anything and the rolls were always in time. This time I did the same, but I slept perhaps half an hour longer than I needed, and Mr. Z. found me sleeping. He got angry, although I should not have spoiled anything even if I had slept two hours more. This happened after the second banns and since then some *Fatum* has hung above my head. During this week I did not try to get work, for I had occupation enough at home, preparing for the wedding. First Ludwika and I went to her relatives, inviting them to the wedding, and they all promised to come. We invited Miss Helcia also, but she refused positively under the pretext that she could not come since Franciszek would be present. Then we invited some acquaintances, among whom was Moraska with her husband and two daughters, twelve and fourteen years old. The wedding was performed on January 28th, 1914, in the church of St. Anna, for we belonged to this parish. From the church we went to a photographer and there I left my last \$2. There were twenty-two persons at the wedding, not counting my people. Franciszek did as he promised, and he also lent me \$10 before the wedding and brought two musicians. The wedding festival was very decent. Before leaving uncle Wincenty put \$10 into my wife's hand, Franciszek gave her the money which he had lent me, and one family gave \$5. This is all I collected at my wedding. Six families gave not a cent, nor any gift either.

A week after our marriage the first banns of Helcia with Mr. W. were published, and three weeks later they were married in the parish of St. Marya. Helcia's betrothed and her brother came to invite us also. I would not go, for I had no money, but Helcia's brother gave my wife \$5 to be given to Helcia during the

collection, and we resolved to go. Helcia's wedding festival took place in a hall, and there were eighty guests and five musicians. But I was not pleased with this wedding at all, for it was done only for business. Helcia collected \$324, and the cost was \$375, so in spite of her hot desire to get rich at her wedding she did not succeed and had to pay the rest of the wedding debt from her husband's work. But nevertheless she had the honor of having many guests at her wedding and collecting \$324. But this money was drawn almost by violence from every guest, for Helcia approached every one and took him to dance, and he had to put something upon the plate.¹ But after the wedding she succeeded better, for her husband worked steadily, and soon they moved into a nicer apartment.

And with me things went on worse and worse, for after my wedding I remained with \$5, while my wife gave \$10 to the butcher. I could not find work in spite of my efforts. Brother-in-law could not or would not get work for me; I went from one cousin of my wife to another, asking them to get work for me, but they could not or would not either, although all of them worked in the stockyards. . . . I had no money to pay the agent, . . . and thus March came. Sister fell sick at child-birth, some other sickness developed and she was ready to bid farewell to this world. The priest had already prepared her, we knelt, weeping, and said the Litany for dying persons, while two doctors worked at her bed. But who can describe the despair of my sister's husband, not to mention mine! He was almost killed by a car. He had to run to a drug store for medicine and when returning tried to mount a car, but was dragged half a block. When he came in he put the medicine upon the table and fell upon the floor. The doctors brought him to consciousness with difficulty and ordered him to be taken into another room. There Stach threw his arms around my neck and began to cry violently and I did the same. Finally I began to calm him and to persuade him that crying does not help: "Look at this image of God's mother upon the wall. Let us appeal to her and pray her to avert this misfortune." We both fell upon our knees before the image and began to say aloud the prayers which I knew by heart. Thus we

¹ A complete degeneration of the old custom of making wedding gifts; an expression of solidarity is converted into a business enterprise. Cf. Vol. I, *Introduction: Economic Life*, p. 175.

knelled for an hour perhaps and this calmed us greatly. I don't know whether our warm prayer was listened to or the doctors helped but [she recovered. The illness cost \$130. During her convalescence Marya is very cross with Ludwika.] When I returned from my search for work I usually found my wife crying, and when I asked what was the matter, she answered that Marya abused her, called her a *Ham*, a servant who carried out the pots when serving, and teased her in various ways. She said that my wife had not helped her enough in her sickness, that she did not clean the apartment properly. In a word, my wife complained very much about my sister. I had not a cent, so against my will I had to stay and to bear all this. It happened that I did not eat during a whole day and did not come home, for when I did not look upon this misery into which I had led my wife I felt better. Sometimes I tore my hair from my head in despair, I cried, and more than once I thought about throwing myself under the car in order to end such a life once for all. But again other thoughts came to my head. "Why, I married only a short time ago, I have not even enjoyed married life, and already I will die? Perhaps tomorrow I shall get work and everything will be changed!"

[Insists on cooking separately; otherwise will board with Helcia. After an uproar this is arranged.] But now there was a new trouble — where to get the money for living. My wife got some work and earned \$3 a week, so we lived only so as not to die of hunger, for now that we were boarding ourselves my sister never treated us with even a potato. The butcher, who was also a grocer, gave us credit for \$15 and would not give any more, so we lived only on the money which my wife earned. She did not earn always \$3, but often \$2.50 or even \$2. . . . I borrowed \$15 from Franciszek, but I had to buy shoes for myself and for my wife. . . . We went nowhere, for we had no money and no clothes. And sister teased us more and more. I could not find work although I spent every day in searching. . . . Only in the autumn, my brother-in-law lent me \$5 which I gave to an agent and got work in a saloon as a workman. I worked there five weeks and was dismissed. Winter approached. . . . My wife stopped working for she was pregnant. . . . About this time I read an advertisement in the paper *Dziennik Chicagoski* that whoever had letters from the old country could bring them and would receive for every

letter 10 to 15 cents. I had some thirty letters and resolved to sell them in order to buy bread. Sister gave me hers also, from mere avarice, for she did not need to sell them, since she had enough to eat. I carried these letters to the address which was in the paper. This gentleman was very polite and paid me \$5 for the letters. . . . I was very glad, having earned thus easily for a whole week of living. I gave \$2 to my sister and kept the rest.

Toward the end of November I got work in the stockyards, but I earned very little, for I was paid 17½ cents for an hour and worked only twenty-two to thirty hours in a week. . . . I expected my wife's sickness very soon and had no money. . . . Then I wrote a letter to Dr. Z., asking him about the address of a hospital and complaining that I had nothing to live on. I soon received an answer. Dr. Z. gave me three addresses of hospitals where such women were received and wrote me at the same time that if I wanted to earn a few dollars I could describe my life, sending first a few sheets to try. Of course I set to work immediately, wrote five sheets and sent them, waiting for the results. Soon I received a letter asking me to come. Dr. Z. told me that he was satisfied with what I had written and promised to give me \$30 for two hundred sheets. I was awfully glad, for now I needed money very much. I began to work earnestly and slept little at night but wrote continually, except when I had to go to my work in the stockyards.

On December 13th my wife gave me a big son. [Marya continues ill-natured.] I wrote still more assiduously in order to earn as rapidly as possible and to move from my sister's. I wanted also to arrange a christening of my son, but my sister did not want me to have the christening; she called me a speculator, saying that I wanted to arrange the christening only to have the guests give me money, and she envied me beforehand this money which I should receive. But I did not pay any attention to her tongue, and resolved to baptize my son on January 10th. I went to invite the *kums* and a few guests. I invited uncle Wincenty and Franciszek's wife to be my *kums*. For Franciszek had married meanwhile a widow with five children. I invited also uncle Kazimierz and his wife, and went to Mrs. Helcia. But I did not invite the latter at all, for she intended to arrange on the same day the christening of her little daughter born three weeks after my

son, so they could not have come even if they wanted to. I invited also a friend of my brother-in-law, and those were all the guests. The *kum* wanted to hire an auto, but I asked him not to do it, for the church was near. I expected still another person, a friend from Sadlno who came to America before me and lived now in Milwaukee. We wrote from time to time to each other and he was even to be my *kum*, but he was late with his letter, and not being sure whether he would come, I invited others. Suddenly, on Thursday, I received a letter from him saying that he would certainly come and asking me to order an auto. I was very troubled for I regretted to disappoint him. So I resolved to have two pairs of god-parents for my son. I had already one, and I asked my sister to be the second with Mr. Leon (such was the name of my friend). Sister agreed, although unwillingly, and so it was decided. Stach ordered an auto for Leon, for the latter was still a bachelor and could pay. But before this Sunday came I quarreled more than once with my sister, for she would not allow me to do anything and would not give me coal for baking and cooking until I paid her 50 cents. I baked two cakes, two chickens, five pounds of pork; I bought three pounds of meat for soup, some ham and sausage, a small keg of beer for 75 cents, half a gallon of whiskey and some fruit. All this cost me \$9, but as I had not so much money, I bought for \$2 on credit. Nothing was left in my pocket. It was a bad entertainment, but what could I do, poor fellow? I could not act otherwise, and thanked God warmly for having allowed me to organize at least such a christening for my son. On Sunday Leon arrived about ten o'clock. It was my duty to beg his pardon for having already another pair of *kums*. He was pained, but not angered, and agreed to be in the second with my sister. I was very glad of having satisfied him more or less. After breakfast I went on the street to see whether other guests were not coming. I stood until the car passed, but nobody came and I returned home. Through the open door I heard my sister's voice: "Don't agree to go in the second pair, Mr. Leon, for the second pair has no importance whatever." I did not wait for more, but came in and in Leon's presence scolded my sister well. But I had again to beg Leon's pardon and to persuade him. I succeeded in explaining to him the importance of the second pair, but now he was not so easily persuaded and said: "Let there be rather no second pair. Let

those go to the church whom you had asked." But finally he agreed. Now I did not leave my sister alone with Mr. Leon even for a moment lest she should spoil everything. After a short time uncles Franciszek and Wincenty arrived with their wives. I felt my heart getting lighter. Before evening one more pair came, my brother-in-law's friends, and these were all the guests. We amused ourselves rather merrily until eleven. Then the guests went away, except Mr. Leon, who remained over night. The next day I went with him to South Chicago to his friends, . . . and the following day he left, with a cloud upon his brow and anger in his heart toward me. But it was not my fault; it was the fault of his letter, which came too late. I could not have waited until the last day without writing the *kums*. But what is done cannot be undone.

When I returned home after Leon's departure my wife showed me \$28 which had been given her. Uncle Wincenty gave \$10, Uncle Franciszek, \$6, his wife the baptismal dress, worth at least \$4, my brother-in-law's friend \$2, and Leon \$10. So now I was very rich. My wife paid the debts to the midwife and to the grocer, I bought a cradle, we used \$2 on living and I put \$20 aside for moving away from my sister's, for she made too much trouble and it was impossible to hold out. Sister wanted me to give her those \$20 on account of my debt, but I did not agree. . . .

In the stockyards we were working less and less. . . . Fifty men were dismissed, among them myself. I received \$9 for the last week. Now I searched for work in the morning and wrote in the afternoon. Soon I wrote again some pages and received \$10. Now I began to search for an apartment. I found one on Leavitt Street. . . . I had to pay \$5 monthly. It comprised a kitchen and a bedroom, but even so I was very satisfied, for I had an apartment of my own, and I cannot even describe the joy of my wife. We moved on March 20th, and since then we have lived only on the money which I earn by writing. . . . It would be really better if I had died long ago, for I have no hope of getting work. Perhaps I shall get some work from the agent, but there I shall be allowed to work only until I earn a little above the \$5 paid to the agent. It is awfully difficult to get work without protection, because of the terrible crisis brought by the European war. . . . I cannot even now take a walk with my wife, for she has not even shoes to put on her feet, but wears my old shoes.

And she must bear all this through me, for I brought her to this. And only sometimes tears flowing from her eyes show what is going on in her heart. She never reproaches me and I love her still more for this, for she is worthy of this love. She suffers for me, like a slave, and nobody pities her. We don't go now to her uncles, for we have neither clothes nor money, and nobody cares for poor people. From time to time we see my sister and brother-in-law. Brother-in-law sometimes tries to comfort us, but sister . . . always says something painful to my wife. . . . Thus I have improved my lot in this America which our immigrants adore! *

* The letters to Wladek from his family do not add any important points to his narrative and do not contradict it in any way. We add only a few typical extracts:

"We see that you are glad because we have trouble with the journeymen. It is true that we have trouble with this whole bakery, but with you there was trouble enough also. We have now a journeyman who does not cost us much." [Parents.]

"You write me that I did not like you. How did you reach that conclusion? On the contrary, I love and appreciate you all equally. If your behavior did not please me [my judgment of] that cannot be applied to your person. Because a man, in whatever direction and in whatever career he works, can always merit regard and respect. And you, my dear, have no one to blame but yourself if you are so unfortunate and have to struggle with life. We all had the same fortune, the same education, the same father and mother. Whose then is the fault? Your own only. Because, see here! I sent you to Konin to practice as a surgeon-assistant; you ought to have been patient. And later on in the army, you could have got a diploma as surgeon-assistant. Should you be badly off? There are governmental surgeon-assistants in districts, in hospitals and in factories, and so far as I know they are getting on very well and their income approaches 1,800 roubles yearly. So, my dear brother, don't complain about anybody, but pray, work and be sober, and you will be a man of medium fortune." [Aleksy.]

"But I know that if a man wishes to work he can find a profitable occupation even here in the kingdom [of Poland]. He must only have the wish and the patience to work, be honest, do his duty conscientiously; people will appreciate him and reward him justly. But you must sit patiently and for a longer time on the same spot, and not run from place to place, like you, you nomad. But do what you think best; I don't mean to persuade or dissuade you, I only say that 'Everywhere it is well where we are not.'" [Paweł.]

"Don't praise your work so much, my dear Władzio, during the time you were at home; you drank more than one glass and you smoked more than one cigarette, and remember how much [bread] you spoiled." [Zocha.]

CONCLUSION

We have determined analytically in the notes the most important facts in Władek's personal evolution, and we add at this point a brief synthesis of this evolution.

In so far as his temperamental background is concerned, Władek is perfectly normal, in the sense that there is neither a striking lack nor a striking excess of any temperamental attitude. His organism is healthy without being particularly powerful, and he shows great physical endurance. His sexual impulses are rather intense but never overwhelming, and are subordinated without difficulty to the demands of practical life. Like the average members of his class he uses alcohol freely, but no permanently disorganizing biological effects are noticeable in his behavior. And we find in his temperament neither any exceptional buoyancy which would push him to search continually for new experiences in any one line nor any exceptional depression that would lead to a too great stability. The relative proportion in which these two desires manifest themselves alternatively in his life seems to be quite average; whatever abnormality their manifestations present is social, not temperamental, results from an insufficient organization of the activities determined by these desires, not from an abnormal prevalence of one desire over the other. His intellectual abilities are above the average, as is shown by the facility with which he learns in school and in the army and by the clever way in which he handles the superficial notions about the world and life which he gained from his unsystematic reading

and occasional intercourse with more instructed people, and by his ability to work out general ideas about social conditions on the ground of his experiences and observations. His intellectual limitations are simply due to the lack of systematic training in theoretic thinking, not to insufficient inborn capacity.

Thus Władek's temperamental predispositions did not exclude in advance any possibility of his social development; he was not biologically predestined to become a Philistine, a Bohemian or a creative man, but could tend in his evolution toward any one of these limit types. Certain social conditions being given, Władek's evolution would depend on his attitudes toward the social values constituting these conditions, and *vice versa*, given certain attitudes toward social values, the social conditions in which he found himself would determine his evolution. The relative importance of different personal attitudes on the one hand, and of different social values on the other hand, may vary within wide limits, and in trying to reconstruct synthetically his personality we must determine first of all the attitudes and conditions which played the greatest part in his evolution, and characterize his type in terms of these. The synthesis might be further pursued, taking less important facts into account, but we are forced by the limits of this work to give only the most general indications. And we do not claim ultimate validity for these indications; until sociological analysis has succeeded in determining a number of social laws of various degrees of generality, sociological synthesis must be in a large measure hypothetical.

The most important attitude—or rather, set of attitudes—by which Władek's evolution is conditioned is the "social instinct." He is always completely and

exclusively dependent upon society. Even if at moments he isolates himself voluntarily, it is either only a temporary reaction to some rebuke or the desire to attract attention by withdrawing to the background. His social instinct does not prevent him from being egotistical; the social environment counts only as a source of pleasant or unpleasant experiences, not as object of altruistic activity. The case is rather frequent. Real altruism is usually met among those who have enough of the attitude of personal independence not to count exclusively upon others for their pleasure and pain. But Władek's exclusive dependence upon society is not abnormal at all; it is, as we have seen in Vols. I and II, the typical attitude of the peasant. And, as in the peasant, it manifests itself in two ways — as desire for response in immediate personal relations with individuals, as desire for recognition in relations with a group.

The first makes Władek particularly adaptable to the demands put forward by other individuals. He is unconscious of the source of this adaptability, and often claims as meritorious a behavior whose only reason is the desire of meeting a pleasant or the fear of meeting an unpleasant response. As there is often no expectation or fear, or practical consequences, the act done to please others seems disinterested; the real interest lies in the reaction provoked and is based upon a permanent attitude almost as fundamental as the sexual desire, although, like the latter, becoming conscious and objectively defined only in contact with other living beings. Thus, he boasts of his obedience to parents and elder brothers and sisters while a child. We do not need to appeal to the fear of punishment for the explanation of this attitude; unwillingness to

meet anger is a sufficient explanation, and upon this primary attitude the concept of duty was easily grafted. The same desire for response is shown in his relation to his mother, but while he speaks of loving his mother particularly, what he calls love is really this search for response, for there are few cases of any actual sacrifice made for her or even of any desire to see her for her sake. He does not love his father, and yet in later years any proof of trust or affection makes him happy. During the period of his vagabondage he naturally clings to his family more than ever, and his whole mood depends upon the reception he expects and meets at home. Finally, the point we have noted in our introduction — the variation of his attitudes toward the members of his family — shows with particular clearness his dependence upon their response, for these variations are clearly conditioned by the positive or negative, pleasant or unpleasant, attitudes manifested by them toward himself.

His childhood relations with the family of the teacher D. — even more cordial than those with his own relatives — are based on the same desire for response. There are in this relation no considerations of family pride, economic success, etc., which frequently cause his own family to assume unfavorable attitudes toward him. As a small boy he is the favorite of the teacher, a little later, of the priest. During the period of his apprenticeship he won the favor, if not of his masters, then of their wives and daughters. For the same reason he succeeds in winning the favor of his superiors in Germany (*cf.* p. 294, note) and in the army. He thus shows a particular adaptability in securing response from his superiors. With regard to equals, his desire for response does not always lead

to so complete an adaptation, partly because he feels more able to impose his personality on them by provoking some respect and admiration (recognition); the "social instinct" can obtain satisfaction both in the form of response and in that of recognition, and the individual is less dependent on the first when he is sure of the second. It is true that during his stay in Germany, when he gets from his companions an unprecedented amount of recognition, he nevertheless consciously tries all the time to please them, to provoke friendly and sympathetic responses. However much intoxicated by his successes, he does not neglect his efforts to keep up a friendly intercourse (cf. p. 336, and note). But in that case the very mass of the people was an imposing factor, and we usually find that he becomes relatively independent of the response of his equals when he has superiors with whom he is on good terms. Thus, more than once he shows himself indifferent to a hostile attitude of his fellow-journeymen (for example, in Kutno) when he enjoys the favor of his master. But the contrary is not true; we never see him taking sides with his equals against his superiors, except for a short time in the army, against one man whose superiority he does not recognize. There is nothing of the spirit of class-solidarity in him. And when there are neither superiors nor equals with whom he can associate he falls back upon the response of inferiors. He even adapts himself in this respect to the drunkards and vagabonds with whom he associates.

The desire for response is particularly clear in his relations with women. His search for the company of women seems motivated not only by sexual but by social desires. He is usually surer of the response of

women than of men, probably because, not being a permanent member of any community, he has no powerful emotional interests in common with the men he meets (except his brothers), whereas the sexual instinct gives a strong emotional background on which sympathetic responses can develop. And his behavior toward women is typical. He never dares reject any open or half open advance from a girl, even if he is not interested in her and if he has another love affair going on, and he never dares to break a relation openly. This does not hinder him from being mean, from leaving a girl without a word, from breaking an engagement tacitly, without reason or explanation, etc. The only thing he fears is to face an unfavorable attitude of the woman; what she may think or feel when he is away he does not mind.

In general the satisfaction or dissatisfaction of the desire for response is dependent chiefly on the expressed attitudes of others. Curiously enough, Władek seems seldom, if ever, to doubt the sincerity of an expression, and the expression is immediately taken at its full value. No distinction is made between temporary moods and permanent attitudes, and, of course, the former find more frequent expression than the latter. This dependence on the expression is a general feature of people with a relatively low intellectual development, and explains many sudden friendships and enmities, breaks and reconciliations. The inconsistency which we have noticed in Władek's relation to his family depends on this in a large measure, and this is also one of the causes explaining the many changes in his relations with strangers, the rapidly acquired pleasure or disgust in connection with a social milieu, etc.

The desire for recognition expresses itself in Władek in a facility of adaptation to any standards recognized in the group in which he finds himself, not in an opposition to those standards and not in any superior type of activity through which he might gain distinction in the group. Recognition represents the response of the group, and as Władek never developed any distinguished intellectual, economic, æsthetic or moral qualities, and never had a career embodying any special attainments, his methods of getting distinction remain of the elementary and "showing-off" type. He is influenced by the external signs of respectability — decency of behavior, regularity of life, good clothes, etc. — attaching to his class and giving this class a position in the hierarchy of classes, and these signs and standards of respectability he never completely loses during his wanderings. He later assimilates other standards. Those of wealth and education, as two means of progress in the social hierarchy, were partly imitated from his brothers. Still others — politeness, interesting conversation, external nicety—he developed largely in his association with girls. In the company of vagabonds he found different standards prevailing, to which he adapted himself for a time. His life as constable gave him still others. When he became a steady member of a relatively permanent community standards of moral integrity in sexual and economic matters appeared for a time, etc.

Besides accepting the common standards of his milieu he tries to display higher standards borrowed from a superior milieu, and thus to show off not by what he is but by what he stands for. He becomes a moral preacher by emphasizing moral ideas which

he has in practice assimilated no more than his environment, but which he had the opportunity of better observing; he makes a show of knowledge which is not sufficient to win recognition from people of a middle education, but which is sufficient to make him shine among peasants, soldiers, or girls of his class; while not adapted by his manners to any superior class he shows off among lower class people by such occasional mannerisms as he has succeeded in acquiring; he is patriotic, in Germany, in Russia, when this will secure recognition from his countrymen. But in whatever he does there is a theatrical attitude, a strong cabotinism which he does not lose at the most important moments of his life, and which explains the lack of directness, of immediate sincerity in his emotions. He much resembles Walenty Piotrowski, whose character we briefly analyzed in Volume II.

In general, then, Władek seems to have no interest that would not be subordinated to the two fundamental tendencies to secure response and recognition. His economic interests, usually the first to emancipate themselves from the "social instinct," remain closely subordinated to the latter. If he wants anything beyond the satisfaction of his immediate needs it is because of the effect it may have on the attitude of the social environment. His desire for wealth, or at least for a secure position, is always aroused when he notices the social recognition attached to material success. His attitude toward his work is one of perfect indifference; only once he shows interest in being skilful — when it is a question of showing his skill in a large bakery before a crowd of bakers. The only time he learns anything new (in Zgierz) he is forced to do so because he cannot find a job in which

this is not required. Consequently the economic ideal is not a sufficient basis for his life-organization.

His intellectual interests are also completely subordinated to social life. He never thinks of acquiring a higher instruction for its own sake (though his occupation gave him plenty of free time) nor of making instruction the basis of a career. His literary efforts are limited to the composition of occasional verses for girls or for his masters, and he is quite satisfied with the amount of knowledge he has as long as it is enough to show off before his environment. So there is no possibility of his developing spontaneously any intellectual ideals.

With moral life it is the same. A commonplace, negative morality, hardly keeping pace with the legal code, is his attainment in this field. Occasionally he rises to the point of playing the moral preacher among less instructed people; self-righteousness and hypocrisy are the results. He participates in no way in the movement for national liberty. Moral life means for him only a minimum of adaptation to his milieu or an occasion to show off. Religion is also no more than a social rite — in childhood the obligatory ceremonies of the church and family prayers; in later life it is associated with a certain type of regulated milieu and dropped with the change of milieu. Władek lacks the spontaneous mystical interests to become ever by his own desire a really religious man.

Even his sexual interests, beyond the mere demand for sexual satisfaction, depend upon the same social tendencies. His interest in women depends as much on those things which in his eyes are the basis of social superiority as upon qualities able to provoke sexual desire. For a time he refuses to have any relations

with women of a low social standing, such as maids serving in Jewish houses. Except for a very young girl, the two women in whom he was most interested were above him in the social scale, and both foreigners. When he plans to marry, differences in education which seem to us quite insignificant determine his choice, and he wants response not only from the girl but from her whole family. The lack of this leads him to break one of his engagements. He breaks another because the girl does not please his brother. He finally marries on the advice of a friend, the girl's uncle. He is thus unable to develop spontaneously a romantic ideal of love, as he is unable to develop an economical, an intellectual, a moral ideal that would be independent of the social desires.

Władek is thus in his fundamental tendencies a typical member of a primary group. He cannot organize a personality by his own devices, but needs the continual help of the social environment, because his spontaneous tendencies themselves push him to rely upon the examples and standards of others in defining situations and constructing schemes, because every situation is for him first of all a social situation, and only secondarily an economical, intellectual, moral, hedonistic one, because the most important element of every situation, the one that determines its meaning, is the actual or imagined attitude of some other individual or of some group. No doubt this seeking for response is over-emphasized in Władek's behavior. He evidently showed in his childhood sneaking, indirect and egotistic traits, and we have pointed out elsewhere (Vol. I, p. 484) that almost every numerous family of this class selects one child to be worst treated, least loved and most exploited. Probably his early

traits singled Władek out for this position in the family, and his desire for response and recognition were partly a struggle against this treatment, just as an organically inferior person may attempt to compensate by abnormal forms of behavior.¹ This does not mean that the prevalence of the desires for response and recognition was a defect preventing organization; on the contrary these desires would have been the necessary basis of a life organization containing a prevalence of intellectual, economic, moral or hedonistic elements if he had found a favorable environment or even stayed long enough in one environment to have his behavior systematized.

And in spite of the fact that his life shows a chaos of divergent and even contradictory attitudes, we must not lose sight of the fact that this primary group organization of attitudes was sufficient to prevent his ever becoming completely disorganized. His family was a decaying primary group, but he had derived from its influence enough stability never to become an out-and-out vagabond or criminal. Vagabondage is his permanent danger, but he cannot become a permanent vagabond, for even this needs some definiteness of purpose, in the form of at least a negative determinism — not worrying about the lack of regulated life, treating vagabondage as a definite form of existence. This is what characterizes the true tramp, for whom the security of a settled position has lost all interest. Władek, on the contrary, worries all the time while vagabonding. He vagabonds not for the pleasure of having continual new experience, but from the expectation that something new and good that may happen; when nothing in particular happens he

¹ See Alfred Adler, *Ueber den nervösen Charakter*. Wiesbaden, 1912.

feels more and more disappointed, and when the discomfort of wandering is added, his desire to settle grows more powerful every day. As we pointed out in the note upon his wanderings with Walek, he is a tramp through a partial disorganization of attitudes, while Walek is a tramp from the lack of any organization of attitudes. The fact that Władek feels so keenly the disruption of his home is sufficient proof of a primary organization of attitudes. His persistent preservation of some standards throughout his life shows precisely the power of the early familial organization of attitudes. But none of the milieu through which he passed could help him sufficiently in developing personal ideals, for in none were these ideals general and systematic enough. The fact that his brothers succeeded in stabilizing themselves and rising in the social scale is not conclusive. The parents had made a deliberate investment in the education of Aleksy and Stach, intending to benefit from this in their old age. Paweł certainly has a more positive character than Władek, but at the same time he was more fortunately placed; he was associated with a business organization in a city. Władek's first ventures in his apprenticeship were unfortunate, for reasons which he could not control, and the whole guild organization was at this time in a state of decay, and itself a source of disorganization, as we have pointed out in our introduction and notes. In the baker's trade also the very independence in matters of work, the lack of regularity, lack of determined standards of quality and quantity, were factors of disorganization; they developed a carelessness which communicated itself to other lines of individual activity.

Władek's attitudes might have been organized and

his behavior systematized in two ways. He might have found a permanent milieu which would have organized his life on the basis of his fundamental desires for response and recognition as that of a perfect conformist, a Philistine, or he might have found a set of influences in which personal ideals were given him, in which through the presentation of the example of others his intellectual, moral or æsthetic interests would have been strengthened and systematized, and would have become sufficiently independent of the actual and immediate social reactions to persist in spite of any changes of environment. If the latter had happened the possibility of Władek's becoming a creative man is not excluded. There are organizations in Poland which might have assisted him to a personal organization of life, but he came into contact with them in only a casual way, and we do not assume that he was preadapted to their influence. It is almost certain that he was not.¹

¹ Mr. Malicki, in Łódź, evidently represented the revolutionary type of these organizations. The young countess who tried to interest herself in Władek and his family probably represented the "movement for enlightenment," but she was quite helpless herself, and otherwise Władek never came into contact with this movement. We shall study the activities of these movements in Volume IV. They are able to give a higher organization, and on the contrary they are able to produce a more complete disorganization. Zygmunt, in the Piotrowski series (Vol. II, p. 503 ff.), represents the organizing effects of the movement for enlightenment, and Jasiński (Vol. II, p. 576 ff.) is an example of the disorganizing effect of revolutionary teaching presented to an unprepared person. We know far too little of the psychology of "conversion," of the inoculation of the individual with ideals. We know that at a certain point an obscure, ill-conditioned and underfed boy may assume a definite life direction and pursue it with the certitude of the homing instinct, while a boy with the choicest opportunities of life may convert them into the apparatus of his personal disorganization. We know, superficially, that example, employment of leisure time, etc., are important factors in producing the former effect, but we do not know how to produce the effect. The evident preliminary of a scientific study of this whole question is the collection of a series of typical life-records.

During his whole life there is an oscillation of the personality of Władek between Bohemianism and Philistinism, between the desire for new experience and the desire for security, and we have indicated these movements sufficiently in our notes. But at the same time there is always a supremacy of the economic interests over others — of course, on the basis of the social tendencies. That is, the question of the economic situation is the most important of his social questions, for a lack of stability in this line prevents him from getting the social response he wants, and a good position would be a basis of social recognition. He consequently tends to a settled Philistinism, accompanied by a growing subordination of all interests — sexual, moral, intellectual — to the economic interest. The subordination is not perfect; for example, he marries without dowry in America, instead of waiting, putting money aside and marrying with a dowry after his return. But this is only because there is a lack of consistency and lack of ideals in general, and we can foresee as one of the possibilities of his future evolution a state in which his life may be exclusively based on the desire for social security, of which economic security will be the foundation.

There are, of course, various types and composites of Philistinism — economic, intellectual, moral, political, etc. — but we usually and properly associate Philistinism with the predominance of economical interests over others, because perfect social security can be attained only on the condition of a regulated economic life. It is the person with a secure material position who has to care for the harmony between his character and life-organization and the social norms and systems. It is only when this minimum

is attained that the group pays serious attention to the individual's conformism or non-conformism; it is little interested positively or negatively in the professional, moral, sexual, intellectual, religious life of the vagabond, the tramp, the thief. Now, this economic security, which normally is and should be only a means of making other activities possible, may become for the Philistine the main content of life when other interests have not appeared, or have atrophied, either as a result of an early suppression of such attitudes as would make the corresponding activities interesting, or as a later result of an insufficient schematism which did not permit new interests to develop after the social maturity of the individual, and thus produced a gradual exhaustion of even the interests which had been preserved. Then the individual's part in social activities limits itself to an abstinence from certain acts, to the substitution of words for actions in all lines where conformism with the social system is demanded — particularly in the political, moral, æsthetic, intellectual, and to some extent in the professional spheres — to the observance of certain forms, such as religious rites and social ceremonies, and to economic contributions to social ends — taxes, church-collections, charities. We know that by conforming to this minimum the individual can live relatively undisturbed in any society, while his real sphere of interest is absolutely limited to the most egotistic, coarse and monotonous satisfactions procured by a secure material existence.

Władek's later evolution, as we have indicated in the notes, shows a gradual dropping of his ideal claims and a tendency toward the economic type of Philistinism. But his life-record shows also one typical

way of producing Bohemianism. We see an individual with a marked dependence on social examples and social schematism who cannot develop all his possibilities, and at the same time attain a consistency of character and a unity of life organization, because his environment gives him neither a sufficiently strong and consistent social frame nor helps him develop a personal ideal. His life is therefore a series of objectively unsuccessful, subjectively inconsistent, endeavors to realize various individual possibilities and to profit from various social opportunities. Here the failure of the individual to fit into the social framework is due to the lack of development and organization of attitudes, to an insufficiently consistent social framework. The contrary case is found when the social framework is consistent while the individual shows much independence and a tendency to self-assertion; he then becomes Bohemian by the negation of society. These two cases of Bohemianism usually correspond to two different states of society. Władek finds around him a society whose ancient forms are rapidly dissolving, while new forms are not yet established. Under these conditions an individual whose disposition makes him dependent upon the social environment goes astray unless he has a sufficient degree of culture to develop a life-organization himself or comes under the organizing influences of the higher classes. On the contrary, an individual with strong personal initiative may find the same conditions very favorable to his development, since society in this period of formation has not much power of suppression. And such an individual may easily become a Bohemian in a society which has a high degree of stability, a strong

and complete schematism, where a type like Władek will prosper and develop.

It may seem strange that in his actual conditions Władek should finally become a Philistine. But we must take into account the fact that if none of the social milieux in which he found himself was organized strongly enough to give him a positive life-organization, none put sufficiently strong demands on his faculty of adaptation to make conformism really difficult if he wanted to stay. So the problem was simply whether the desire for new experience making him change his milieu would remain strong enough to keep him a Bohemian through his whole life, or would finally give place to the desire for security. And here we must appreciate two factors helping the desire for security to get the upper hand. The range of new experience accessible to a man of Władek's class was relatively limited; experiences began to repeat themselves after a time, particularly as he did not develop sufficiently to see new points in old experiences. We must remember that the subjective ability to notice new situations as well as the objective variety of experiences counts, and on Władek's level of culture a change of external conditions means much less than it would mean to a man on a higher stage of intellectual development; he does not, for instance, really get many new experiences from his coming to America. Of course a continuation of new experiences would be possible even for a man on this stage of culture if he had either material means and opportunity to travel much, or if he were not limited by his tendencies to social conformism and became a criminal. As it was, his desire for new experience began to exhaust itself because he ceased to expect interesting happenings,

and the unknown thus lost its attraction. The second factor of the growing desire for security was the numerous unpleasant experiences connected with his vagabonding life, particularly the humiliations and physical discomforts. He might have become accustomed to both but for the persistence of the early familial attitudes and the fact that he kept a connection with people who had a regulated life, and had himself periods of relative comfort. Thus he is never a complete Bohemian and is destined to settle. And not having developed the faculty of life-organization and adaptation to social systems, only the lowest type of Philistinism is open to him — the one demanding the least effort — economic Philistinism.

His final subsidence is thus again the product of his individuality and of the social conditions. If in a social group without stable and complete organization an individual with a strong dependence on society becomes easily a Bohemian, he can as easily "reform" and become a Philistine, for little is demanded of him; in a strongly organized group it is difficult for him to become a Bohemian, but still more difficult to settle afterwards, for the demands are too high. On the contrary, in the first group a socially independent personality finds easily a way to rebel, but cannot be brought back to Philistine conformism, for the existing conditions cannot satisfy it, while in a strongly organized group it may rebel, but when broken and brought back to the social organization it often becomes one of its firmest pillars.

